

THE PEARL

PUBLISHERS' FOREWORD

The Pearl was one of the first 'underground' magazines of modern times and, though much imitated, has retained a reputation for originality, unrestrained eroticism, and sheer bawdy fun that has little dimmed over the many years since the last of its eighteen volumes appeared. The first issue was published in London in the summer of 1879 and through a highly efficient 'subterranean' marketing system it was soon being read and enjoyed by people of all stations.

To the modern reader and the sociologist alike, *The Pearl* shows the Victorians as being vastly different to their public image; indeed, beneath the facade of respectability and sexual repression there obviously existed the strongest urge for sexual experimentation and enjoyment. In the pages which follow, the publishers have selected items from the eighteen volumes which appeared between July 1879 and December 1880, laying particular emphasis on the material which most clearly demonstrates the freedom of the magazine—and its avowed intention of providing enjoyment for the sexually enlightened.

Bawdy, provocative, irresistibly entertaining, *The Pearl* is a vital part of the Victorians' great literary legacy to today's more tolerant society. The publishers are pleased to have played a part in restoring it to general availability

THE PEARL

A Journal of Facetiae and
Voluptuous Reading

Selections from Volumes 1–18
July 1879–December 1880



This selection © by New English Library Limited

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without permission of the publishers.

This edition specially produced for
The Leisure Circle Limited
by New English Library Limited
Mill Road, Dunton Green, Sevenoaks, Kent

Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Biddles Ltd, Guildford and King's Lynn

CONTENTS

An Apology for our Title – by the Editor	7
Sub-Umbra, or Sport Among the She-Noodles	9
Poetry, Facetiae, etc.	56
La Rose d'Amour; Or the Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of Pleasure	82
Poetry, Facetiae, etc.	190
Flunkeyania, or Belgravian Morals	221
Poetry, Facetiae, etc.	251
The Sultan's Reverie	261
How He Lost His Whiskers	270
Poetry	282

AN APOLOGY FOR OUR TITLE.

HAVING decided to bring out a Journal, the Editor racks his brains for a suitable name with which to christen his periodical. Friends are generally useless in an emergency of this kind; they suggest all kinds of impossible names; the following were some of the titles proposed in this instance: "Facts and Fancies," "The Cremorne," "The All Round," "The Monthly Courses," "The Devil's Own," and "Dugdale's Ghost"; the two first had certainly great attractions to our mind, but at last our own ideas have hit upon the modest little "Pearl," as more suitable, especially in the hope that when it comes under the snouts of the moral and hypocritical swine of the world, they may not trample it underfoot, and feel disposed to rend the publisher, but that a few will become subscribers on the quiet. To such better disposed piggywiggys, I would say, for encouragement, that they have only to keep up appearances by regularly attending church, giving to charities, and always appearing deeply interested in moral philanthropy, to ensure a respectable and highly moral character, and that if they only are clever enough *never to be found out*, they may, *sub rosa*, study and enjoy the *philosophy of life* till the end of their days, and earn a glorious and saintly epitaph on their tombstone, when at last the Devil pegs them out.

EDITOR OF THE "PEARL."

CHAPTER 1

SUB-UMBRA, OR SPORT AMONG THE SHE-NOODLES.

THE merry month of May has always been famous for its propitious influence over the voluptuous senses of the fairer sex.

I will tell you two or three incidents which occurred to me in May, 1878, when I went to visit my cousins in Sussex, or as I familiarly call them, the She-Noodles, for the sport they afforded me at various times.

My uncle's is a nice country residence, standing in large grounds of its own, and surrounded by small fields of arable and pasture land, interspersed by numerous interesting copses, through which run footpaths and shady walks, where you are not likely to meet anyone in a month. I shall not trouble my readers with the name of the locality, or they may go pleasure hunting for themselves. Well, to go on, these cousins consisted of Annie, Sophie, and Polly, beside their brother Frank, who, at nineteen, was the eldest, the girls being, respectively, eighteen, sixteen and fifteen. After dinner, the first day of my arrival, paterfamilias and mamma both indulged in a snooze in their armchair, whilst us boys and girls (I was the same age as Frank) took a stroll in the grounds. I attached myself more particularly to cousin Annie, a finely developed blonde, with deep blye eyes, pouting red lips, and a full heaving bosom, which to me looked lile a perfect volcano of smothered desires. Frank was a very indolent fellow, who loved to smoke his cigar, and expected his sisters, who adored him, to sit by his side, reading some of the novels of the day, or tell him their love secrets, &c. This was by far too tame an amusement for me, and as I had not been there for nearly three years, I requested Annie to show me the improvements in the grounds before we

went in to tea, saying to Frank, banteringly, "I suppose, old fellow, you're too lazy, and would prefer your sister taking me round?"

"I'm too comfortable; lazy is an ugly word, Walter, but the fact is, Soph is just reading a most interesting book, and I can't leave it," he replied; "besides, sissie is quite as well, or better qualified than I am to show off the grounds. I never notice anything."

"Come on, Annie," said I taking her hand; "Frank is in love."

"No, I'm sure he never thinks of a girl, except his sisters," was the reply.

We were now out of earshot, in a shady walk, so I went on a little more freely. "But, surely you, coz, are in love, if he is not. I can tell it by your liquid eye and heaving bosom."

A scarlet flush shot over her features at my allusion to her finely moulded bosom, but it was evidently pleasing, and far from offensive, to judge by her playfully spoken, "Oh! Walter, for shame, sir!"

We were a good distance away by this time, and a convenient seat stood near, so throwing my arms around the blushing girl, I kissed her ruby lips, and drawing her with me, said, "Now, Annie dear, I'm your cousin and old play-fellow, I couldn't help kissing those beautiful lips, which I might always make free with when we were little boy and girl together; now you shall confess all before I let you go."

"But I've nothing to confess, sir."

"Do you never think of love, Annie? Look me in the face if you can say it's a stranger to your bosom," putting my hand familiarly round her neck till my right hand rested on one of the panting globes of her bosom.

She turned her face to mine, suffused as it was by a deeper blush than ever, as her dark blue eyes met mine, in a fearless search of my meaning, but instead of speaking in response to this mute appeal, I kissed her rapturously, sucking in the fragrance of her sweet breath till she fairly trembled with emotion.

It was just beginning to get dusk, my hands were caress-

ing the white, firm flesh of her beautiful neck, slowly working their way towards the heaving bubbies a little lower down; at last I whispered, "What a fine, what a lovely bust you have developed since I saw you last, dear Annie, you won't mind your cousin, will you, when everything used to be so free to each other; besides, what harm can there be in it?"

She seemed on fire, a thrill of emotion seemed to shoot through both of us, and for several moments she lay almost motionless in my arms, with one hand resting on my thigh. Priapus was awake and ready for business, but she suddenly aroused herself, saying, "We must never stop here, let us walk round or they will suspect something."

"When shall we be alone again, darling? We must arrange that before we go in," I said quickly.

It was impossible to keep her on the seat, but as we walked on she said, musingly, "To-morrow morning we might go for a stroll before lunch, Frank lies in bed, and my sisters are keeping house this week; I shall have to mind the tarts and pies next week."

I gave her another hug and a kiss, as I said, "How delightful that will be; what a dear, thoughtful girl you are, Annie."

"Mind, sir, how you behave to-morrow, not so much kissing, or I shan't take you for a second walk; here we are at the house."

Next morning was gloriously warm and fine; as soon as breakfast was over we started for our stroll, being particularly minded by papa to be back in good time for luncheon.

I gradually drew out my beautiful cousin, till our conversation got exceedingly warm, the hot blood rushing in waves of crimson over her shaméfaced visage.

"What a rude boy you have grown Walter, since you were here last; I can't help blushing at the way you run on, sir!" she exclaimed at last.

"Annie, my darling," I replied, "what can be more pleasing than to talk of fun with pretty girls, the beauties of their legs and bosoms, and all about them? How I should

love to see your lovely calf at this moment, especially after the glimpses I have already had of a divine ankle," saying which I threw myself under a shady tree, close by a gate in a meadow, and drew the half-resisting girl down on the grass at my side, and kissed her passionately, as I murmured, "Oh! Annie, what is there worth living for like the sweets of love?"

Her lips met mine in a fiery embrace, but suddenly disengaging herself, her eyes cast down, and looking awfully abashed, she stammered out, "What is it? what do you mean, Walter?"

"Ah, coz dear, can you be so innocent? Feel here the dart of love all impatient to enter the mossy grotto between your thighs," I whispered, placing her hand upon my prick, which I had suddenly let out of the restraining trousers. "How you sigh; grasp it in your hand, dear, is it possible that you do not understand what it is for?"

Her face was crimson to the roots of her hair, as her hand grasped my tool, and her eyes seemed to start with terror at the sudden apparition of Mr. John Thomas; so that taking advantage of her speechless confusion my own hand, slipping under her clothes, soon had possession of her mount, and in spite of the nervous contraction of her thighs, the forefinger searched out the virgin clitoris.

"Ah! oh! oh!! Walter don't; what are you about?"

"It's all love, dear, open your thighs a wee bit and see what pleasure my finger will make you experience," I again whispered, smothering her with renewed and luscious kisses, thrusting the velvet tip of my tongue between her lips.

"Oh! oh! you will hurt!" she seemed to sigh rather than speak, as her legs relaxed a little in their spasmodic contraction.

My lips continued glued to hers, our otherwise disengaged arms clasped each other closely round the waist, her hand holding my affair in a kind of convulsive grasp, whilst my fingers were busy with clitoris and cunny; the only audible sound resembling a mixture of kisses and sighs, till all in a moment I felt her crack deluged with a warm, creamy spend whilst my own juice spurted over her hand

and dress in loving sympathy.

In a short while we recovered our composure a little, and I then explained to her that the melting ecstasy she had just felt was only a slight foretaste of the joy I could give her, by inserting my member in her cunny. My persuasive eloquence and the warmth of her desires soon overcame all maiden fears and scruples; then for fear of damaging her dress, or getting the green stain of the grass on the knees of my light trousers, I persuaded her to stand up by the gate and allow me to enter behind. She hid her face in her hands on the top rail of the gate, as I slowly raised her dress; what glories were unfolded to view, my prick's stiffness was renewed in an instant at the sight of her delicious buttocks, so beautifully relieved by the white of her pretty drawers; as I opened them and exposed the flesh, I could see the lips of her plump pouting cunny, deliciously feathered, with soft light down, her lovely legs, drawers, stockings, pretty boots, making a *tout ensemble*, which as I write and describe them cause Mr. Priapus to swell in my breeches; it was a most delicious sight. I knelt and kissed her bottom, slit, and everything my tongue could reach, it was all mine, I stood up and prepared to take possession of the seat of love—when, alas! a sudden shriek from Annie, her clothes dropped, all my arrangements were upset in a moment; a bull had unexpectedly appeared on the opposite side of the gate, and frightened my love by the sudden application of his cold, damp nose to her forehead. It is too much to contemplate that scene even now.

Annie was ready to faint as she screamed, "Walter! Walter! Save me from the horrid beast!" I comforted and reassured her as well as I was able, and seeing that we were on the safe side of the gate, a few loving kisses soon set her all right. We continued our walk, and soon spying out a favourable shady spot, I said: "Come, Annie dear, let us sit down and recover from the startling interruption; I am sure, dear, you must still feel very agitated, besides I must get you now to compensate me for the rude disappointment."

She seemed to know that her hour had come; the hot blushes swept in crimson waves across her lovely face, as

she cast down her eyes, and permitted me to draw her down by my side on a mossy knoll, and we lay side by side, my lips glued to hers in a most ardent embrace.

"Annie! Oh! Annie!" I gasped. "Give me the tip of your tongue, love." She tipped me the velvet without the slightest hesitation, drawing, at the same time, what seemed a deep sigh of delightful anticipation as she yielded to my slightest wish. I had one arm under her head, and with the other I gently removed her hat, and threw aside my own golgotha, kissing and sucking at her delicious tongue all the while. Then I placed one of her hands on my ready cock, which was in bursting state, saying, as I released her tongue for a moment: "There, Annie, take the dart of love in your hand." She grasped it nervously, as she softly murmured: "Oh, Walter, I'm so afraid; and yet—oh, yet, dearest, I feel, I die, I must taste the sweets of love, this forbidden fruit," her voice sinking almost to a whisper, as she pressed and passed her hand up and down my shaft. My hand was also busy finding its way under her clothes as I again glued my mouth to hers, and sucked at her tongue till I could feel her vibrate all over with the excess of her emotion. My hand, which had taken possession of the seat of bliss, being fairly deluged with her warm glutinous spendings.

"My love; my life! I must kiss you there, and taste the nectar of love," I exclaimed, as I snatched my lips from hers, and reversing my position, buried my face between her unresisting thighs. I licked up the luscious spendings with raptured delight from the lips of her tight little cunny, then my tongue found its way further, till it tickled her sensitive clitoris, and put her into a frenzy of mad desire for still further enjoyment; she twisted her legs over my head, squeezing my head between her firm plump thighs in an ecstasy of delight.

Wetting my finger in her luscious crack, I easily inserted it in her beautifully wrinkled brown bum-hole, and keeping my tongue busy in titillating the stiff little clitoris, I worked her up into such a furious state of desire that she clutched my cock and brought it to her mouth, as I lay over her to give her the chance of doing so; she rolled her tongue round

the purple head, and I could also feel the loving playful bite of her pearly teeth. It was the acme of erotic enjoyment. She came again in another luscious flood of spendings, while she eagerly sucked every drop of my sperm as it burst from my excited prick.

We both nearly fainted from the excess of our emotions, and lay quite exhausted for a few moments, till I felt her dear lips again pressing and sucking my engine of love. The effect was electric; I was as stiff as ever.

“Now, darling, for the real stroke of love,” I exclaimed. Shifting my position, and parting her quivering thighs, so that I could kneel between them. My knees were placed upon her skirts so as to preserve them from the grass stain. She lay before me in a delightful state of anticipation, her beautiful face all blushes of shame, and the closed eyelids, fringed with their long dark lashes, her lips slightly open, and the finely developed, firm, plump globes of her bosom heaving in a state of tumultuous excitement. It was ravishing, I felt mad with lust, and could no longer put off the actual consummation. I could not contain myself. Alas; poor maidenhead! Alas! for your virginity! I brought my cock to the charge, presented the head just slightly between the lips of her vagina. A shudder of delight seemed to pass through her frame at the touch of my weapon, as her eyes opened, and she whispered, with a soft, loving smile, “I know it will hurt, but Walter, dear Walter, be both firm and kind. I must have it, if it kills me.” Throwing her arms around my neck, she drew my lips to hers, as she thrust her tongue into my mouth with all the abandon of love, and shoved up her bottom to meet my charge.

I had placed one hand under her buttocks, whilst, with the other, I kept my affair straight to the mark; then pushing vigorously, the head entered about an inch, till it was chock up to the opposing hymen. She gave a start of pain, but her eyes gazed into mine with a most encouraging look.

“Throw your legs over my back, my dear,” I gasped, scarcely relinquishing her tongue for a moment. Her lovely thighs turned round me in a spasmodic frenzy of

determination to bear the worst. I gave a ruthless push, just as her bottom heaved up to meet me, and the deed was done. King Priapus had burst through all obstacles to our enjoyment. She gave a subdued shriek of agonized pain, and I felt myself throbbing in possession of her inmost charms.

"You darling! You love me! My brave Annie, how well you stood the pain. Let us lay still for a moment or two, and then for the joys of love," I exclaimed, as I kissed her face, forehead, eyes, and mouth in a transport of delight, at feeling the victory so soon accomplished.

Presently I could feel the tight sheath of her vagina contracting on my cock in the most delicious manner. This challenge was too much for my impetuous steed. He gave a gentle thrust. I could see by the spasm of pain which passed over her beautiful face, that it was still painful to her, but, restraining my ardour, I worked very gently, although my lust was so maddening that I could not restrain a copious spend; so I sank on her bosom in love's delicious lethargy.

It was only for a few moments, I could feel her tremble beneath me with voluptuous ardour, and the sheath now being well lubricated, we commenced a delightful bout of ecstatic fucking. All her pain was forgotten, the wounded parts soothed by the flow of my semen now only revelled in the delightful friction of love; she seemed to boil over in spendings, my delighted cock revelled in it, as he thrust in and out with all my manly vigour; we spent three or four times in a delirium of voluptuousness, till I was fairly vanquished by her impetuosity, and begged her to be moderate, and not to injure herself by excessive enjoyment.

"Oh! can it be possible to hurt one's self by such a delightful pleasure?" she sighed, then seeing me withdraw my limp tool from her still longing cunt, she smiled archly, as she said with a blush, "Pardon my rudeness, dear Walter, but I fear it is you who are most injured after all; look at your bloodstained affair."

"You lovely little simpleton," I said, kissing her rapturously, "that's your own virgin blood; let me wipe you, darling," as I gently applied my handkerchief to her pouting slit, and afterwards to my own cock. "This, dearest

Annie, I shall treasure up as the proofs of your virgin love, so delightfully surrendered to me this day," exhibiting the ensanguined *mouchoir* to her gaze.

We now arose from our soft mossy bed, and mutually assisted each other to remove all traces of our love engagement.

Then we walked on, and I enlightened the dear girl into all the arts and practices of love. "Do you think," I remarked, "that your sisters or Frank have any idea of what the joys of love are like?"

"I believe they would enter into it as ardently as I do, if they were but once initiated," she replied. "I have often heard Frank say when kissing us, that we made him burn all over"; and then blushing deeply as her eyes met mine. "Oh! dear Walter, I'm afraid you will think we are awfully rude girls, but when we go to bed at night, myself and sisters often compare our budding charms, and crack little jokes about the growing curls of mine and Sophie's slits, and the hairless little pussey of Polly, we have such games of slapping and romps too, sometimes; it has often made me feel a kind of all-overishness of feverish excitement I could not understand, but thanks to you, love, I can make it all out now; I wish you could only get a peep at us, dear."

"Perhaps it might be managed; you know my room is next to yours. I could hear you laughing and having a game last night."

"I know we did, we had such fun," she replied, "it was Polly trying to put my pussey in curl papers, but how can you manage it, dear?"

Seeing she fully entered into my plans for enjoyment, we consulted together, and at last I hit upon an idea which I thought might work very well; it was that I should first sound Frank and enlighten him a little into the ways of love, and then as soon as he was ripe for our purpose, we would surprise the three sisters whilst naked bathing, and slap their naked bottoms all round; that Annie should encourage her sisters to help in tearing off all our clothes, and then we could indulge in a general romp of love.

Annie was delighted at the idea, and I promised the very

next day to begin with Frank, or perhaps that very afternoon if I got a chance.

We returned to the house, Annie's cheeks blushing and carrying a beautiful flush of health, and her mama remarked that our walk had evidently done her very great good, little guessing that her daughter, like our first mother Eve, had that morning tasted of the forbidden fruit, and was greatly enlightened and enlivened thereby.

After luncheon, I asked Frank to smoke a cigarette in my room, which he at once complied with.

As soon as I had closed the door, I said, "Old fellow, did you ever see *Fanny Hill*, a beautiful book of love and pleasure?"

"What, a smutty book, I suppose you mean? No, Walter, but if you have got it I should wonderfully like to look at it," he said, his eyes sparkling with animation.

"Here it is, my boy, only I hope it won't excite you too much; you can look it over by yourself, as I read the *Times*," said I, taking it out of my dressing-case, and handing it to his eager grasp.

He sat close to me in an easy lounging chair, and I watched him narrowly as he turned over the pages and gloated over the beautiful plates; his prick hardened in his breeches till it was quite stiff and rampant.

"Ha! Ha!! Ha!!! old fellow, I thought it would fetch you out!" I said, laying my hand upon his cock. "By Jove, Frank! what a tosser yours has grown since we used to play in bed together a long time ago. I'll lock the door, we must compare our parts, I think mine is nearly as big as yours."

He made no remark, but I could see he was greatly excited by the book. Having locked the door, I leant over his shoulder and made my remarks upon the plates as he turned them over. At length the book dropped from his hands, and his excited gaze was rivetted on my bursting breeches. "Why, Walter, you are as bad as I am," he said, with a laugh, "let's see which is the biggest," pulling out his hard, stiff prick, and then laying his hands on me pulled my affair out to look at.

We handled each other in an ecstasy of delight, which

ended in our throwing off all our clothes, and having a mutual fuck between our thighs on the bed; we spent in rapture, and after a long dalliance he entered into my plans, and we determined to have a lark with the girls as soon as we could get a chance. Of course I was mum as to what had passed between Annie and myself.

In the course of the evening, Frank and myself were delighted by the arrival of a beautiful young lady of sixteen, on a visit to his sisters, in fact a school fellow of Sophie and Polly, come to stop a week at the house.

Miss Rosa Redquim was indeed a sprightly beauty of the Venus height, well proportioned in leg and limb, full swelling bosom, with a graceful Grecian type of face, rosy cheeks, large grey eyes, and golden auburn hair, lips as red as cherries, and teeth like pearls, frequently exhibited by a succession of winning smiles, which never seemed to leave her face. Such was the acquisition to the feminine department of the house, and we congratulated ourselves on the increased prospect of sport, as Frank had expressed to me considerable compunctions as to taking liberties with one's own sisters.

The next morning being gloriously fine and warm, myself and friend strolled in the grounds, smoking our cigarettes, for about an hour, till near the time when we guessed the girls would be coming for a bathe in the small lake in the park, which we at once proceeded to; then we secreted ourselves secure from observation, and awaited, in deep silence, the arrival of sisters and friend.

This lake, as I call it, was a pond about four or five acres in extent, every side thickly wooded to the very margin, so that even anglers could not get access to the bank, except at the little sloping green sward, of about twenty or thirty square yards in extent, which had a large hut, or summer-house, under the trees, where the bathers could undress, and then trip across the lawn to the water. The bottom of the pond being gradually shelving, and covered with fine sand at this spot, and a circular space, enclosed with rails, to prevent them getting out of their depth.

The back door of this hut opened upon a very narrow

footpath, leading to the house through the dense thicket, so that any party would feel quite secure from observation. The interior was comfortably furnished with seats and lounges, besides a buffet, generally holding a stock of wine, biscuits, and cakes, during the bathing season.

Frank, having a key to the hut, took me through onto the lawn, and then climbing up into a thick sycamore, we relighted our cigarettes, awaiting the adventure with some justifiable impatience.

Some ten minutes of suspense, and then we were rewarded by hearing the ringing laughter of the approaching girls. We heard the key turned in the lock then the sounds of their bolting themselves in, and Annie's voice, saying: "Ah! Wouldn't the boys like the fun of seeing us undress and bathing, this lovely warm day"; to which we heard Rosa laughingly reply: "I don't mind if they do see me, if I don't know it, dears. There's something delightful in the thought of the excitement it would put the dear fellows in. I know I should like Frank to take a fancy to me; I'm nearly in love with him already, and have read that the best way a girl can madly excite the man she wishes to win is to let him see all her charms, when he thinks she is unconscious of his being near."

"Well, there's no fear of our being seen here, so I am one for a good romp. Off with your clothes, quick; it will be delicious in the water," exclaimed Sophie.

The undressing was soon accomplished, excepting chemises, boots, and stockings, as they were evidently in no hurry to enter the water.

"Now," said Sophie, with a gay laugh, "we must make Rosa a free woman, and examine all she's got. Come on, girls, lay her down, and turn up her smock."

The beautiful girl only made a slight feint of resisting, as she playfully pulled up their chemises, exclaiming: "You shan't look at my fanny for nothing. La! Polly has got no hair on her fly trap yet. What a pretty pouting slit yours is, Annie. I think you have been using the finger of a glove we made into a little cock for Sophie, and told her to bring home from school for you."

She was soon stretched on her back on the soft mossy grass, her face covered with burning blushes, as her pretty cunt was exposed to view, ornamented with its chevelure of soft red hair; her beautiful white belly and thighs shining like marble in the bright sunlight. The three sisters were blushing as well as their friend, and delighted at the sight of so much loveliness.

One after another, they kissed the vermilion lips of their friend's delightful slit, and then turning her on her face, proceeded to smack the lily white bottom of their laughing, screaming victim, with open hands.

Smacks and laughter echoed through the grove, and we almost fancied ourselves witnesses to the games of real nymphs. At last she was allowed to rise on her knees, and then the three sisters in turn presented their cunts to their friend to kiss. Polly was the last, and Rosa, clasping her arms firmly round my youngest cousin's buttocks, exclaimed: "Ah! Ah! You have made me feel so rude, I must suck this little hairless jewel," as she glued her lips to it, and hid her face almost from sight, as if she would devour Polly's charms there and then. The young girl, flushed with excitement, placed her hands on Rosa's head, as if to keep her there, whilst both Annie and Sophie, kneeling down by the side of their friend, began to caress her cunt, bosom, and every charm they could tickle or handle.

This exciting scene lasted for five or six minutes, till at last they all sank down in a confused heap on the grass, kissing and fingering in mad excitement.

Now was our time. We had each provided ourselves with little switches of twigs, and thus armed we seemed to drop from the clouds upon the surprised girls, who screamed in fright and hid their blushing faces in their hands.

They were too astonished and alarmed to jump up, but we soon commenced to bring them to their senses, and convince them of the reality of the situation.

"What rude! what lascivious ideas! slash away Frank!" I cried, making my swish leave its marks on their bottoms at every cut.

"Who would have thought of it, Walter? We must whip

such indecent ideas out of their tails!" he answered, seconding my assault with his sharp, rapid strokes.

They screamed both from pain and shame, and springing to their feet, chased round the lawn; there was no escape. We caught them by the tails of their chemises, which we lifted up to enable us to cut at their bums with more effect. At last we were getting out of breath, and beginning fairly to pant from exhaustion, when Annie suddenly turned upon me, saying, "Come, come, girls, let's tear their clothes off, so they shall be quite as ashamed as we are, and agree to keep our secret!" The others helped her, and we made such a feeble resistance that we were soon reduced to the same state in which we had surprised them, making them blush and look very shamefaced at the sight of our rampant engines of love.

Frank seized Miss Redquim round the waist, and led the way into the summer-house, myself and his sisters following. The gentlemen then producing the wine, &c., from the buffet, sat down with a young lady on each knee, my friend having Rosa and Polly, whilst Annie and Sophie sat with me, we plied the girls with several glasses of champagne each, which they seemed to swallow in order to drown their sense of shame. We could feel their bodies quiver with emotion as they reclined upon our necks, their hands and ours groping under shirts and chemises in every forbidden spot; each of us had two delicate hands caressing our cocks, two delicious arms around our necks, two faces laid cheek to cheek on either side, two sets of lips to kiss, two pairs of bright and humid eyes to return our ardent glances; what wonder then that we flooded their hands with our spurting seed and felt their delicious spendings trickle over our busy fingers.

Excited by the wine, and madly lustful to enjoy the dear girls to the utmost, I stretched Sophie's legs wide apart, and sinking on my knees, gamahuched her virgin cunt, till she spent again in ecstasy, whilst dear Annie was doing the same to me, sucking the last drop of spend from my gushing prick; meanwhile Frank was following my example, Rosa surrendered to his lascivious tongue all the recesses of her

virginity as she screamed with delight and pressed his head towards her mount when the frenzy of love brought her to the spending point; Polly all the while kissing her brother's belly, and frigging him to a delicious emission.

When we recovered a little from this exciting *pas de trois*, all bashfulness was vanished between us, we promised to renew our pleasures on the morrow, and for the present contented ourselves by bathing all together, and then returned to the house for fear the girls might be suspected of something wrong for staying out too long.

After luncheon Frank smoked his cigarette in my room; the events of the morning had left both of us in a most unsettled and excited state.

"I say, old fellow," he exclaimed. "by Jove! it's quite impossible for me to wait until to-morrow for the chance of enjoying that delicious Rosa; besides, when there are so many of us together there is just the chance of being disappointed; no, no, it must be this very night if I die for it; her room is only the other side of my sisters."

I tried to persuade him from doing anything rashly, as we could not yet be certain that even excited and ready as she had shown herself, that she was prepared to surrender her virginity so quickly. However, arguments and reasonings were in vain. "See," he exclaimed, "the very thoughts of her make my prick ready to burst," opening his trousers and letting out his beautiful red-headed cock, as it stood in all its manly glory, stiff and hard as marble, with the hot blood looking ready to burst from his distended veins; the sight was too exciting for me to restrain myself, the cigarette dropped from my lips, and going upon my knees in front of him, I kissed, sucked, frigged, and played with his delicious prick till he spent in my mouth with an exclamation of rapture, as I eagerly swallowed every drop of his copious emission. When we had a little recovered our serenity, we discussed the best plans for the night, as I was determined to have my share of the amusement, which Frank most willingly agreed to, provided he was to go first to Rosa's room, and prevail upon her to consent to his ardent suit; then when all seemed to be *en règle*, I was to surprise them

in the midst of their fun, and join in the erotic frolic.

After dinner we adjourned to the drawing-room, where a most pleasant evening was enlivened by music and singing, leaving Frank turning over the leaves for Rosa and Polly, as they sang "What Are the Wild Waves Saying." Annie and Sophie whispered to me that they should like a short stroll in the garden by moonlight, so opening the window, a few steps brought us on to the soft gravel path, where we could walk with an almost noiseless tread. Papa and Mama were in the library playing cribbage, and we felt sure that Frank and Rosa would not run after us, so passing rapidly down a shady walk, with one arm round each of the dear girls' waists, and alternatively kissing one and the other of them, we soon arrived at a very convenient spot, and the instinct of love allowed me to guide the willing girls into a rather dark arbour without the least demur on their part.

"How lovely the honeysuckle smells!" sighed Sophie, as I drew them both down by my side in the corner, and began a most delicious kissing and groping in the dim obscurity.

"Not so sweet as your dear little pussey," said I, playfully twisting my fingers in the soft down around the tight little grotto of love which I had taken possession of.

"Oh! Oh! Mind, Walter dear!" she sighed softly, as she clung round my neck.

"Will you let me kiss it as I did Annie's this morning, my little pet, it will give you such pleasure; there's nothing to be bashful or shamefaced about here in the dark; ask your sister if it wasn't delicious."

ANNIE.—"Oh! let him Sophie dear, you will experience the most heavenly sensations."

Thus urged she allowed me to raise her clothes, and recline her backwards in the corner, but this would not admit of Annie having her fair share of the game, as she now all aflame with excited expectation, there was no difficulty in persuading her to kneel over my face as I reclined on my back at full length on the seat; lovely hands at once let my eager prick out of his confined position in my trousers, and as I commenced to suck and gamahuche Sophie, I felt that the dear Annie had taken possession of

my cock for her own special benefit.

"Oh! let me kiss you, Sophie dear, put your tongue in my mouth," said Annie, straddling over me, and putting away my excited engine of love up her own longing crack, and beginning a delightful St. George; I clasped the younger girl firmly round the buttocks with one arm, whilst with my right hand I found and rubbed her stiff little clitoris to increase the excitement from the lascivious motions of my tongue in her virgin cunny.

Annie was in a frenzy of voluptuous enjoyment, she bounced up and down on my prick, and now and then rested for a moment to indulge in the exquisite pleasure of the devil's bite, which she seemed to possess to a most precocious extent, the folds of her cunt contracting and throbbing upon my swelling prick in the most delicious manner.

Sophie was all of a tremble, she wriggled herself most excitedly over my mouth, and I licked up her virgin spendings as they came down in a thick creamy emission.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she sighed, hugging and kissing Annie in fondest abandon. "What is it, dear? I shall choke, Walter. There's something running from me; it's so delicious. Oh! What shall I do?"

Annie and myself met at this moment in a joint spend, which left us in an ecstatic lethargy of love, and the two sisters almost fainted upon my prostrate body.

When we had recovered a little, I sat up between the loving sisters.

Sophie, throwing her arms round my neck, quite smothered one with her burning kisses, as she whispered in my ear: "It was indeed pleasure, dear Walter. Is that one of the delights of love, and what was Annie doing, for she was excited as I was?"

"Can't you guess, darling?" I replied, taking her hand and placing it upon my still rampant cock. "That is what she played with."

"But how?" whispered the innocent girl. "She was kissing and sucking my tongue deliciously all the while, but seemed as if she could not keep still a moment."

"She had that plaything of mine up her cunny, my dear,

and was riding up and down upon it till we all fainted with pleasure at the same time. You shall have a real lesson in love next time, and Annie won't be jealous, will you, dearest?"

ANNIE.—"No, no, we must all be free to enjoy all the games of love without jealousy. I wonder how Frank is getting on with Rosa by this time. We must now make haste back to the house."

Sophie was anxious for more explanations as to the arts of love, but was put off till another time; and all being now in a cooler state of mind, we returned to the house, where we found Frank repeating the game of the morning, by gamahuching Rosa, whilst Polly was gone out of the room.

The red-haired beauty was covered with blushes, as she suddenly dropped her clothes on our entrance, and only recovered from her crimson shamefacedness when Annie laughingly assured her that we had been enjoying ourselves in the same manner.

"Oh! How rude and indecent of us all," exclaimed Rosa, "but who can resist the burning touches of a handsome young fellow like your brother; he was so impudent and it sends such a thrill of voluptuousness through the whole frame," commencing to sing, "It's naughty, but it's nice."

The supper bell rang, and, after a light repast, we all separated to our rooms. Frank came into my chamber to join in a cigarette and glass of grog before finally retiring.

"It's all right for to-night, old fellow," he exclaimed, as soon as we were seated for our smoke. "I begged Rosa to let me kiss all her charms, in her own room without the inconvenience of clothes. She made some objections at first, but finally consented not to lock the door, if I promised not to go beyond kissing, on my honour as a gentleman."

He was too impatient to stop long, and, after only one smoke, cut off to his room. Undressing myself as quickly as possible, I went to him, and escorted him to the door of his lady-love; it was unlocked, and he glided noiselessly into the darkened chamber. She was evidently awake and expecting his visit, for I could hear their rapturous kissing and his exclamation of delight as he ran his hands over her beautiful figure.

"My love, I must light the candles to feast my eyes upon your extraordinary beauties. Why did you put out the lights?" She made some faint remonstrances, but the room was soon a blaze of light from half-a-dozen candles.

I was looking through the keyhole, and eagerly listening to every word.

"My love, let us lay side by side and enjoy feeling our bodies in naked contact before we begin the kissing of each other's charms."

I could see that his shirt and her *chemise de nuit* were both turned up as high as possible, and his prick was throbbing against her belly. He made her grasp it in her hand, and pulling one of her legs over his thighs, was trying to place the head of his eager cock to the mark between her legs.

"Ah! No! No! Never! You promised on your honour, sir!" she screamed in alarm, and struggling to disengage herself from his strong embrace. "No! No! Oh! No! I won't, indeed!"

His previous soft manner seemed in a moment to have changed to a mad fury, as he suddenly rolled her over on her back, keeping his own legs well between her thighs.

"Honour! Honour!" he laughed. "How can I have honour when you tempt me so, Rosa? You have driven me mad by the liberties I have been allowed. Resistance is useless, I would rather die than not have you now, you dear girl."

She struggled in desperate silence for a few moments, but her strength was unequal to his; he gradually got into position, and then taking advantage of her exhaustion, rapidly and ruthlessly completed her ravishment.

She seemed insensible at first, and I took advantage of her short unconsciousness to steal into the room and kneel at the foot of the bed, where I had a fine view of his blood-stained weapon, thrusting in and out of her shattered virginity. After a little she seemed to begin to enjoy his movements, especially after the first lubricating injection of his love juice. Her buttocks heaved up to meet his thrusts, and her arms clung convulsively round his body, and

seemed reluctant to let him withdraw, until both seemed to come together in a luscious spend.

As they lay exhausted after this bout, I advanced and kissed the dear girl, and as she opened her eyes, I placed my hand across her mouth to stop any inconvenient scream of surprise, and congratulated her on having so nicely got rid of her troublesome virginity, and claimed my share of the fun, drawing her attention to the rampant condition of my cock in contrast to Frank's limp affair. I could see she was now eager for a repetition of the pleasure she had only just begun to taste. Her eyes were full of languishing desire as I placed her hand upon my prick.

In accordance with our previously devised arrangements she was persuaded to ride a St. George upon me, my cock was inserted in her still tender cunt, with great care, and allowed slowly to get his position, but the excitement was too great for me, with an exclamation of delight I shot a stream of sperm up into her very entrails, this set her off, she began slowly to move upon me, her cunt gripping and throbbing upon the shaft most deliciously, and we were soon running another delightful course; this was too much for Frank, his cock was again as hard as iron, and eager to get in somewhere, so kneeling up behind her he tried to insert his prick in her cunt alongside of mine, but found it too difficult to achieve, then the charming wrinkled orifice of her pink bottom-hole caught his attention, the tip of his affair was wet with our spendings, and his vigorous shoves soon gained an entrance, as I was holding her fast and she was too excited to resist anything, only giving a slight scream as she found him slip inside of the part she thought was only made for another purpose. I asked them to rest a few moments and enjoy the sensation of feeling where we were, our pricks throbbing against each other in a most delicious manner, with only the thin membrane of the anal canal between them; it made us spend immediately to the great delight of Rosa, who at once urged us to go on.

This was the most delightful bout of fucking I had ever had; she made us do it over and over again and, when we were exhausted, sucked our pricks up to renewed

cockstands. This lasted till the dawn of the day warned us of the necessity of precaution, and we retired to our respective rooms.

Next morning Annie and her sisters rallied us upon our late appearance at the breakfast table, remarking with a pouting look, "that we could not care much for their company if we laid a-bed and left them to themselves for the best half of the day, and that Rosa was just as bad, for she was actually still in dishabille, taking her breakfast in her own room."

Here mama interposed, by adding, "Besides, Walter, I am astonished you should copy Frank's lazy ways, you who on your first arrival here were so eager for early morning walks; look at Annie, she is not half so rosy and animated as she looked after your first walk."

A deep flush passed across Annie's face at this allusion to our first eventful walk, when we had the adventure with the bull, but I prevented her parents' observing it by replying: "That residents in town were always in such a hurry to enjoy the fresh air, and that it seemed to have an extraordinary somnolescent effect upon me, as I could hardly keep my eyes open at supper time, or rouse myself from sleep in the morning."

FRANK.—"I'm glad you have found out it is not all laziness now. Walter will take my part when I assert it is the natural drowsiness of youth, which is readily induced by the keen bracing air we breathe all day."

Papa made a few incredulous, ironical remarks about the youth of the present day, and then breakfast being over, as he rose from the table, said: "Walter, would you mind riding a dozen miles to oblige me. Frank would not be ready to start for an hour at least; besides, I would rather trust you than him with the lady my note is for; Mrs Colonel Leslie is both young and gay, and I would rather not run the risk of Frank being one day a correspondent in the Divorce Court, and caution you to take care of yourself."

I readily assented, more especially when I noticed a shade of jealous anxiety flit across Annie's tell-tale face. The horse was already at the door, so springing into the saddle, I rode

off with a fluttering anticipation of something racy being likely to turn up. I shall not trouble about my reflections during this delightful hour's ride; the atmosphere was most deliciously bracing, and my thoughts were so amorously bent that when I reined up at the lodge-gate, at the entrance to the Colonel's grounds, I felt that I could fuck anything in petticoats, from a witch to a gatepost; the gatekeeper soon passed me in, and springing from my saddle before the door of a fine old Elizabethan hall, my knock was promptly responded to by a most handsome young coloured fellow with a Hindoo cast of features.

Mrs. Leslie was at home, and he begged I would excuse her coming down to the drawing room, as she was still at her toilette, and would immediately see me in her private boudoir.

This courteous message revived all my romantically amorous ideas, with which I had indulged myself during my ride.

Ushered into the boudoir, I found the lady of the house to be a beautiful brunette of about three-and-twenty, with a most bewitching expression of countenance, whilst her large, full, dark eyes seemed to read my very soul as she extended her hand and drew me to a seat by her side, saying: "So, you are cousin Walter, I suppose; how is it that Frank did not ride over with his papa's note? But tell him," she added, with a very arch look, "that I was quite as well pleased to see you, and that I consider his cousin quite as fascinating as himself."

Then ringing the bell, she continued, "Will you take a cup of chocolate with me after your ride? It will invigorate me for the serious business of your uncle's note," opening a drawer and laying several bundles of papers like legal documents on the table, just as the servant entered (he was the good-looking Hindoo who had first introduced me).

MRS. LESLIE.—"Vishnu, bring up the chocolate, with two cups and some biscuits, and mind not to forget the flask of noyau," remarking to me as he disappeared, "Is he not a good-looking heathen? The Colonel had him long before he married me, and I call him his principal Hindoo deity;

whenever I look at him it puts me in mind of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, especially now the Colonel is away; do you not think it a burning shame to leave a young wife all alone by herself?"

She continued to run on in this curious way, without giving me a chance to make a reply or observation in return, as she busied herself laying out the papers, making pretence of an awful lot of business to be gone through.

The servant now brought in the chocolate, &c., and was dismissed with the order to tell Annette that her mistress would be too busy for some time, and was not to be disturbed until she rung for the completion of her toilette.

My hostess was a most charming object as she moved about in her dressing-gown, which was rather open at the neck, so as to display the upper part of the snowy prominences of her luscious bosom, besides which I caught glimpses of her naked feet, with nothing on but the most *petite* blue satin slippers.

Presently she poured out two cups of chocolate, put in a little of the noyau, and presenting me with one of them took her seat by my side, on the soft yielding lounge. "Drink it off as I do," she said; "it will do you far more good than sipping and allowing it to get cold."

We both drank our small cups at a draught, and I almost instantly felt a thrill of voluptuous warmth rush through my frame, and looking at my fair companion, her eyes seemed to sparkle with a strange amorous fire.

The devil was in me; in less time than it takes to write it, my empty cup was put on the table, and my disengaged arm placed round her neck; I drew her face to mine, and imprinted several kisses on her lips and cheeks as my other hand took possession of that inviting bosom; she was covered with blushes as she exclaimed, "Fie! Fie, sir!! how can you take such liberties when I can't help myself without dropping my cup?"

"Dear lady, excuse my liberties, and don't distress yourself, I am really greatly obliged to the cup for its assistance; how can I look upon such loveliness without being tempted, yes, tempted! driven mad by the sight of

such charms; you will excuse, you will pardon my presumption, I am sure," I ejaculated, throwing myself upon my knees before her and hiding my face in her lap, as I clasped my arms nervously round her waist, and could feel her whole frame tremble with emotion.

Suddenly she seemed to start with pain as she exclaimed, "Ah! Goodness! Oh! Oh! Oh!! the cramp in my legs. Oh! Oh!" as the cup was thrown down by her side. "Oh, release me, sir! Oh, Walter, excuse me, I must rub it!"

Here was a splendid opportunity to improve a lucky chance. "Permit me, poor dear lady, you are in such dreadful pain, and I am a medical student," I said, making bold to raise her dressing-gown and chafe her lovely calves with my eager hands; what lovely legs I now beheld, with not a vestige of anything on them; my blood was on fire, my fingers gradually wandered higher and higher, and I could not refrain from imprinting kisses on the delicious soft, pinky flesh, as she seemed rather to sigh than speak, "Oh! thank you, pray don't, it's so indelicate, and the cramp is gone now."

"No, no, dear Madame, the nervous contractions of your beautiful thighs convince me that it is higher up, and will return again in a few moments, unless I can relieve you; indeed, you must not mind me, as I am a medical man," I quickly replied, making bolder advances every moment, and taking advantages of the warm temperament I knew she possessed.

"You rogue, you young villain, your touches and kisses have undone me, how can I resist a handsome student? Oh, Walter, Walter, I must have you! I had only been trying to draw you out a little, never thinking you were such a young gallant; and now I am caught in my own net!"

"Ah! What a hurry. You'll spoil it all by your impetuosity; you shall never have me without first kissing the shrine of love."

"Sir!" pushing me away, as I was endeavouring to get between her lovely thighs. "Strip, strip, sir, I must see my Adonis, as your Venus now unveils herself to you," throwing off her dressing-gown (which I now saw was her

only article of clothing); and drawing my face down to hers, she thrust her tongue into my mouth, "tipping the velvet" in the most delicious style of voluptuous abandon, and delightfully handling my prick and balls at the same time. I was too much for my impatient steed, my spendings flew all over her hands and body almost instantly.

"Ah! What a naughty impatient boy, to come so quickly! Pull off your clothes, sir, and let us take our fill of love on yonder bed. My husband deserves this, for leaving me open to such temptation. You dear body, how I shall love you; what a fine prick you have, and so—so—what do they call it?—(blushing at her own words) so randy! That's what the Colonel says of the young fellows. Isn't it a dreadfully rude word, Walter? But so full of meaning. Whenever he said so, I couldn't help wishing for a handsome, randy young gentleman, such as your uncle has sent me today."

This is how she ran on, as I threw off everything, and I was as naked as herself in a trice; then, hugging, kissing, belly to belly, and handling each other's charms in every possible way, we slowly progressed towards the inviting bed in the other room; once or twice I stopped and tried to get my prick into her standing up, but she would have none of that, and at last, when her bottom rested against the edge of the bed, she ordered me to kneel down and kiss the seat of love; how my tongue searched out her fine stiff clitoris, which projected quite an inch-and-a-half from the lips of her vagina. I sucked it in ecstasy, and titillated her sensitive organs so that she spent profusely in a minute or two, holding my head with her hands to make me go on; it was a most deliciously enjoyable gamahuche; my tongue revelled in her creamy emission, till she begged me to slip off my shirt and come on the bed and let her enjoy my fine prick. So I ended this prelude with a playful, loving bite on her excited clitoris, and then, springing to my feet, we rolled on to the bed, her ready hand grasping my cock, as I mounted on her lovely body.

"What a shame!" she sighed. "How you have been spending, you naughty boy, you won't have much left for me now; but he's fine and stiff!" as she squeezed it in her hand,

and brought the head of my affair to the mark.

I found her deliciously tight, and assured her she was quite a virgin.

"So I should be, my dear Walter, but for you. The Colonel has got so little to please me with, that, tight as I am, I can hardly feel him! now your jewel of pleasure makes me feel gorged with delight!"

Her motions were as lascivious as her words. She writhed and threw up her buttocks with extraordinary rapidity and energy, whilst I was equally eager and rapid in ramming into her delicious cunt.

I was ready as if I had never spent, and we swam in a mutual emission almost immediately, both of us being so overcome by our feelings that we almost swooned in delight; this only lasted for a minute; the throbbing and contracting of the folds of her vagina on my enraptured prick awoke me to renewed efforts, and we were rapidly progressing towards another spend, when she checked me, and begged I would withdraw for a little, when she would amuse me till she felt she must have him again, and she added, "I shall enjoy it so much more if I can make you last longer. Sit on my body, Walter dear, and lay your beautiful prick between the globes of my bosom; you shall spend there next time. I can't help telling you what a fine one it is, over and over again!"

She went on caressing it with her hand, and making her two bobbies close upon it, so that I could work between them. It was another delicious idea, but she had not exhausted all her ways of exciting me. Her other hand passed under my thigh, and I thought she was frigging herself, but it was only to wet her finger, preparatory to frigging my bottom-hole with it. This made me come again almost directly.

"Now," said she, "I mean to ride on you, and make it last as long as possible, so let us reverse positions."

This was done, and she rode me and stopped alternately for about twenty minutes, when we met in a glorious flow of sperm.

"What do you think of that?" she exclaimed, as soon as

she recovered her breath. "We will get up and answer your uncle's letter now, and you shall promise to come again soon."

Nothing of moment occurred during the evening, after my visit to Mrs. Leslie, but I could see that Annie was rather piqued because I had nothing to tell her, except that I thought the Colonel's lady a most charming person, and had been pressed to stay with her to luncheon before she would write a reply to my uncle's note.

Next day being the last representation of a celebrated piece at the theatre of the County Town, by a first-rate London company, papa expressed a wish that we should all go in the evening, but Annie and Sophie, giving me a knowing look on the sly, declared they had already seen it once and did not care to go again. For my part, of course, I had seen it half-a-dozen times in town, so it was finally arranged that Frank, Rosa and Polly only would go with papa and mama; they had a drive of more than an hour before them so started at 6 P.M., and as soon as they were out of sight we three started for the bathing place at the lake. It was such a deliciously warm evening, and it would be just the place for our anticipated pleasures, as I had suggested to Annie and Sophie during the day.

Bolting the summer-house door on the inside as soon as we got in, I suggested first of all to stimulate our mutually ardent desires by a bottle of champagne; this so exhilarated the two lovely girls that we indulged in a second bottle before stripping for a romp. Seven o'clock found us bathed in a flood of golden light from the declining sun, which now shone directly in upon us, this warned us to make haste and improve the opportunity, so each one assisting the others and at the same time indulging in many loving tricks and liberties, we were soon in Adam and Eve costume.

"Now," I exclaimed, "Annie dear, you won't be jealous if I make a woman of your sister, as we promised the other day," taking the youngest one up in my arms with my rampant cock throbbing against her belly, as I carried her to the lounge.

"What a naughty boy you are, Walter, anything or

anybody for a change is what fickle men like, but I won't be jealous of Sophie, although I am of Mrs. Leslie. I know you had her yesterday; that sheepish tell-tale look, sir, when you met me on your return, was enough to confirm my suspicions of what would happen when you were *tête-a-tête* with that killing lady," she replied.

"For shame, Annie, darling, you told me yourself the other day love ought to be free everywhere; I don't deny my guilt, but will do my best to earn forgiveness now," I said, pushing Sophie back upon the soft yielding lounge, "help me to ease this darling of her troublesome virginity, and I will then repay your own longing cunny for all your love and forbearance; I am sure Mrs. Leslie would like to make you one of our party without any feelings of jealousy; there are so many ways of voluptuous enjoyment that if only one man to three beautiful girls it can be so varied as to give everyone the most intense delight."

At this both the girls gave me rapturous kisses, with every possible assurance that they would never be selfish, and would be only too happy to extend the circle of those they could be free and loving with, adding with special emphasis, "We are such noodles, dear Walter, we knew nothing till you introduced us to the arts of love, and as long as you can stay with us shall look to you to guide us in everything; we know it's wrong, but what heavenly pleasure there is in the loving mixture of the sexes."

ANNIE, taking my prick in her hand.—"Now, sir I will show this gentleman the way into Sophie's cabinet of love; be firm, dear; he won't hurt you more than can be helped, and the after joy will soon drown all recollection of the first short suffering."

SOPHIE, opening her legs as wide as possible.—"I'm all on fire to taste the real tree of love, don't spare me, Walter, dear, I'd rather die than not have it now!"

The red head of "Cupid's Battering Ram" was now brought to the charge; Annie opened the rosy lips of her sister's cunt and placed my cock in the exact position, but her touches, together with the thoughts of the delicious titbit I was about to enjoy, caused me to spend in a moment all

over her fingers and into the virgin passage in front. "Push on, push on; now's the time to gain your victory," she whispered; "that will make it easier to get him in," at the same time lifting up Sophie's buttocks with her disengaged hand, so as to make her meet my attack in a more favourable manner. My first lunge lodged the head of Mr. Priapus fairly within the tight folds of the victim's vagina, and I had already won the first outworks of the virgin's defences.

Poor Sophie moaned under the sharp pain of my assault, but biting her lips to repress any cries of pain she courageously placed one hand on the shaft of my prick, as if jealous of her sister's loving help, and anxious to have the honour of herself showing me the way to achieve love's dearest triumph, or perhaps it was for fear of my withdrawing before completely accomplishing my task.

"You love!" I exclaimed, enraptured by this exhibition of pluck, "I will soon make a real woman of you," then pushing fiercely on, on, I gradually forced the tight sheath to dilate. Every obstruction gave way to my determined energy, and with a final plunge, I was buried to the roots of my affair, and shooting at the same moment my warm spendings into her inmost vitals. This exhausted me for a few moments, and I lay supine upon the heaving bosom of the lovely Sophie, till I could feel Annie's fingers busy tickling my balls and feeling the shaft of my cock. Just at the same moment Sophie, who had almost fainted under the painful ordeal, opened her eyes, and with a loving smile pouted her lips as an invitation for a kiss, which I instantly responded to, almost sucking her breath away in my ardour. My excitement was now raised to the highest possible pitch by her sister's titillations, and the loving challenge of Sophie herself to renew my motions with her, by heaving up her bottom and nipping my prick in her cunny in the most delightful way imaginable.

This time I prolonged the pleasure as much as possible, beginning slowly, and often stopping to feel the delicious throbbings of cock and cunny in their delightful conjunction. "Ach! this is indeed love; it repays for all the pain I felt at first. Oh! oh! dear Walter, it feels as if my very soul was

flowing from me in ecstasy!" she almost screamed out, kissing, biting, squeezing me with all her might at the moment of emission, which I again responded to with a flow of my own sperm.

I now declared we must refresh ourselves a little before going further, so she reluctantly allowed me to withdraw. A short plunge in the lake had a most invigorating effect. I felt as strong as a giant again, then another bottle of fizz renewed our loving ardour; the girls were handling my prick, which stood again as hard as ivory. So slipping on my shirt, as I intended to be the uppermost of the trio, I laid Sophie on her back, and then telling the obedient Annie to kneel over her sister and gamahuche her in return for Sophie's doing the same by her, I mounted up behind her, saying, "I've made a woman of your dear sister, and will now treat you, my darling, to a new sensation." But just at the moment Sophie, who had no idea of my intentions, seized hold of my cock, saying, "She must kiss the dear sweet thing, which had afforded her such exquisite bliss." Holding it tight in her hand, she took the head between her pearly teeth and kissed and treated him to such love bites that I soon spent in her mouth, which she greedily swallowed, with all the abandon of voluptuous enjoyment. Meanwhile, I had been frigging Annie's bottom with my two fingers, which I had managed to insert together, and that dear girl was sucking her sister's quim, and wriggling herself in the most excitable way possible.

Sophie was now going to insert my prick in her sister's cunt, but Annie, almost beside herself with excitement, exclaimed, "No, no, my dear, put him where Walter has got his fingers; I should like to try that, it is so exciting; the very thought of it makes me mad with desire to know what it is like. His fingers have given me such pleasures that I am sure the dear thing in your hand will greatly improve the sensation!"

No sooner said than done; the obedient girl directed my cock to the beautifully wrinkled tight little brown hole of her sister's bottom at the very moment I withdrew my fingers. When I found they so thoroughly appreciated the

idea I had resolved to initiate them into, being well lubricated and as stiff as possible, it soon passed the portals of Annie's second virginity. But, Heavens, what a delicious bout we had, she bounded about so with delight, that I had to hold tight round her neck to prevent being thrown out, whilst Sophie, below, gamahuched her delighted sister, and with her right hand continued to press my balls and prick, keeping time to every insertion in her sister's bottom. We spent together, almost screaming with delight, and then lay in a confused heap, enjoying all the sensations of our delicious exhaustion.

As soon as they could kiss and persuade my rather enervated tool into renewed stiffness, Sophie declared I must oblige her with a taste of the new-found joy, and ravish her bottom as well as her sister's.

This was another delicious love engagement; the sisters gamahuching each other with the utmost erotic ardour, whilst my delighted prick revelled in the tight-fitting fundamental of the sweet girl, who wriggled and plunged about so excitedly that I had to hold fast to keep my place.

After this, we returned to the house, and passed the time very pleasantly till the return of the party from the theatre. I was anxious to hear Frank's account of how he had got on with Rosa during the evening, and especially as they drove home.

"Walter," he said, as we were once more alone in his room after all had gone to rest, "I've had a most enjoyable time of it since we started. Of course, as we went, it was daylight, so Rosa and I maintained a proper decorum, but at the theatre, papa and mama were separated from us by Polly, and we all five sat in the front row of the dress circle. How the sight of Rosa's swelling bosom (which her low-necked dress allowed me fully to see) made my prick stand at once; so I took her gloved hand and made her feel how hard and excited it was. As no one could see, she indulged me with quite a gentle frigging outside my trousers, till I spent profusely, to the great delight of the roguish beauty, as I could tell by the smile on her face and the excited looks with which she met my ardent gaze.

"What a shame," she whispered in my ear. 'I know what you have done, you naughty boy. You should have reserved it for a more favourable opportunity.'

"Look out, darling, as we drive home; see if I don't repay your kind attentions," I whispered in return.

"Both papa and mama were rather sleepy before the conclusion of the last piece, and to make them go off, as soon as we were seated in the carriage, I offered them my flask of brandy to keep out the effects of the night air. It had a pretty good strong dose of narcotic in it, and they were soon sound asleep in their corners. Polly also pretended to be dozing.

"Rosa was on my lap directly, and my hands were at once groping their way to the seat of pleasure whilst she was equally busy unbuttoning my trousers and handling the staff of life.

"Our lips met in long-drawn rapturous kisses, which fired every drop of blood in our veins, and both were too impatient for the real business to prolong our toyings with each other's privates; besides, I felt she was already spending over my busy fingers. She had my cock in a glorious state of erection; so opening her delicious thighs as she raised her clothes, she was at once impaled on the spike she so burned to have thrust into her. It was quite equal to the first time I fucked her. The long evening passed in expectation of what I might be able to do on our return journey; so it added to the piquancy of my arduous longings that I seemed in Heaven itself, and swimming in a very ocean of love, we spent over and over again; our melting kisses and tongue-sucking continually stimulating us to renewed exertions, till the near approach to home warned us of the necessity of bringing our pleasures to an end for a time. Even now, I tell you, Walter, my cock keeps throbbing and standing at the very thoughts of the delightful pressures she treated me to; her cunt bites so deliciously."

In the morning, papa and mama had scarcely slept off the effects of the sleeping dose they had imbibed from the brandy flask of their dutiful son, and lay abed very late, in fact, almost to luncheon time; meanwhile, we, the younger

members of the family, had privately agreed upon a plan of amusement for the afternoon and evening.

Finding that two pretty young girls of fourteen and fifteen were living close by, with an invalid mother, whilst their brother was away, being a Midshipman in the Royal Navy, I proposed that Annie should spend the afternoon with us, en famille, without the least ceremony, and join us in any alfresco tea party at a little hut in the woods, which formed part of my uncle's estate.

At luncheon we informed the governor of what we had done and hoped that both he and mama would join in our outdoor party in the woods.

"No thank you, my dears, we are too afraid of the damp grass and rheumatics. Besides, we have not yet gotten over the fatigue of yesterday. We will stay quietly at home and hope you may enjoy yourselves thoroughly, as we should do if we were younger," replied the jolly, kind-hearted old gentleman.

This was exactly what we had wished for and expected; so Frank and Annie at once sent off the servants with every requisite for our open-air tea party.

About three o'clock, the two young ladies arrived, and as all were ready, we at once set off for the scene of our anticipated fun, which was a rough bower covered with flowering honeysuckle and clematis, at the end of a long, shady, private walk, more than half-a-mile from the house.

Frank and myself particularly attached ourselves to the two fresh young ladies as being the greatest strangers, and therefore justly expectant of the most attention.

Emily Bruce, the eldest, was a charming dark-eyed brunette, her rather large mouth having a fascinating effect as you regarded her. In fact, such a display of pearly white teeth, I never saw before, and the very thought that they might perhaps be soon employed in love bites on my tender-headed prick filled me with maddening lust to possess myself of their owner.

Nor was her sister, Louisa, a bit less prepossessing, she being almost the counterpart of Emily, except that one could easily see there was a slight difference in age.

Arrived at the bower, the servants were at once sent home, being told that they could clear away the things next morning, as it would be too late for them to return in the evening, and at the same time, without asking the consent of her young friends, dear Annie scribbled a pencil note to their mama, to say that if they at all were late, she would insist upon them staying with her all night, and not to make herself at all anxious on their behalf—this was quietly sent off by one of the servants.

As soon as we were alone, Frank and I, uncorking the champagne, lighted our cigars, and saying that the sun was still too warm for outdoor romping, pressed the girls to try some very mild cigarettes of Turkish tobacco.

At last Annie and Rosa set the example by lighting up, and were at once laughingly followed by the others. Our two young friends protested they never took wine. Still, they evidently sipped it with great delight, and we bantered them upon being so tied to their mother's apron strings, etc., till they began to be quite free as my cousins and Rosa.

We had a good stock of fizz, besides sandwiches and cake, so that no one seemed at all anxious to take the trouble of tea-making.

Still we were careful that only enough should be taken to warm our friends up to a slightly excitable state, in fact, just to induce that state of all-overishness, which tingles through a young girl's sensitive frame when she feels the first vibrations of amorous desires, which she can as yet hardly understand.

Their sparkling eyes, slightly flushed faces and above all, the dazzling beauties of their teeth, as they indulged in gay laughter at our badinage, set all of us aflame. I could see that Rosa and my cousins were longing to help in enjoying these innocent and ravishing young girls.

Now a game of hunt the slipper was proposed, and we at once joined to the soft, mossy green sward, outside the bower. This was a most delicious and excitable romp.

Whenever it came our turns, Frank and myself indulged in all kinds of quick and startling touches, which made the two little dears blush up to their eyes at first, and when we

managed to catch one of them with the slipper we claimed a hearty kiss as penalty, which they submitted to with tolerable grace, yet evidently in a state of great excitement, it was all so new to them. We finished the game, had a little more champagne, then proposed a game of hide and seek in the wood, with the reservation that no one was to go too far off.

We were to be in pairs, I chose Emily, and Frank took Louisa. Polly and Sophie went together, whilst Annie and Rosa had to search for us when we called out.

It so happened that there was an old sand pit close by, in which several years before Master Frank had amused himself by making a Robinson Crusoe's cave, and planted bushes in front of it, so that the entrance was perfectly out of sight, and no one would fancy anyone could be screened by the small amount of cover which seemed to grow on the side of the pit; this was just the place for our purpose, and it had been beforehand arranged that we were not to be found for a long time. Gliding into the cave Frank let fall the old curtain that hung at the entrance, and we were at once in the dark, the place was large enough for us to sit together on a heap of fine soft sand at the further end.

"What a dear girl you are!" I whispered in Emily's ear, as I took a kiss in the dark, and drew her trembling body quite close by an arm around her waist. "Pray don't," she whispered in return, "if you do not keep quiet I won't stop in this dark place."

"Don't say so, it would be cruel, especially if you knew all I feel towards you, Emily dear. I must call you Emily, yes, and kiss you again and again, I love you so, your breath is so fragrant, what are you afraid of, there's nothing to fear among friends, darling," I whispered, kissing my partner rapturously.

"Oh, ah, you take my breath away Walter, I'm so unused to such goings on. Oh, fie, sir, for shame, you make me feel all of a tremble, you take such liberties!" as I was working one hand inside the bosom of her dress, and getting possession of two hard round bobbies which throbbed with emotion under my loving caresses.

"It's all love, darling, and no one can see, can't you hear how Frank and Louisa are kissing; is it not delicious to think they are doing the same, and will be sure to keep our secret?"

A deep sigh was my only answer, and again our lips met in a long luscious kiss. My tongue was thrust into her mouth, and tickled the tip of her own velvety organ of speech. I could feel the nipples of her virgin bosom stick out as stiff as little cocks and whispered to her to allow me to kiss them.

"I can refuse you nothing," she whispered; "you are such a bold lover. I'm all in flame from head to foot at the numberless liberties you are taking with me. Ah, if mam only knew," she sighed, as I was now sucking her titties, and running my disengaged hand up her thighs; they were nipped tightly together, but gradually relaxed under the gentle pressure of my hand, till I actually got possession of her cunny, which I could feel was slightly covered with soft downy hair, and soon began to frig her gently with my forefinger. How the dear girl wriggled under the double excitement, and I could feel one of her hands groping outside my trousers over my bursting prick, to return the pleasure I was giving her. One by one she unfastened the buttons, then her soft delicate hand soon had possession of my stiff affair, naked and palpitating with unsatisfied desire.

"Ah," she whispered, "I am satisfied at last! we had a servant at home, a few months ago, who slept in our room, and used to tickle and play with us. She told us that men had a long thing as hard as iron, which they pleased the ladies by shoving up their bellies, and that was how the babies were made. Do you believe it? She was always shoving her fingers into us as you are doing to me now, and—and—and," here she hesitated and seemed to shudder with delight, just as I spent all over her hand, and I could also feel her spendings come in a warm gush over my fingers. It was delicious. Her hand first held tight the top of my throbbing prick, then gently worked up and down the shaft, lubricated by my spendings. It was indeed a voluptuous treat; I begged her to thrust her tongue into my mouth, and we continued the mutual frigging till she almost

fainted away in her ecstasy.

Slightly recovering, I asked her what it was she was going to tell me about the maid servant, when she hesitated.

"Do, dearest, tell me everything," I implored, in a loving whisper, "We are now without reserve to each other; you can have no secrets from your loving Walter."

"It was so funny, I don't know how she could do it, but Mary was so fond of sucking and kissing us where you have your hand, dearest," she replied, "but it was so nice you can't imagine how we enjoyed having her do it to us."

"My love, my Emily, let me kiss you now, and it would be sublime if you would kiss me. I long to feel the love bites of your beautiful teeth in my *Cupid's Dart*. Frank and Louisa are too busy to notice what we do," I whispered in her ear, as I inclined the willing girl backwards on the soft pillow of sand, and reversing my position, we laid at full length, side by side, both of us eager as possible for the game; my head was buried between her loving thighs, with which she pressed me most amorously, as my tongue was inserted in her loving slit; this was a fine gamahuche, I stirred up all the lasciviousness of her ardent temperament till she screamed with delight, and caused Frank and Louisa to enquire what we were doing, but we made no reply. She sucked my delighted prick, handled and kissed my balls, till I spent in her mouth, as her teeth were lovingly biting the head of my penis. She sucked it all down, whilst I repaid her loving attentions to the best of my ability with my own active tongue.

As soon as it was over, I took Emily by the hand, and we groped towards our companions, who, I found, were equally busy as we had been. Frank thoroughly understood my intention; we all got together, and joined in a grope of cocks and cunnies without the least restraint, till suddenly the curtain was pulled down, and we heard the laughing voices of Rosa and Annie, as they exclaimed, "See, here they are. What are these rude boys doing to you young ladies?"

Emily and Louisa were covered with confusion, but the girls lovingly assured them they would keep the secret, and introduce them to more fun after they had retired to bed, as

it was now getting late, and we must all return to the house.

As I have before observed, the wing of the mansion in which we all slept was quite apart from the other wing in which papa, mama, and the servants were located, so as soon as we had retired, Frank and myself joined the girls in their room, or rather rooms, for they occupied two. The Miss Bruces blushed crimson at seeing us only in our shirts, especially as one was seated on the *pot de chambre*, whilst the other was exhibiting her charms to my inquisitive cousins before a cheval glass.

"All right," exclaimed Annie, "my dears, everything is free between us and the boys, but we mean to punish you for allowing the impudent fellows to presume upon such liberties with you in the cave. Your bottoms shall smart, young ladies, I can assure you," as she produced a couple of light birch rods from a drawer; in fact I had provided them for her, the idea having been suggested to me by reading a book called *The Romance of Lust*.

A fine large bed stood by the wall, facing another at the end of the room, but our programme only required one couch. Annie and Rosa were determined to have their enjoyment now; everyone was ordered to strip off shirt or chemise, then I horsed Emily on my back whilst Frank did the same by her sister.

Sophie and Polly were entrusted with the rods, and gaily switched us and our riders' bottoms as we trotted round the room, the sisters hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry, when a more stinging cut than usual made them cry for mercy; our pricks were as rampant as possible, and we were not in need of any extra stimulation; still the girls were very hard on our rumps, although not quite so severe with the sisters. The darling Emily had so entwined her legs round me as I held them close under my armpits that her pretty feet in their bewitching little slippers were frigging my cock between them most deliciously.

The sight of our red smarting bottoms and bursting pricks was too much for Annie and Rosa, and they were inflamed with lust, so throwing themselves backward on the bed, with their legs wide open and feet resting on the floor,

the two dear girls presented their quims to our charge, as with both hands they held open the lips of their delicious cunts, inviting our eager cocks to come on. We charged them at once, under the impulsive urging of the rods, gave a few delightful fucking motions, then withdrew and trotted round the room again, this we constantly repeated to prolong our enjoyment, till at last the dear girls could stand it no longer, their arms clasped us firmly, whilst the rods cut away with extra force to make us complete their pleasure; it was a most luxurious finish, we all spent with screams of delight, and lay for a few moments in a delicious state of lethargic exhaustion till we awoke to find Sophie, Polly, Emily, and Louisa all rolling on the floor in the delights of gamahuching.

After this the two dear girls begged, with tears in their eyes, that Frank and Walter would make women of them, so that they might really taste the wildest delights of love.

"Then, dears," said Rosa, with a sly laugh, "you must kiss them, and make their exhausted cocks stiff again, and then we will lend the two boys to you."

We sat on the bed by the side of our late fucking partners, who we kissed, fondled and frigged, whilst Emily and Louisa, kneeling between our knees, sucked our pricks up to standing point, as their hands drew back our foreskins or played with our balls.

Stiff and rampant as we were we entreated them to go on for a little longer, till feeling ourselves almost at spending point, Polly and Sophie arranged two bolsters and some pillows on the floor in the most advantageous manner, the sisters were each placed with two pillows under their bottoms, whilst their heads rested on the bolsters. Annie and Rosa then conducted us to the victims, who impatiently awaited their immolation to the god of love with open legs and longing cunts. The two mistresses of the ceremonies took our pricks in hand, and directed them to the path of bliss. Emily was my partner again; she threw her legs over my back and heaved up to meet the fatal thrust, which was to be the death of her troublesome virginity. I had no time to see how the others progressed, but heard a smothered shriek

of agony from Louisa, as no doubt Frank achieved her fate for her; my partner was more courageous, she glued her lips to mine, sucking in my tongue in the most ardent manner imaginable, even whilst my prick was tearing through her hymen; my spending deluged her wounded quim, and we soon lost all thoughts of pain when we recommenced a lovely fuck, moving slowly at first, till her rapid motions spurred me on to faster plunges, her deliciously tight cunt holding me like a hand, in fact so tight that I could feel my foreskin drawn backwards and forwards at every shove.

"Ah! you dear fellow, push on, kill me with delight!" she screamed in ecstasy, as we came again together, and I was equally profuse in my words of endearment.

As we lay still after it was over her tight-fitting cunt seemed to hold and continually squeeze my delighted prick so by its contractions and throbbings I was ready again directly, and we ran another thrilling course before she would let me try to withdraw.

Frank and Louisa had been equally delighted with each other, and thus the two sisters each lost her maidenhead almost at the same moment.

Not a day passed but we had some voluptuous games, whilst as to Rosa and Frank, they were openly engaged to be married, which was an especial gratification to the old people.

Time flew so rapidly that my visit drew to its close, and we were all thinking of devising some signal display of love, to be enacted as a parting scene ere I took my departure from my uncle's hospitable and happy domicile, when one fine morning in June, who should favour us with a call, but my lovely brunette Mrs. Leslie. She had driven over to invite myself and cousins to spend an early day before the Colonel's return. "You know," she said, turning to my uncle, "how stiff and starch all his ideas are, and I must have one day of real fun before he comes home from Paris. Will you let them come tomorrow and stop till the next day?"

My uncle being too kind to refuse, the arrangement was made at once, Mrs. Leslie stayed to luncheon, and we took

an afternoon stroll in the park afterwards. From time to time her intelligent glances assured me she was anxious for a *tête-à-tête* with me, so asking her to take my arm, we soon managed to give the others the slip, and lost ourselves in a dense copse. Sitting down on the soft mossy turf, under a shady little yew tree, we were quite hidden from observation.

"How I longed to kiss your sweet lips once more," I exclaimed, clasping her in my eager embrace, and sucking her breath almost away in a luscious osculation.

"If that is all you thought of, sir, you have been vastly unfaithful to your protestations of love, and I should really feel awfully jealous of your pretty cousins and Miss Redquim did I not see the unruly state of the jewel in your trousers," she laughingly replied, as she took speedy steps to release and secure the impatient prisoner in her grasp, continuing, "I wonder how he has amused himself since that ever memorable day when I first had the pleasure of both seeing and feeling the noble fellow. Now tell me true Sir Walter, have you seduced your cousins and their friend?"

I at once made a full confession of all our amours, and begged she would indulge us in every possible way on the morrow, as it would be the last grand chance I should have before returning to town.

"Most delightful state of things I am sure, but what a shame not to have run over and invited me to join in your amorous festivities. Surely you knew it was just what I should have delighted in. I have a great mind to disappoint you now, only I should also be punishing myself, so come on, you naughty young fellow, and I will consider between this and to-morrow what your penance will be," she said, reclining herself backwards, her fine dark eyes full of humid languishing fire, which too truly indicated her voluptuous requirements.

Lifting her skirts quickly, I paid my devotions at the shrine of love by a kiss and playful bite of her clitoris, then, unable to dally any longer, placed myself between her readily yielding thighs, and was soon revelling within the soft juicy folds of her divine organ of bliss, delighted beyond

expression by the throbbing compressions to which it treated me as I lay quietly enjoying the sense of complete possession, which is so delicious to contemplate, before commencing more vigorous action; our lips met again and our billing and cooing would have lasted some time had we not heard Frank declaring to Rosa and his sisters, "What a damned shame it was of Walter and Mrs. Leslie to give them the slip, but he would find us and spoil our fun."

This caused my charming innamorata to heave up her buttocks as a challenge to me, not to waste more time, so I put spurs to my steed, but none too soon, for just as we died away in a mutual spend, Frank, Sisters, and Co. burst upon the scene with a triumphant exclamation of "here's Walter and his grass widow," and before we could recover ourselves, the laughing party inflicted an awful slapping on our bottoms, till a truce was made and we all agreed to wait patiently for the morrow's party at Mrs. Leslie's.

Next day, favoured by splendid weather, we were early at the Colonel's residence, and the handsome swarthy Vishnu ushered us into the luxurious boudoir of his voluptuous mistress. "You have arrived early, it is scarcely one o'clock, my toilette's not yet made, but how very welcome you all are to my house, I need not trouble to say, after the frank understanding we came to yesterday, as to our amusements now you are here. The chocolate is just ready, and I have infused in it an imperceptible something (a secret, my dear, which the Colonel brought from India), which will soon set all your young amorous blood in such a glow of desire that you will not know how to satisfy your intense cravings for the delight of love, and then naughty Walter shall be served out for his unfaithfulness to me."

This speech made us all smile as we took up the small cups of delicious chocolate which Vishnu handed round, and as he disappeared our hostess, who had nothing on but her dressing-gown, having drawn Frank to her side on the lounge, asked us, as the day was so warm, to throw aside as much as possible of our superfluous clothing, which was speedily done.

"We must have a romp before luncheon, then repose or

stroll about during the afternoon, and in the evening we shall, I hope, enjoy some novel ideas I have quite set my mind upon," she continued during the short time we took to disrobe. "That's right, only keep on the *chemiserie* now, at night we will discard the last rag; I have no chemise to take off, so will keep this convenient *robe de chambre*, but you may look Frank, if you don't think Rosa will be jealous," as she opened the front, and displayed to his ardent gaze all the beauties of her person.

"If it makes her jealous, I can't help admiring such charms!" said Frank, "but Rosa is far too sensible for that, and thoroughly enters into all our fun, in fact I am sure she loves Walter as well as she does me, only she can't marry both of us."

"Ha! ha! that accounts for Walter forgetting me, so to be revenged on them both you must have me now," she replied, lifting up his shirt to see if he was ready, "why your love-dart is almost exactly the size of his," and without more ado she was on his lap, and spitted herself on Frank's cock, throwing off entirely the *robe de chambre* that she might enjoy him without impediment.

This instantly excited the girls, who lay down in pairs for a mutual gamahuche and bottom-frig, Rosa playfully telling me to let Mrs. Leslie have the double pleasure by fucking her bottom as she was riding Frank.

"Hold her tight, my boy," I said, "and I will let her beautiful little fundamental know what it is to keep a stiff prick waiting for his turn," as I took a little cold cream from the dressing-table, and putting some on the head of my prick as well as on the delightful brown wrinkled hole exposed to my attack, the head began to slip in at once, despite her struggles and screams, "that we should injure her between us." Further and further I gradually worked in, till I could feel my cock rubbing against Frank's with only the thin divisional membrane between them, our joint spendings deluging both cunt and bum, spurting the warm, frothy sperm over our balls at every thrust. This was not enough to satisfy her, but she kept us at our work until we repeated our emissions with screams of delight, and rolled

on the floor in a confused heap amongst the dear girls, who were so excited by the sight of our ecstasies that they were revelling in every species of tribadism to allay their lustful yearnings.

After this Mrs. Leslie opened a side door, conducted us into her bathroom, where we refreshed ourselves and indulged in a variety of kissing, frigging, &c., but by her advice the girls refrained from exhausting us too much, and accepted cigarettes of Turkish tobacco to join us in a smoke, as we lighted some of the Colonel's fine cigars. It was a picture worthy of any Apelles, as we could see the reflection of all our naked charms on the bathroom walls, which constituted one vast mirror of the very finest silvered glass, two rather good-looking fellows with big pricks, as rampant as could be wished, and five lovely ladies all smoking and puffing pretty curls or rings of vapoury nicotine, alternating that sober enjoyment for more active fun, by trying to burn the tip of their cunts with the fiery ends of cigarette or cigar.

About half-past two, we dressed, and then took luncheon, then strolled in the grounds or on the bank of a small stream, where some of us passed the time trying our piscatorial luck, till the bell rang for dinner, which passed pleasantly enough, and about 9 P.M., we assembled in the drawing-room, for a grand erotic séance.

Mrs. Leslie dismissed all her servants for the night, except Vishnu, who she said would be quite sufficient to attend to our little requirements.

The room was large and lofty, the windows closed and artistically draped with gorgeous black and gold curtains, the spaces between filled up with mirrors and branching candelabra, the opposite side of the apartment being also quite a tableau of flowers, mirrors, and lighted wax candles, which shed a brilliant and yet soft luxurious effulgence over the whole scene; two doors at one end gave access to retiring rooms, where we undressed, and in a very few minutes the whole party, in a state of ravishing nudity, were grouped round Mrs. Leslie as she sat on an ottoman, awaiting her decision as to the programme.

She first persuaded us to sip a little of her chocolate, then went on to say, "As we are five to two you will find I have a stock of fine, soft, firmly made dildoes to make up the deficiency in males, which alternated with the real article will enable us to thoroughly enjoy ourselves. First, I believe Miss is a virgin, notwithstanding all she knows and has seen; her delicate little pussey must be itching to be emancipated from the thralldom of virginity. Walter must do the service for her at once, on Rosa's lap, so now to business, as I see our gentlemen are in a beautiful state of readiness."

Polly blushed deeply, but readily seated herself on her friend's lap with her legs wide open, presented to my staff of life, whilst Rosa, passing her hands round the dear girl's waist, held open the lips of her cunny, and guided the head of my affair in the proper direction. Much as she had been frigged and gamahuched, it was a hard task; her cunt was so deliciously small and tight that in spite of her favourable position, I could only just get the head of Mr. Priapus within the nymphae before she started with the intense pain, and gave a suppressed scream of anguish, the tears starting to her eyes and trickling over her blushing face.

"Courage, darling, it will soon be over," I whispered, kissing her excitedly, while Mrs. Leslie encouraged me by saying, "Sharp and quick, Walter, a good thrust will force better than those gentle pushes; gentleness is not real kindness when taking a maidenhead"; at the same moment I felt she was attacking my virgin bottom-hole behind with a well-lubricated dildo, its head being well in before I knew exactly what she was doing; this and the desire to possess Polly so stimulated me that I thrust furiously at the opposing obstacle, her heartrending cries adding to my pleasure, and making me mad with desire. At last I was halfway in, then a fierce lunge seemed to break quite through as I, at the same time, deluged the tight passage with a copious emission.

The poor little victim had swooned, but Mrs. Leslie, working her dildo behind, ordered me to let my cock throb inside Polly's tight sheath, as it would tend to bring her round, and excite her amorous sensibility to the utmost.

What delightful sensations I experienced, my prick feeling all the spasmodic contractions of her vagina, and having my bottom well dildoe-fucked at the same time, I spent again under the influence of this accumulated excitement just as my partner was coming round under the influence of some cordial which had been poured down her gasping throat, whilst strong smelling salts had been applied to her nostrils. She opened her eyes, giving a violent sneeze at the same time, which vibrated on my delightful prick, who instantly began gently to bestir himself in her tight scabbard; this roused her little by little, till throwing her arms round my neck, and returning my hot kisses with all the ardour of her nature, she cried and laughed by turns, as she begged me to make haste and complete her happiness.

By a side glance I could see Frank was in Mrs. Leslie's bottom. Annie in him with a dildoe, and Sophie doing the same to her sister, a perfect string of pederastic branchings from my own violated burn. It was such a scene as I had never seen before, and added additional fury to my already maddened lust. I came again and again before we finished, each spend more ecstatic than the last. The chocolate had so invigorated us, that we went through an almost interminable series of spendings, till at last nature could stand it no longer, we rolled on the floor in a confused heap, and wound up in a mutual gamahuche; Mrs. Leslie secured the blood-stained quim of little Polly, which she sucked still she had enjoyed the last drop of ensanguined spunk she could extract from the wounded slit of her young friend, who writhed in delight under the soothing touches of such a lascivious tongue.

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock, when just as we were recovering from a state of lethargic oblivion, and thinking of some re-invigorating refreshment, the sound of carriage wheels on the gravel drive up to the house, and then, rat-a-tat-tat on the loud knocker made us all start to our feet and rush for our clothes.

"The Colonel, by all that's unfortunate," exclaimed Mrs. Leslie, "make haste or he will catch us; who would have thought of his arriving this time of night."

The prudent Vishnu, pretending to be awaking out of his first sleep, so bungled and delayed opening the front door, that we were tolerably presentable by the time the Colonel made his appearance, and whatever his suspicions may have been, he went through the formality of introduction in the most friendly way possible, the presence of so many young ladies evidently quite disconcerting him for the moment.

I afterwards learnt from his wife that under promise of secrecy she had confessed all to him, and vastly amused her husband by an account of our doings; but, at any rate, it stopped our fun at the time, and next day I was obliged to return to town, and thus brought to conclusion "My Sport amongst the She-Noodles," anything but "Noodles" after I had so enlightened them, in fact quite as knowing as Adam and Eve after they found out they were "Naked," having tasted the "*Tree of Knowledge*," which, in my humble opinion, meant found out "*L'Arte de faire l'amour*."

CHAPTER 2

A CURIOUS FACT FOR NATURALISTS.

The Editor has received the following from a subscriber:

"One often hears: 'No standing pricks this weather,' or, 'It's a difficult thing to find it, etc., during a severe winter,' but one intensely cold morning, just as we were getting up, my wife looking out of the window, drew my attention to a poor cat which had been out all night, expressing her sympathy for the poor beast. Presently I looked into the backyard for myself, when, lo! there were two cats, the feminine rolling on her back in the most approved fashion of cat-courtship, when the lady is agreeable to the gentleman's attentions. The thermometer at twenty-six degrees below freezing made no difficulty with him. He was on to her and into her in a moment, the only difference being that he, and in fact both of them were more ready than on a warm summer's night, when we all know to our cost, the long preliminary caterwauling, scratching, etc., necessary to bring Mr. Tom to the point."

N.B.—I suppose scratching with cats has the same effect as birching on human beings.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

A Parody on Moore's Melody.

There is not in this world a valley so sweet,
As that vale where the thighs of a pretty girl meet:
Oh, the last ray of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it is not that Nature has shed o'er the scene,
The purest of red, the most delicate skin,
'Tis not the sweet smell of the genial hill;
Ah, no! it is something more exquisite still.
'Tis because the last favours of woman are there,
Which make every part of her body more dear.
We feel how the charms of Nature improve,
When we bathe in the spendings of her whom we love.

LOVE.

Nature, ev'rywhere the same
Imparts to man a lustful shame;
In Russian snow or Indian fire,
All men alike indulge desire,
All alike, feel passion's heat,
All alike, enjoyment greet,
So that wheresoe'er you go,
Still the same voluptuous glow
Throbs through every purple vein,
Thirsts enjoyment to obtain;
'Mongst the dark, or with the fair,
Woman is empress everywhere.

THE PLEASURES OF LOVE.

Pressed in the arms of him I so adored,
The keeper of my charms, my pride, my lord!
By day experiencing each sweet delight,
And meeting endless transports every night.
When on our downy bed we fondly lay,
Heating each other by our am'rous play;
Till Nature, yielding to the luscious game,
Would fierce desire and quenchless lust inflame!
Oh! then we join'd in love's most warm embrace,
And pressed soft kisses on our every grace!
Around my form his pliant limbs entwined,
Love's seat of bliss to him I then resigned!
We pant, we throb, we both convulsive start!
Heavens! then what passions thro' our fibres dart!
We heave, we wriggle, bite, laugh, tremble, sigh!
We taste Elysian bliss—we fondle—die.

THE RIVAL TOASTS.

An English and an American vessel of war being in port together, Captain Balls, of the former, invited the officers of the Yankee frigate to dine in board of his ship, but stipulated, in order to avoid any unpleasantness, that no offensive or personal toasts should be proposed, to which the Americans cheerfully assented. However, after dinner, during the dessert, when the conversation happened to turn warmly upon the respective merits of the two nations, a Yankee officer suddenly stood up, and said he wished to propose a toast, which he should take as a personal offense if anyone refused to drink it.

Captain B. mildly expressed a hope that it was nothing offensive, but consented to drink to whatever it might be, with the proviso that, if he thought fit to do so, he should propose another afterwards.

Then shouted the American, exultingly: "Here's to the

glorious American flag: Stars to enlighten all nations, and Stripes to flog them."

Captain B. drained a bumper to the American's toast; then turning to the old ship's steward, standing behind his chair, he said quietly: "You can beat that, can't you, Jack?"

"Ay! Ay! Sir! If you fill me a stiff 'un."

The Captain mixed him a good swig of hot and strong. Then handing the steward the glass, he thundered out: "Silence for Jack's toast, and any gentleman here present, refusing to drink to it, I shall not take it as a personal offense, but at once order the gunner's mate to give him three dozen. Now then, Jack."

Jack, with a grim smile, and bowing to the Yankee officer, said: "Then here's to the ramping, roaring British Lion, who shits on the stars, and wipes his arse on the stripes."

PART OF A LETTER FROM HARRIET KEENE.

I'll tell you a funny dream I had the night before last. I thought I was sitting on a green bank, and a man was sitting by the side of me; he fell to kissing and talking, but did nothing else. Well, after a while, he got up and went away; then, at the side of me, as I sat there, lay the largest prick I ever saw. It was at least half a yard long, and as thick as the calf of my leg; it had four bollox, but it tapered towards the end. I thought I took it up and felt it. It was warm flesh and blood, and I said to myself, "Why the man has left his prick behind him; what a pity! and it is such a fine one too! what will he do without it?" So I thought to myself, "I wonder if it will spend if I suck it," so I kept sucking it, but it was so big and thick that it made my mouth ache, and I said to myself. "Never mind, it will do to frig myself with." So I got up, and put it under my cloak, and cuddled it so close to me that I felt as lewd as could be. As I was going along I met the man coming back, and when he came up to me, he said, "Have you seen my trumpet?" "Your trumpet," said I, "why you mean your prick!" Says he, "You nasty, lying

woman, it's my best trumpet." "Well," said I, "if this is a trumpet, why a trumpet's a prick, and a prick is a trumpet," and I held it up to look at. He snatched it out of my hand. "Now, then, I'll show you if it's a prick or a trumpet," and he began to blow away on it so loud that I awoke and lost my prick and trumpet too.

What woke me up was the sound of a trumpet in the street, so I suppose that was the cause of my funny dream.

THE WISE LOVER.

Woman and man whene'er inclined,
In mutual goodness pleasure find,
The lawful spouse 'tis sweet to embrace,
In hopes to see a lengthen'd race,
But let who will the truth contest,
Another's wife is still the best.

When I was young and slightly skill'd,
In blisses womankind can yield;
I lov'd the maid, I lov'd the piece;
But as my wit and years increase,
I own the sweetest sport in life,
Is to enjoy your neighbour's wife.

A virgin coy with sidelong eye,
Your mere approach, at once will fly,
Abhors your nasty hot desires,
Nought less than marriage she requires,
Such maidenheads the wise detest,
The adultery maidenhead's the best.

The vagrant nymph who sells her charms,
And fills in turn a thousand arms,
Besides the loss of gold and fame,
May set Priapus in a flame,
Such fire-tailed comets God confound,
A wife is always safe and sound.

The wandering nymph your purse desires,
The chambermaid to rank aspires;
Your wife content with marriage dues,
All further license will refuse;
 He who has put them to the test,
 Must own his neighbour's wife's the best.

NOT THE THING.

Said Lady Macneill, to Sir John, eating ling,
I'm afraid, Sir, that fish a'nt exactly the thing;
Why really, he answer'd, I do not dislike it,
It's not the thing, but it's mightily like it.

Sporting Life, 6th August, 1879.—MR. F. JACOBS.—We are pleased to hear that this gentleman, although severely crushed and bruised by his fall while riding Mrs. Jones at Southport in the Consolation Stakes, is going on as well as his friends could wish, and it is hoped he is quite out of danger. Query.—Was he riding a St. George, or was it a genuine toss off with its neck nearly broken?—*Ed.*

At the Parish Church, South Hackney, by the Rev. C. A. White, John Henry Bottomfeldt, of Hamburgh, to Sarah Jane Greens, of South Hackney. (*Vide* "Daily Telegraph," January 3, 1875).

How lovely everything now seems
 When joined in one by Hymen's belt,
For now John Henry has his *Greens*,
 And Sarah Jane her *Bottomfeldt*.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER HER PORTRAIT.

Such Helen was! religious, young and fair;
A faithful spouse, and blest with babies dear;
But in the church, while week by week she prayed,
An amorous noble long her charms surveyed;
Sunday by Sunday, seated near her pew,
He kept the goddess of his heart in view;
And when the Tenth Command was duly read,
"I covet thee," his burning glances said—
Her humble rank forbade acquaintance free,
Yet high enough it was to guard her modesty;
Her husband was a gamester fierce and rude,
He fled the town, and other loves pursu'd;
She on her jointure fair remained at home,
Close guarded by his mother and her own;
Two months at church, she stood the siege of sighs,
Silence, that spoke, and eloquence of eyes;
Could virtue longer last? at length she fell;
No more, no more, can happy lovers tell.
And mark the sequel! rashly she had sworn
She ne'er would to her faithless lord return;
Her prudent lover urged a course more wise,
His vigour had more force than his advice;
She would not listen, till her swelling zone,
Proved his kind counsel wiser than her own.
Just at that juncture her good man returned,
In time to adopt the babe, that proves him horn'd;
The wedding ring upon her hand you see
Is not her wedding ring, 'twas given by me;
The one her husband gave her, here, here, behold!
Around my finger wreaths its hallow'd gold;
Her diamond brooch and clasps all brightly shine,
His gifts indeed! the locks they hold are mine;
Far, far away, I now her absence mourn,
Grant me, O Venus! grant a quick return;
Keep Helen virtuous, till again we meet,
And revel in the bliss so naughty and so sweet.

YOUNG BEGINNERS.

"Now, dear Nelly, as we are both snug in bed, give me the account you promised of all that passed at your uncle's during your visit."

Well, don't frig me so hard, or you'll cut short my story. My uncle, you know, is a widower. He has three children, Gussy, who is fourteen, Johnny eleven, and Janey nine years of age. I was only just fifteen. So we were all well suited together, and soon became great friends. The two boys had lately come home from their holidays, and were up to every kind of fun. Our favourite place for play was the hay loft; and our chief amusement rolling down the hay one after the other. On one occasion my frock flew up in the descent, so that when I reached the bottom, my legs were all uncovered, and the little slit between them (just newly fringed with hair) was fully exposed to view.

"Oh, look!" cried Johnny, pointing to it, and throwing himself upon me. "See what she has there."

"For shame," I said, struggling to get up.

"Hold her down," cried Gussy, spreading my thighs, and opening my cunt with his fingers.

"What a funny little place, Nelly. Let us have a good look. Why need you mind? You may see mine if you like. Let's all look at one another, and see which has the nicest."

"Oh, do!" cried John and Janey, "it will be great fun."

So the two boys pulled out their little pricks, and Janey, holding up her dress and pulling aside her drawers, showed us her small unfledged cunt.

"Yours is far the nicest," said Gussy to me. "Fôr yours has hair; we have none yet, but we shall bye-and-bye."

"How do you know?" asked Janey.

"Because I have often seen men bathing, and they all had hair about their pricks, as they call them."

"But what of women; you've never seen them bathing?"

"No, but I have seen nurse's, and she has plenty. One night, about a year ago, she was giving me a warm bath, and when she was drying me, she began tickling my little cockey; I was ashamed, but she said it was nothing to mind,

that I would soon be proud enough of it, and that then I would be wanting to stick it into the chink that women have at the bottom of their belly. I coaxed her to let me feel hers. She did, and let me see it too."

"What was it like, Gussy?"

"Just like a great mouth with a beard all around it, I could nearly put my hand up into it, it was so big."

It was quite funny to see how the boys' pricks stiffened up as they felt and examined my cunt, Janey too looked on eagerly and frigged her own little slit with the hand of a battledore.

"But," said Johnny, "you have no place for getting into you here, like nurse."

"Yes, she has. See! I can push my finger up."

"Stop, Gussy, you are hurting me."

"Well, let me put my prick in. That won't hurt, I am sure."

"Do let him," cried John and Janey. "It will be such fun."

"You may try if you like," I said.

He then knelt between my open thighs, and pushed his prick about the lips of my cunt.

"Oh, he can't get in," said Janey, "what a pity."

I began to grow excited, so I put down my hand and held his prick at the right entrance, while with my other hand on his bottom I helped to push him in.

"Oh, now it's going in, every bit of it; does it hurt you Nelly, does it hurt?"

"No, dear, it feels very nice; that's the way."

Gussy, impelled by nature, shoved eagerly in and out, John and Jane laughed, but Gussy began to breathe hard, his face flushed, his eyes sparkled. "Oh!" he cried, "what's going to happen, hold me Nelly," and he fell forward on my breast, as he poured forth for the first time his maiden treasure.

After that we never lost an opportunity of playing with each other's privates. Janey and I used to frig and suck the boys' pricks, and they tickled and kissed our cunts; but Gussy and I always ended with a fuck, for he had a wonderful tool for so young a lad, and enjoyed the sweet exercise thoroughly.

He told me that he had seen his father fucking a girl in the hayfield, after the labourers had gone home. She had come back to look for something. Uncle met her, drew her behind one of the cocks, tossed up her clothes, and made her lie on her back with her legs up. He then unbuttoned his trousers, took out his prick, and kneeling between her thighs, shoved it into her cunt.

"It was at the other side of the hedge, and I heard him saying, 'Come here, Maggy, I want to give you something.'

" 'Thanks, sir, you are very good.'

" 'But I want a kiss in return.'

"He kissed her loudly. Then she said: 'Oh, but, dear sir, you need not push your knee between my thighs. Ah! stop, you'll make me fall.'

" 'Be quiet, Maggy, and I'll give you something more when I have done.'

"I had been searching for an opening in the hedge, and at length between the bushes I caught sight of them just as he had got her on her back, with her belly and legs all exposed. When I first saw his big red-headed prick standing out stiffly from the hair at its base, I did feel ashamed to look, but I was so eager to see Maggy's cunt, and to observe how a real fuck was performed, that I would not for the world have turned away my eyes.

"He soon got his prick in, and drove it up her cunt. She seemed used to the sport, and as he went on fucking she heaved up and down, crying, 'Give it me, dear sir, give it me, hard and strong, oh! oh!'

" 'That's right, Maggy, give tongue, lift your arse, and tickle my balls.'

"Maggy called out prick, cunt, arse, at every push, and their bellies smacked together, until giving one tremendous lunge, Father darted his prick into her cunt, pressed her in his arms, and kissed her in great delight.

"Then he gave her something, and when she had arranged her dress, she stole quietly away."

"You should not be talking of these things, Gussy."

"No more I do, only to you, and you know I tell you everything."

About this time a new governess arrived. She was a pretty flaxen-haired girl, named Lizzy. I soon remarked that Uncle was very attentive to her, and was always bringing her flowers and small presents.

She slept in a room next to mine, and separated from it by a wooden partition, the two having formed but one apartment. I could hear every stir she made. I knew when she got out of bed, when she took her bath, and even when she sat on the chamber pot. I observed one day that in one spot the paper over the boards had cracked, and that there was a small open slit between them. On putting my eye close I could see into Lizzy's room quite plainly. A few nights after, when I was in bed, I heard whispering in her room. I got up softly and went to the slit. By the light of her fire, I saw Uncle with his arm round Lizzy, and heard her saying:

"Mr. C., do go away. Oh my! Where are you dragging me? I won't sit on the bed with you. What do you mean by pushing me back. Don't attempt to raise my clothes. Oh! Where are you putting your hand? Take it away, you are very nasty. Don't lift my legs. I won't let you. You'll ruin me. You are hurting my hands."

"Well, take your hands out of the way. Here, put them on my prick if you like. Open. Open more. I tell you to keep quiet, or you'll waken Nelly."

"I won't let you put it in. You must not do it."

"Do let me, love—only just a moment. There, let it in. What's the use of all this struggling?"

"You'll kiss me. I'm so tired. What is it you want?"

"Only to fuck you my darling. To put my prick in here—into your sweet cunt and fuck you. There! There! It's getting in. Don't you feel it going up—up! How hot your cunt is. Isn't it nice?"

"Yes, that's very nice. I like that. You may fuck me now. Push it in well. Oh, yes; push. Oh!"

"Push what in, my love?"

"Your prick! Your prick; dear Mr. C."

"Where do you like me to push my prick?"

"Into my cunt! Into my cunt!"

"What is my prick doing in your cunt, Lizzy?"

“Fucking me! Fucking me! Oh! so nicely. You may fuck me as hard as you like. Oh! Oh!”

Uncle had placed her on her back with her bottom projecting over the edge of the bed, her clothes were all up, her thighs stretched wide open, and her legs resting on his shoulders. He had let down his trousers, and tucked up his shirt, so I could see his great muscular rump working vigorously back and forward, driving his stiff moist prick in and out between the hairy lips of her cunt.

I felt greatly excited, and my cunt seemed burning with heat. I could not help putting my hand on it, and squeezing the lips as hard as I could.

Just then I felt someone's arm stealing round me, and a hand placed on my mouth to stifle my cry.

Gussy whispered in my ear:

“It's me. Don't say a word. Feel my prick, how stiff it is. I'll put it into your cunt this way, and fuck you from behind, but keep watching, and tell me all they are doing. What do you see?”

“I see your father fucking Lizzy. She is on her back with her bottom over the edge of the bed, her legs up on his shoulders. I can see her cunt.”

“What is it like?”

“A large hairy mouth sucking his prick.”

“Is he fucking still? Go on, dear Nelly; it's just coming.”

“He is heaving backward and forward, faster and faster. Now he is stooping over her, clutching her in his arms. How he drives his prick into her cunt! How she bounds to meet him. There! He is done! Push, Gussy! Hold me, or I shall fall! Oh! what a nice fuck! You have a darling prick, Gussy. Now let us rest, and I'll suck it for you to make it strong again.”

After a while we heard them whispering again.

“Now,” said Gussy, “let us change places. Sit here with your back to the partition, and you can play with my prick, while I look through and tell you all they are doing.”

I took the head of his soft little tool in my mouth, and played with his balls and bottom while he looked through the opening.

"He is kneeling down and kissing and sucking her cunt; there, he has opened wide the lips, and is looking into its deep red chink; now he is licking round it with his tongue, while he rubs his nose against the hair—listen."

"What a delicious cunt you have, Lizzy; it smells so sweet, and has such thick round full lips, and although so large, the entrance itself is as tight as possible, and holds my prick like a glove. Now lie along the edge, put your hand on this poor fellow, and pet him a little before we try another bout."

"Now he is standing up, and she has her arm round his hip so as to reach his balls from behind, with her other hand she holds his prick; she is drawing up and down the soft skin, now she places its rosy head to her lips.

"Take it in your mouth, my love."

"I declare she has taken nearly half of it in; what a mouthful she has; she is sucking it, just as you are sucking mine. How nice it feels to have one's prick sucked. Oh, Nelly, I can't go on, let it out, it's just coming," and he tried to draw it away, but I was enjoying so much the taste of his prick in my mouth, and, at the same time, had such a wonderful feel in my cunt that I would not let it go, so holding the cheeks of his bottom I moved him backward and forward, and made him fuck me in my mouth. His prick swelled, I felt it throb, and then a hot stream of sperm spurted into my mouth and flowed down my throat. We soon heard Uncle leaving Lizzy's room, then Gussy went too and all was quiet.

Uncle went to her room nearly every night, and though, during the day they were most particular in their conduct towards each other, and she, with her large blue eyes, looked like the very picture of innocence, yet at night they gave themselves up to the most unbounded license. He fucked her in every conceivable attitude and way. He made her use every amorous term, even words that are generally thought vulgar and coarse. He used to lie on the rug before the fire on his back, when she, all naked, would straddle over him, and with her cunt resting on his mouth, would stoop down and suck his prick. Then, when she had it

standing up stiff and strong, she would place its head between the lips of her cunt, and sitting down would force it up. Then he would place his hands under her bottom, and help her to rise up and down. At other times he would lean back in the armchair, and she would sit in his lap, her naked bottom rubbing against his belly, while his prick was soaking in her cunt, and her hands on his balls.

I heard her say she liked this plan best, as his prick seemed to get further into her cunt.

Gussy and I watched them with the greatest interest, as long as my visit lasted, and tried to follow them in their various evolutions, frigging, sucking, fucking, holding the chamber pot for each other to make water; and every possible idea we could think of to vary the fun.

AN EPISTLE TO A LADY.

*Mrs. T. T., wife of a lawyer; she had first been the wife of
Dr. F., another lawyer.*

Some moments in life, I could wish very long,
Because as the monkey said, pleasant but wrong;
'Tis sweet to remember some frolics I've had,
Though the angel who suffered them cries out, "Too bad."

Yes, grant me that angel, another man's wife,
She is by law, but to me she is life;
That rich feast of pleasure, that rapture, I'd call it,
That devil that tickles my intellect's palate.

I'm well read in woman, I seldom can find,
One that brings a new relish of joy to my mind;
But she's quite a treat, one that never can pall,
Think all you can think, she surpasses it all.

Oh would that I had her!!—and had her just now,
I can make love much better, than verses, I vow;
Her, I ardently covet, and love, and esteem,
I saw but last night, in a sweet Golden Dream.

The dress that she wore, fitted close as her skin,
'Twas of Paradise fashion, ere fig leaves came in;
Her smooth birthday suit, all of flesh colour'd buff,
With a furbelow too, a divine little muff.

But a creature so fair's a mere victim for evil,
So she straightway received an address from the devil;
He came drest like a lawyer, so grand and severe,
And assured her she suited him, just to a hair.

O how could she bear such a lifeless old lover,
She who palpitates warm with excitement all over;
She who throbs like my heart, on the ravishing stretch,
How could she endure such a cold-blooded wretch?

She smiled at his pleadings—then she saw me,
It was just before tasting the wit-giving tree!
And the barrister prim, a great man in his college,
Was to introduce her to the fair tree of knowledge.

But alas; with that knowledge, came misery too,
And the Eve of my vision, vanished from view;
The devil soon died, but the very next glimpse,
Betrayed she had now married one of his imps!

To escape the dull phiz of this crabbed attorney,
She to Italy flew, on a classical journey;
Next I met her, more lovely, though after twelve years,
In her dear little parlour, so private, up-stairs.

There knee pressing knee, and kind eyes within eyes,
Our converse still broken, with fluttering sighs;
We talked about books, and the way to improve,
But our tremors confessed the sweet fever of love.

Ah! would that we both had had wisdom at will,
Though it might have prevented us kissing our fill!
Those blisses are short, that most heavenly seem,
I woke, and behold, it was merely a dream!

THE STATE'S NEW DUTY.

*An old Ballad upon the proposed Extension of the
Contagious Diseases Acts to the Civil Population.*

[The memorial to the Government for the extension of these Acts, was signed by several Peers, six Bishops, ten Deans and Canons, forty-two Clergymen and Ministers, twenty-four Heads of Colleges and Masters of Public Schools, fourteen Professors of different Universities, nineteen Mayors, ten Chairmen of Quarter Sessions and Boards of Guardians, twenty-nine Sheriffs and Magistrates, &c.)

Vide letters of Messrs. J. B. Cuyenven and Berkely Hill to the
Daily News, March 8th, 1871.

It was certain Holy Bishops, Noble Lords and bold M.P.'s,
Deans, Rectors, Heads of Colleges, and numberless
M.D.'s,

They met in solemn Council, to discuss in grave debate,
And solve a weighty question, they thought worthy of the
State.

It was not Education, it was not Irish Church,
The Ballot and Permissive Bill, were both left in the lurch.
There may be other evils, but said they, the greatest evil is,
That a man can't have a woman, without the risk of
Syphilis;

Said they, the state takes measures that tradesmen shall
 not cheat,
 In selling meat, or fish, or fruit, that isn't fit to eat;
 It supervises Mutton, and is down on faulty weight,
 So to guarantee safe Harlots is the duty of the State.
 (Now the women had no voice, or else they might have
 said,
 "If you regulate the sale of Human flesh, like meat and
 bread,
 You should grant to us the tradesmen's right, by action to
 recover
 The wages of our labour against a bilking lover.")
 So a noble Act was passed, the Preamble whereof ran,
 "Whereas to fornicate is the right of every man,
 "And whereas in exercise of that right are oft contracted
 "Disagreeable reminiscences! Be it hereby enacted:
 "That a special force of Peelers, henceforth each city pay,
 "To apprehend all women, they suspect of being gay;
 "Who if they don't disprove the charge before some
 worthy Beak,
 "Shall by this Act, be *Speculumed* in batches, once a
 week;
 "That in every Town a Surgeon, be appointed to the
 Post,
 "With Speculums provided at the British Nation's Cost;
 "And five hundred pounds per annum, to be quarterly
 paid down,
 "To guarantee the soundness of the women of the Town."
 Then happy were the Peelers of that Sanctified Division,
 That was specially deputed to this female supervision;
 Thieves, Drunkards, and Garroters, no longer were their
 care,
 But they played the spy on women who were volatile and
 fair;
 If they saw a flaunting Petticoat that showed too much
 of calf,
 Or a naughty Girl, responding to an Ogle with a Laugh,
 If she wouldn't let the Peeler have a cut in with the Swell,
 Or tip from her earnings, the Justice not to tell,

Straightway the injured Peeler's virtuous conscience was
 relieved,
 By yielding to the Justices information he'd received;
 And such unhappy damsels as a Peeler might select,
 For reasons of his own, to be pronounced "suspect,"
 Were all served with a Summons to disprove it to the
 Beak,
 Or submit them to be *Speculumed* in batches once a
 week;
 Then cried every youthful student, "That examining
 M.D.,
 With £500 per annum, would be just the Post for me,
 No wealthy wife with Coach and Pair, or Patients, would
 I seek,
 But I'd *Speculum* the ladies at £9 10s. per week!"
 And thus began the era of Sexual legislation:
 To man alone the State allows Free-trade in Fornication;
 Diseased or sound—no matter—let him riot fancy free,
 And gaily pox the ladies that the Peelers guarantee;
 Is not Man the Nobler sex, for whom was Woman
 made?
 And shall harrassing Inspections his liberties invade?
 For Man alone, the Bill of Rights, and Magna Carta
 passed;
 And shall Free-born Fornicators be with dirty Harlots
 classed?
 The sauce that suits the Goose, o'er the nobler Gander
 pour?
 Or the State restrict the God-like Sex's privilege to whore?
 Since clandestine harlots will in Spite of Statutes lure,
 In spite of all espionage to keep the men secure;
 Methinks the Act is faulty, in not finding means to know
 That Article that's warranted, from her that is not so.
 A list should be placarded conspicuous to see.
 Or some special Chignon ordered, for the Girls we
 guarantee.
 And since on Prostitution 'tis resolved to legislate
 (Like Cab fares and Pawnbroking, and the sale of bread
 by weight);

Methinks 'twere only logical to extend the Act's protection,
And not limit our paternal care to personal infection.
Why not advance another step, extortion to put down,
And regulate the charges of women of the town?
A Commission might be ordered, a scale of fees to draw,
Composed of the supporters of this Sanitary Law
(These Bishops, Deans and Doctors, who have found a
vocation
In preaching up the doctrine of the right of Fornication.)
How early that Commission could assemble every morn,
Taking evidence from Regent Street, the Argyle and Cremorne,
Making curious calculations, how to regulate aright.
The charge for short engagements, and engagements for
all night,
Meditating from the Cab rules, of suggestions the adoption,
A charge for work done, or by time, at the Engager's
option.
For reference the Reverends their Bibles might turn over,
To see the charge of Tamer to her Israelitisch lover;
And ponder if the object of the Heaven-inspired Narrator
Was suggestions for the guidance of each future fornicator?
While all Schoolmasters—Bishops, who had on the subject brooded,
Could advise them whether birching should be extra or
included.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN THOMAS.

Not a sound was heard, but the ottoman shook,
And my darling looked awfully worried,
As round her fair form I a firm hold took,
And John Thomas I silently buried.

We buried him deeply at dead of night,
The tails of our night-shirts upturning;
With struggling raptures and fits of delight,
The night-lights dimly burning.

No useless French Letters enclosed his crest,
For ne'er in such rubbish we bound him;
But he went like a warrior taking his rest,
With naught but his fur coat around him.

Few and short were the sighs we gave,
Though we oftentimes groaned as in sorrow,
As at each stroke for the joy we'd rave,
Ne'er giving a thought for the morrow.

But as yet he had not nearly done,
And ne'er had a thought of retiring,
When suddenly to groan we again had begun
Through John Thomas silently firing.

And we thought, as he came down from his narrow bed,
As lifeless and limp as a willow,
How lowly he hung down his diminished head,
And how gladly he'd rest on his pillow.

CHAPTER 3

A SECRET REVEALED;

or

*The True Reason Why Queen Esther Pleased the King
More Than All the Other Virgins.*

From an Original Essay by L. van Meyen.
Amsterdam, A.D. 1629.

Text—Esther, Chap II, v. 2 to 17 inclusive.

The Jewish Rabbis have a tradition that it was entirely owing to the training Mordecai gave to his cousin Hadassah (or Esther), in order to prepare the young girl to be his own wife, that she was enabled to bear off the palm from all the competing virgins, when the whim of the Court suddenly caused her to be impressed for the royal pleasures, as well as hundreds of other beautiful girls throughout the kingdom, which of course at once quashed all her cousin's plans for his own future enjoyment.

Robbed of his prospective bride, Mordecai had the brilliant idea of making Esther's advancement the stepping stone of his own fortunes. He knew that kings regarded their numerous concubines as so many toys only to be cast aside, and perhaps never even looked upon again, when they had once submitted to the Royal Ravisher, and his natural shrewdness and great knowledge of human nature made him reflect how cloyed and disgusted even a king must get with the sameness of the pleasure,* which the taking of hundreds of maidenheads from unresisting virgins could only afford him.

Accordingly, as the tradition has it, he secretly sent her instructions to rehearse with the seven virgins, her companions (see v. 9), all the salicious ideas which he had instilled into her mind in view of his own future gratification, and also especially enjoined upon her the wisdom of putting aside all modesty when her turn came to enter the Royal presence, to submit to his embraces most joyfully, also to put on the greatest possible semblance of erotic desire and abandon, and finally when she found her sovereign completely used up, she was to entreat His Majesty to allow her maidens to enter his presence, and enact with her such scenes as would restore his prostrated energies in a very short time.

The old tradition is silent as to what took place when Ahasuerus was so delighted that he placed the crown upon Esther's head, and made her queen in the room of Vashti, divorced. But from many allusions contained in the writings of ancient Talmudists, who enlarged upon such an interesting subject, I have made out something as follows:

Mordecai had managed to convey to his cousin a small box of magic ointment, which he had procured from one of the magi (a forbidden sect in Persia in those days), the effect of which he assured her was most marvellous when applied to the parts of generation in either sex.

Thus provided, she was conducted by the chamberlain to the king's house, and ushered into his august presence, whilst the seven virgins, her companions, were left in an ante-chamber. Esther being simply naked, with an azure girdle ornamented with stars of gold round her loins, sandals of gold on her feet, a wide coral necklace around her splendid throat, whilst the raven tresses of her silken hair were ornamented by a profusion of splendid pearls. Thus she stood as she bowed her head before Ahasuerus, a thin veil of gauzy texture covering her from head to foot in such a way as to set off the splendour of her charms rather than hide them from the eye. Her virgins had no such pearls

* This king Ahasuerus is generally supposed to be identical with Xerxes, who was so "balsé" that he offered an immense reward to the man who should invent a new pleasure.

or necklets, but simple azure girdles, with silver stars and silver sandals.

The king was reclining upon a magnificent couch, as she knelt down to pay her homage to her sovereign lord and master. He was a handsome man of about forty, with a used up "blasé" expression of countenance.

"Come, pretty girl, and kiss my Royal prick; perchance thy luscious lips may raise some slight desire, which I may gratify, but alas, all virgin beauties cease to inflame my once amorous disposition. Dost know aught, fair child, thou thinkest would please me?"

"Most Royal Prince, whom all the earth obeys, let not thine heart be sad, because the fires of love have paled within thy bosom. I have a box of magic unguent which will restore thy youthful vigour, and if my maiden companions may be permitted to attend me in your Royal presence, we will play such games, the sight of which shall rouse a perfect storm of passionate desire!"

"Good God! do I hear aright? haste fair maiden to begin, call thy virgins, and if thou pleaseth me thou art queen!"

Esther, kneeling down, ventured to open the front of the Royal robe, and taking his limp priapus reverently in her hand, drew back the foreskin and imprinted a kiss upon its ruby head, at the same time using her tongue so skilfully that he experienced quite a pleasurable sensation from its touches round the entrance to the urethra.

"Rise, maiden, and call thy fellows."

"Most Royal Prince, ere I rise from my knees, give thy word of honour that whatever we do shall be pardoned in advance, or we may not feel free to touch thy Royal person."

"Thou shalt be queen, and I thy subject till break of day, do what thou wilt sweet maid!"

The other seven virgins being summoned, Esther first ordered them to strip the king perfectly naked, then she anointed the Royal priapus and fundus with the magic ointment, working her fingers so deftly, especially in the tight hole of the latter, that she soon perceived some signs of virility, as the lordly member began to throb and swell.

“Enough,” cried Esther, “now the king shall see me ravish my seven virgins before he takes my own virginity,” producing as she said this an imitation mandrake of tremendous size quite ten inches long, and thick in proportion, provided with straps, so that she could adjust it upon herself; thus furnished, she ordered four of her companions to seize one of their number, and hold the victim down upon a couch, with legs and arms well stretched out, then throwing herself upon the trembling girl, ruthlessly plunged her great machine through all the virgin obstacles.

The screams of pain, struggles, and sighs of the different victims as they were deflowered in turn so affected the king that he was almost mad with lust, and ready to throw himself upon the lascivious Esther, had not the girls, two at a time, taken in turn the trouble to play with and excite him more and more, at the same time restraining him as long as possible, till as Esther was in the act of sacrificing the seventh victim, he felt the crisis approaching, and springing away from their restraint, threw himself upon her bottom, clasping her tightly round her waist, as his bursting pego plunged at the door of her maidenhead from behind.

This had been expected, and his two attendants, acting upon previous instructions, at once went to his assistance, the fingers of one opening the moist lips of the haven of love, whilst her companion’s hand guided the head of the restive courser, till it was fairly lodged just within that tight but luscious mouth.

Esther was now screaming in pain as well as her victim, but she was so excited, and longing to be made a woman herself, that her bottom pushed out to meet his thrust, and achieved her fate almost in a moment.

The king, finding himself buried to the hilt of his weapon, paused to enjoy the voluptuous pressures and delicious warmth of the tight-fitting sheath he had penetrated, wishing to prolong the exquisite sensations which thrilled through his frame.

The two girls who had guided him into the seat of bliss now kissed and played with the Royal appendages, handling his affair, drawing back the skin as far as possible, and

working their fingers in his bottom-hole, till he could retain himself no longer, and again pushing furiously into Esther, deluged her longing gap with a profusion of the seed Royal, almost screaming, "Oh, heavens! what pleasure! I melt! I die!" and then fell prone upon her back from excess of emotion.

"Esther, thou art my queen," were the first words he uttered as soon as he could speak.

The seven (no longer virgins) now washed the king and queen, and then themselves, after which all were refreshed and reinvigorated by stimulating wines and viands. Esther again excited her Royal spouse, till his pego was as a bar of iron; she made him enter the bottoms of all her maids, but without spending his Royal seed, till at last presenting her own lovely buttocks, she received the weapon of love in her anus, and kept him there till he rewarded her devotion by another copious emission.

Thus she became queen, and, as the king said when he presented her to the nobles of the Court, she surpassed in virtue and loveliness all the women of his realm.

THE MARRIAGE MORN.

Tune—The Merry Dance.

The marriage morn I can't forget,
My senses teem'd with *new delight*;
Time, cry'd I, haste the coming night,
And Hymen, give me sweet Lisette:
I whispered softly in her ear,
And said, "The God of Night draws near."
Oh, how she look'd! Oh, how she smil'd! Oh, how she
sigh'd—then spent a joyful tear.

Now nuptial Night her curtain drew,
And Cupid's mandate was, "Commence
With ardour, break the virgin fence."

Then to bed sweet Lisette flew,
 'Twas heav'n to view her when she lay,
 And hear her cry, "Come to me, pray."
Oh, how I feel! Oh, how I pant! Oh, I shall die—
 Shall die before the break of day!

Soon Manhood rose with furious gust,
 And Mars, when he lewd Venus vie'd,
 Ne'er felt his pow'r so closely screw'd
Up to the standing post of Lust;
 But when the stranger to her sight,
 Sweet Lisette saw in rampant plight,
Oh, how she scream'd! Oh, how she scream'd! oh, how
 she scream'd!
 She scream'd—then grasp'd the dear delight!

Now lustful Nature eager grew,
 And longer could not wanton toy;
 So rushing up the path of joy.
Quick from the fount Love's liquor flew;
 At morn, she cry'd, "Full three times three,
 The vivid stream I've felt from thee;
Oh, how I'm eas'd! Oh, how I'm pleas'd! Oh, how I'm
 charm'd!
 I'm charm'd with rapt'rous three times three!"

CHAPTER 4

LA ROSE D'AMOUR:

*Or the Adventures of a Gentleman in search of Pleasure.
Translated from the French.*

“Thus every creature, and of every kind,
The sweet joys of sweet coition find.”—DRYDEN.

AT the age of seventeen, through the mistaken but paternal fondness of my father, the Count de L—, I was still immured in an old chateau, on the coast of Brittany, with no society but that of my tutors, an eternal round of daily lessons, to be gotten only by poring over some dozens of musty volumes. Naturally of an indolent disposition, I became *ennuyed* to such a degree by the monotonous routine of my life that I verily believe I could not have survived three months longer had it not been for an accession of company which the old chateau received.

I was most agreeably surprised, while at my studies one morning, by the noise of carriage wheels driving rapidly over the stone pavement of the courtyard. I threw my book into one corner, bounded down the stairs, and met my father at the hall door: he was accompanied by my uncle, Count C—, and his two sons, who were about my own age.

In the course of the day my father told me that he was about to start for Russia as ambassador, and that after remaining at the chateau for a week or two, my uncle and cousins would return to Paris, taking me with them, as during his absence I was to reside with my uncle.

The next day my father, after giving me a great deal of good advice and his blessing, started *en route* for St. Petersburg.

My cousins, Raoul and Julien, I found to be two as wild young colts as ever were let loose upon the inhabitants of a country village, setting at defiance everything, and leading me, who proved an adept scholar, into all kinds of mischief, whilst their father, who had some business in the neighbourhood, could not look after our conduct.

Going one day into my cousin Raoul's chamber in search of him, on opening the door, I was perfectly astounded at what I saw. There lay Raoul on the bed, in the arms of one of the *femmes de chambre*, Manette, a most lusty, finely formed, rosy-cheeked wench.

When I entered the room my cousin was lying on the top of Manette, clasped in a tight embrace, a pair of large white legs crossed over his back, and from the heavings and motions of their bodies, I perceived that they were enjoying themselves in a manner altogether satisfactory; and so intent and enraptured were they, with the exercise they were taking, that they did not notice my having entered the room.

Although, during the three days my cousins had been with me, they had, by licentious conversation, uprooted all my preconceived notions of virtue in woman, so strictly had I been reared, never having been allowed to enter the company of females, not even in the village adjoining the chateau, that seeing the two on the bed in that manner, I was so amazed that I stood at the door watching them till Raoul raised himself off the girl.

He got up, standing with his back to me, while Manette still lay with her eyes closed, her petticoat and shift thrown up, her thighs wide apart, revealing to my ardent gaze a round white belly, the bottom part of which was covered with a large growth of jet black curly hair, and lower down, between her thighs, I discovered what I had so often heard of, but never seen before—a cunt; from between the locks of curly hair that grew over the mount above, and around the dear delicious slit, I could perceive two fat and rosy lips slightly gaping open, from which oozed a little whitish-looking foam.

My senses were so confused with what I saw, and the strange emotions which had been called up in me, that I

stepped forward towards the bed. The moment my step was heard Manette buried herself under the bedcovers, while Raoul came to meet me, and taking me by the hand led me up to the bed, saying,—

“Cousin Louis, what have you seen? how long have you been in the room?”

I answered and told him I had witnessed their whole performance.

Raoul threw the cover off the girl, and raising her to a sitting posture, with one arm round her waist, said,—

“Cousin Louis, you who have never tasted the pleasures to be received in the arms of a pretty girl, do not know what it is to resist the temptation of making use of every opportunity and means in one’s power, to gratify the appetite, and see what a beautiful, charming mistress Manette is; who could deny her? Having done me the honour to invite me to her chamber last night, I could not but return the courtesy this evening, and know the sequence.”

I replied, “Yes, she is very charming,” and feeling a desire to get an insight into the pleasures derived from the conjunction of the sexes, I laid my hand on the bare knee of Manette, who still sat on the edge of the bed, her clothes scarcely covering her cunt and thighs, and slipped it under her chemise, till it rested on the hairy mount that overtopped the delicious slit beneath.

But Raoul stopped me, saying, “Excuse me, cousin, but Manette is mine, at least for the present, but as I see you are anxious to initiate yourself in the mysteries of the Cyprian goddess, I think that with the help of Manette I shall be able to find you a companion for the night; can we not Manette?” said he, turning to her.

“Oh, yes,” said the girl, jumping to her feet, and assuming a smiling look, “we will get Monsieur Louis my little sister Rose, who I am sure is much prettier girl than myself, and she has larger and whiter breasts than I have,” said she, covering a pair of fine round white globes, which I was greedily devouring with my eyes. “I am sure,” she went on, “that you will be pleased with Rose, when we bring her to you tonight.”

Telling Manette that on condition she brought her sister at night to my chamber, I would be secret and mention to no one what I had seen, I retired and left them.

Going to my chamber early in the night I spent an hour in a fever of excited expectation till Manette entered the room, leading her sister by the hand. Rose was a most beautiful girl, and the moment she entered the room and the door was closed, I sprang forward, caught her in my arms, and led her to a sofa, where I sat down and drew her to my side. I unpinned the handkerchief that covered her breasts, and clasping her again in my arms covered them with burning kisses. This caused Rose to blush exquisitely and struggle somewhat to release herself from my embrace, when Manette stepped before us, saying,—

“Monsieur Louis, Rose was never in company with a man before now, and of course is a little backward, but is very willing to remain with you, and by yourselves you will, I am sure, find her all you wish; is it not so sister?”

To which Rose replied, “Oh yes,” and hid her face in the cushion of the sofa.

Manette told me that as wine was a great reviver of the spirits and provocative of love, she would go and bring me some, telling Rose to ply me plentifully with it. She went, and soon returned with a tray of wine, cakes, &c., and retired, wishing us “a happy night of it.”

When Manette retired I locked the door, then drawing up a sofa to the table I led Rose to it, and seating myself by her, endeavoured to put her at her ease by not proceeding to any liberties at first, till I plied her with some half-dozen glasses of wine. After she had drunk pretty freely, the natural vivacity of her character began to show itself, in her open and free conversation. I now put my arms around her waist and neck, and pressing her close to my breast, imprinted burning kisses upon her rosy pouting lips, I then slipped one hand into her bosom, feeling and moulding her firm round bubbies. After dallying thus awhile I stooped and slipped a hand under her chemise, raised her clothes up on her knees. Squeezing and playing with her legs, I slid my hand along her thigh till my fingers rested on a bunch of silken mossy

hair, which overhung the entrance to her virgin cunt.

Playing with the silken curls, twining and twisting my fingers through them, I dropped one finger lower down, and putting just the tip of it between the lips, I titilated her so well that she began to wriggle about in her seat. I could stand it no longer. I was on fire; the blood was boiling through my veins. I raised her on her feet, and began stripping her, fairly tearing her clothes off in my haste, till she stood perfectly naked before me. Ye Gods! what beauties, what charms, were exposed to my ardent fiery gaze, what delicious breasts, how firmly moulded, small, yet so round and firm. I press them, kiss them, take the nipples in my mouth, I draw her to me, till feeling her naked body against me, I drop on my knees and transfer my love kisses to the lips of her luscious little hairy slit. I was in a perfect frenzy. I burned, I raged. In a trice I threw off everything, and clasping her body to mine, I raised the trembling girl in my arms, and carried her to the bed.

Placing a pillow on which to rest the plump, luxurious cheeks of her backside, I lay her down, springing on the bed by her side, I open wide her thighs, and my prick being up in arms and eager for the fray, I lay my length on her. With the tips of my fingers I unclosethe the pouting lips, and with the utmost trouble insert the head of my virgin rod into the entrance of her no less virgin cunt.

No sooner did I feel the head lodged aright than I drove and shoved in with the utmost fury; feeling the head pretty well in I thrust and drove on, but gained so little that I drew it out, and wetting it with spittle I again effect the lodgement just within the lips. At length by my fierce rending and tearing thrusts the first defences gave way, and I got about half-way in, but had become wrought up to such a pitch that the floodgates of love's reservoirs gave way and I sank upon her breast in a delirium of transport as I oiled her torn and bleeding cunt with a perfect flood of virgin sperm.

Poor Rose had borne it most heroically, keeping the bedclothes between her teeth, in order to repress any cry of pain, whilst her hands clasped my body to hers, or even handled the shaft of love to assist its murderous intentions

on her virginity.

As I lay panting and gasping on Rose, glowing with the fierce excitement, my eyes darting forth their humid fires, the stiffness which had perceptibly remitted, returned with doubled vigour, and I again began to make headway into her. The sperm that I had spurted into her cunt had penetrated and oiled the dark and narrow passage, making my further entrance somewhat easier. I now recommenced my eager shoves, my fierce lunges, and I felt myself gaining at every move, till with one tremendous and cunt-rending thrust I buried myself into her up to the hilt. So great was the pain of this last shock that Rose could not suppress a sharp shrill scream, but I heeded it not; it was the note of final victory, and only added to the delicious piquancy of my enjoyment as I buried myself, if possible, yet further within the soft, luscious folds of her love sheath. We lay for a short time in the closest conjunction with each other, so that the hair on both of us was interwoven in one mass.

Putting my arm around her neck, I drew her to a yet closer embrace, and planting numberless kisses on her rosy lips and damask blushing face, which was wet with tears of suffering which the brave little darling could not prevent from starting from her lovely eyes, I drew out the head and slowly thrusting it in again; my fierce desires goaded me to challenge her to a renewal of the combat. A smile of infinite love crossed her lovely countenance, all signs of past pain seemed to vanish, and I could feel the soft and juicy folds of her cunt, throbbing and clasping tightly on my enamoured prick; my movements quickened in an instant, and so exciting was the to-and-fro friction, aided by the delicious jingling of my magnificent stones against her backside, despite all her pain, Rose was thrown into such an ecstasy that she clasped me in her arms, and throwing her legs over my back paid down her first and virgin tribute to man, forced from her by the soul-stirring motions of my rod of love, while I met her and spurted another stream of burning sperm into the utmost recesses of her fount of love, commingling together, partially cooling the fires which were raging within us.

So novel, so new and exquisitely delicious, so transporting, so heavenly were the sensations, so ecstatic were the joys we both felt that we twined and writhed in each other's arms like serpents, while Rose exclaimed,—

“Oh God! I die! Oh heaven! What joy, what pleasure. Oh! oh! ah! ah!—h!—h.”

Ending in one long deep-drawn sigh. With a few convulsive jerks and struggles of her delicious backside she loosened her hold, and stretching herself out with a shudder, fainted away, and I, who was at my last gasp, also sank into oblivion.

When we had recovered from our delirium I got up and poured out some wine, gave it to Rose, and tossed off a bumper myself, I then planted a soft kiss on the lips of her torn and bleeding cunt, exclaiming,—

“True font of love, sole seat of never failing joys and pleasures to man, dear, delicious, hairy little slit, from this moment my whole life and soul are forever devoted to you.”

I spent the night with Rose, in one continued round of pleasure, revelling in the full enjoyment of her virgin charms. Again and again did we renew our embraces, swimming in a sea of pleasure. So furiously did we enter into our combats of love that nature soon became exhausted and we fell asleep in each other's arms.

In the morning when I awoke Rose was sitting up in bed, looking with anxious eyes on the now diminutive, shrunken instrument which the night before had ripped open the entrances to her virginity, robbing her of her maidenhead. When she perceived that I was watching her she threw herself into my arms and hid her face in my bosom.

Gently raising and reassuring her, I made her take hold of it, and began dallying with her breasts, tickling her, pressing them, sucking their rosy nipples, while the touch of her hand renewed in me the fires which were already springing into flame. Rose had the pleasure to see the small shrunken thing she first took into her hand spring up into a magnificent rod, smooth and polished as ivory, its large uncapped head red and glowing with the heat that was raging in it. I determined that she should reap the reward of

her labour, and gather into her storehouse the rich harvest of love that was awaiting her.

Gently laying her down, and placing a pillow under the firm half-moons of her backside, she stretched open her legs to the utmost, exhibiting to my gaze the gaping lips of her cunt, ready open to receive the delicious morsel which, panting and throbbing like a high mettled courser, raised his foaming head erect against my belly.

Laying myself down on Rose I made her take hold of my prick to put it in, but so firm and erect was it that she could barely bend its head down to the entrance. So magnificent was the erection that with all the stretching her cunt had received the night before it would not enter. Drawing myself back to wet the head within the lips, and slowly shoving it into her, she could not move, but lay quietly till I stirred her up so powerfully that we soon melted away, making her feel the pleasure more sensibly, and giving her the full enjoyment of that which she had but tasted the night before.

We had barely recovered ourselves when we were aroused by a knocking at the door. Slipping on a loose *robe de chambre* I immediately opened it, and Raoul and Manette came in. I led them up to the bed, and pulling off the coverlet showed them the blushing Rose, more beautiful in the morning from the fatigues she had undergone the night past.

I called their attention to her, saying, "Behold her chemise; see how it is dyed by the juice and crimson tide, which flowed from the parent stem after I had plucked *la rose d'amour* from my lovely Rose."

My cousin Raoul now congratulated me. He said that he was "overjoyed in a manner instrumental in procuring for me such a delicious rose as Rose turned out to be." That he was sincerely glad he had been partially the cause of my being thus happily initiated into the mysteries of the divine art of love, and at the same time of my having had a virgin partner in my delicious combats.

Manette, too, congratulated her sister.

"How pleased she was to learn that she had secured such a lover as M. Louis, how happy you will be together now

you have once tasted the supreme joys to be obtained in each other's embraces, sipping of the pleasures of which I am sure you will never tire."

I now spent all my nights with Rose, sometimes in her own chamber, again in my own, and not content to wait for the night I would sometimes get her into my room in the day, and enjoy myself with her.

One day, while in my room with Rose, she stretched across the foot of the bed, her clothes raised up, and exposing to my view all her beauties, I standing between her legs with my prick (which was a very large one, few men being able to boast of one as large), in my hand, Manette suddenly entered the room, I having neglected to lock the door.

She got a fair view of my prick, and stood looking at it, apparently amazed at its being so big, but seeing the manner in which I was engaged, she retired.

CHAPTER 5

THE following day in the afternoon, Manette came into my room and asked me to follow her to her chamber, whither she led, saying, "I have something to show you that will please and satisfy you much more than your mistress could do."

I followed her to her chamber, which after entering, she locked. I stood looking out of a window while Manette went behind the bed, the curtains of which were drawn. Hearing a light step advancing towards me I turned round, and Manette stood before me entirely naked; she sprung into my arms, clasping me round the neck, and led me to the bed, on which she seated herself.

I now saw what it was she had to show me, and being no ways loath to enter into the combat with her, to which she had invited me, I threw off my coat and vest, while she let down my pantaloons, and drew out my blunt but ever ready weapon, then falling back on the bed, drew me on top of

her. My cock soon ran its full length into the soft and luscious sheath which nature intended for it. Twice before I got off her did I open the floodgates of lover's reservoir, and pour into her a stream of fiery sperm, as each time she met me, letting down the very cream and essence of her body so copiously that our thighs were bedewed with it.

From this time till my cousin left the castle did I enjoy Manette in the same manner each day.

At the end of the second week after his coming my uncle announced his departure for Paris on the following day, and told me to make all preparations to go with him. When this was announced to my cousins and myself we determined to make the best possible use of the day by spending it in the woods on the banks of a small creek, with our respective mistresses.

It was Sunday morning, Raoul, myself, and Julien (for although I have not mentioned him in connection with our love affairs, it must not be supposed that he was idle in such things all the time, far from it; while Raoul and myself amused ourselves with Manette and Rose he consoled himself in the arms of Marie, one of the dairy maids, a large lusty brunette, and very good-looking, to whose bedchamber he stole every night) set out, meeting the three girls at the place appointed, they having gone on some time before us, carrying provisions and wine.

Having saluted our beauties we proceeded to arrange matters for a lunch, and sat down or rather reclined on the green sward and discussed the merits of some of the good things they had provided for us, and after satisfying our appetites, felt inclined to taste of the other good things they had left, but which were not visible.

Accordingly, as a preparatory note, we would slip our hands in their bosoms, and dallying awhile would roll them over on their backs, but in spite of our endeavours we could not raise a petticoat, more than to just get a glimpse of a thigh, resisting all our endeavours to get further into matters, saying, they would not consent to such naughty things in sight of each other, and if we did not behave better they would run off and leave us.

I then purposed we should undress and take a bath. "We will strip ourselves to our shirts, and then strip you, and at the word of command each shall throw off their nether garments."

To this there was some demurring on the part of our young ladies, as they felt some shame at being seen by each other thus, especially Marie, whom neither Raoul nor myself had seen till the present time, but we over-ruled their objections and stripped to our shirts, then each going up to his mistress, commenced unhooking and unlacing, and taking off frock and petticoats, till nothing but their shifts were left on them. I gave the word of command, "off shirts." We threw our shirts off, but on looking at our girls found them still standing in their shifts.

Finding they would not take their shifts off I proposed that one after the other throw off and stand naked, and each as they did so to be examined in all parts by the men, and their relative beauties compared, and offered to the one that would first do so a handsome diamond ring.

Manette stood forth saying "that having come there to meet and enjoy ourselves with our lovers, and they having thrown off all covering, she would not spoil the sport, as she was not ashamed to let them see all what she had, for she was sure she had as pretty a leg and as sweet a little cunt as any girl in Brittany."

I was so much taken with the lusty Marie, Julien's mistress, her immense large titties, her extraordinary large hips and thighs, above all her beautiful cunt, which was covered up and hidden in a most luxuriant growth of jet black hair, which hung down fully eight inches long, and from out of which peeped two large red pouting lips, which looked most temptingly luscious, that I proposed we should each, after our first bathe, change mistresses, so that each one should have enjoyed the mistresses of the other two.

To this my cousins consented—with it the girls were much pleased as Manette was very anxious to have me once more bury myself within the juicy folds and recesses of her cunt; and Marie was also very willing, as she had whispered to me while examining her, telling me that although she was

large she had a little cunt, but that Julien's prick was too small to give her much pleasure when he was in her; that mine was nearly twice as large as his, and she was sure that if I would consent to try her, I would like her much better than Rose.

I now led the way into the brook, leading Rose by the hand, the others following us. Once in, we played and sportively wantoned in the water, playing all manner of tricks, plunging them in over head and ears, and provoking them in every possible way, and under pretence of washing our fair partners, we gave our hands every liberty, going over every part, the breast, squeezing and moulding their titties, their soft bellies, rubbing their thighs, their cunts, and all other parts; the girls at the same time going over us in pretty much the same manner.

As we thus stood in the water, which was only about waist deep, our engines erect, and in good working condition, with my arm around Rose's waist, I tried to insert the nozzle of my engine into the mouth of her water-tight furnace, for the purpose of putting out the fire which was raging within it, but could not succeed, as we were unable to support one another.

My attention was drawn to a considerable splashing I heard, and on looking round I perceived that Raoul and Julien had lain their nymphs down on the edge of the water, their heads resting on the bank, and had got into them in that manner, the motions of their backsides and bellies coming together making the water fly all over them.

This was an example set before us, which Rose and I could not resist, so leading her out of the water we sat down on the grass, under the shade of a tree, there setting her across my thighs, her legs lapping around my backside, her soft, beautiful white belly rubbing against mine. I dallied with her ruby-nippled titties, firm and springing to the touch, with one hand, while with the other I was trying to make out the entrance to the harbour of love, in order to make room for my masterpiece of nature, that stood reared up between her thighs and pressed hard against her belly, as if demanding admittance and shelter within the soft and luscious sheath,

which nature had so bountifully supplied to a woman, and of which Rose possessed a most lovely specimen. She in a fit of humour affected to elude my efforts to gain entrance into her, trying to protract the desire she was wishing for, but managing her manoeuvres so that they made the fire which was burning in us rage fiercer, and redoubled my excitement.

I covered her with burning kisses, and her eyes shot forth humid fires, and, languishing, seemed to melt beneath the long dark silken lashes which half concealed them. We rolled and twined about on the green sward, locked in each other's arms, till I at last got her under, with my knees between her thighs, and I was soon fairly into her, while she, feeling the dart of love entering into the very depths of the retreat, gave up, and lay at my mercy. But the fight growing fiercer and fiercer, she soon brought me to a crisis, at the same time paying down her own tribute to man.

Closing her eyes and breathing a sigh she stretched out her limbs with a faint shudder; the muscles instantly relaxing gave me to know that she had experienced the greatest pleasure that woman is capable of receiving or man of giving.

We had not recovered out of our trance when the others came up, and slapping us on our backsides soon brought us to.

Immediately on coming out of the water we changed partners, Raoul taking Rose, Julien, Manette, and I, Marie, and on receiving her I lay down between her beautiful legs, my cheeks pillowed on the mossy hair that surmounted the gaping lips of the delicious entrance below.

Reclining thus for some time, sipping wine, eating bonbons and sweetmeats, we dallied away an hour or two, till our passions began to rise in such a manner as to be not long kept in subjection. My cousins, I suppose, thinking that being in the water added to the pleasure they received from the girls while fucking them, or from the novelty of the thing, proposed our going into the water again, and there enjoy our mistresses. They did so, but I remained under the tree with Marie. When the others got under the bank, I rose

up, and spreading down all the dresses and petticoats, and making a pillow of a coat, I made a comfortable bed for Marie to lie on. I invited her to combat. She got up and lay on the bed I had prepared for her, placing herself in an excellent position to favour my entrance. I laid myself down on her gently, she taking hold and guiding the head of the instrument into the opening, which was to pierce her to the very vitals. After she had lodged the head between the lips of her cunt, I titillated her with it for a moment and then slowly drove it into her, so slowly that it was a full minute before it was all in, so tight was her cunt and so large was my prick that they were stretched and gorged to the fullest extent.

Marie's cunt was small, very small indeed, most lusciously tight, and slowly drawing my rod out to the head—the tightness of it causing so great a suction that it sent a thrill of most exquisite pleasure through the whole body—then darting it into her, and again drawing it out, and darting it in till I could no longer master myself, my motions became so rapid and vigorous, that we soon let down and mixed the essence of our souls together.

Although I loved my little Rose, with her dear little cunt and all her charms, although I found great pleasure when in the arms and enjoying the riper beauties of her sister Manette, yet the sensations of delight and pleasure I had just received from Marie were, in my mind, superior to them both.

I was the second time tasting and sipping of the sweets to be had in the arms of Marie when the rest of the party broke in upon us, but we did not mind them, and kept on till we had finished our work. After resting from our labours for some time, and our appetites being sharpened, we got our nude syrens to rearrange the luncheon, then after satisfying our appetites, and taking another bathe, we dressed and set out for home. On the way I called for a consultation as to whether our exchange of mistresses should stand good for the night or not.

Raoul answered that as we had spent the day together so we ought to do the night, for all of us to lie together in one

room, and if either of the girls wished to be fucked by either of us, that she should say so, and be accommodated, and vice versa, to which we all consented.

That night we met in my chamber at eleven o'clock, the girls fetching in beds from another room, and making them up on the floor. I stretched myself naked on a pallet, and Manette ran up and lay down by me. Raoul took Marie for trial, and Julien Rose.

After I had given the plump Manette a double proof of the powers within me, another change was made, and I got the lusty Marie. Towards daylight we were each lying with our own particular mistress, and after making all arrangements for the future we fell asleep, I in my favourite position, laying between the legs of Rose, having them thrown over me, my head pillowed on her soft white belly, my cheek resting on the silken mossy hair that surrounded her cunt.

We breakfasted at ten o'clock, after which I slipped up to Manette's room, where I found her, Rose and Marie. To each I made handsome presents, and told them if they would be true to me, that on my return from Paris, I would take and keep the whole three of them. Each one of them was anxious to have me tumble her once more on the bed, but as I could only do one they drew lots for my last fuck, which fell to Marie. She lay down across the bed, and while I let down my pants the other two girls threw up her clothes, and each raised a leg, and after I had made good my entrance they rested her thighs on my hips, so that I soon put her in ecstasy by the delicious manoeuvres of love's piston-rod. Half-an-hour later, I was on the road to Paris.

CHAPTER 6

WE spent five days on the road, and if our amorous pleasures had in any way debilitated us, we were thoroughly restored to full vigour by the journey.

We arrived at the Count's hotel in Paris late in the evening, too late, so said my cousins, to give me an introduction to any of their *filles d'amour*, and after partaking of a slight supper we retired to our (at least for that night) virtuous couches.

The next day we spent at the Palais Royal, and on the Boulevards. At ten o'clock we went up to Raoul's chamber and had not been seated more than a minute or two before three beautiful girls entered, bearing trays, on which were wines, comfits, bon-bons, sweetmeats, &c. Having arranged them on a round table, Raoul introduced the pretty dears to me.

After the introduction we sat down to the table and passed an hour or so in drinking, eating, and chatting with our lovely guests till the champagne began to get into our heads, when we were not content with kissing and feeling the bobbies of our charmers, with other little liberties, but we tried to get deeper into matters, and found ourselves repulsed by our ladies, who, on our attempting to use a little gentle force, got up and ran out of the room. No sooner were they gone than Raoul said,—

"Don't be afraid, cousin, they will return shortly, and we will give them a great surprise by stripping ourselves perfectly naked."

We did so, and when done, Raoul told me to choose which of the girls I would have for my partner for the night when they entered into the room again.

Presently the door opened, and the girls entered one after the other, and were in as naked a state as ourselves, with the exception of a large green gauze, which each of them was wrapped in, and which only served to heighten their charms, instead of hiding any part of their bodies from our view. Their hair falling down over their shoulders in long ringlets increased their beauty in combination with the gauze, so much that I stood perfectly bewildered, and not until my cousin spoke to me did I think of choosing a partner. But Louise, a lovely little sprite of eighteen, fair, finely formed, with a large bust, wide expanding hips, large firm buttocks, and pretty plump withal, shot forth at me such fiery glances from a pair of most bewitching dark-blue eyes that I immediately chose her.

The moment I named her she ran up to me, and opening her gauze enveloped me in it with herself. No sooner had she done so than the other two were in the arms of my cousins.

We again sat down to the table, our mistresses sitting on our laps. Louise hugged up as close to my naked body as she could; her delicious fat backside resting on my thighs, her large, firm bubbies pressed against my breast, a plump little arm thrown round my neck, her soft cheek nestling against mine, her rosy pouting lips glued to mine, in burning, fiery kisses, were enough to set on fire the soul of an anchorite, and as if this not enough the bewitching devil parted her thighs, and slipping her hand between them, caught hold of my prick, which had been rooting up against her backside, trying to find some hole or other in which to put his head and hide himself, and drawing it up between her thighs put the head of it between the fat juicy lips of her already spending cunt, rubbing the head between the nymphae till I became so much excited that I told her if she did not want me to spill my liquor on her thighs she must let me in, as I could not possibly contain myself much longer.

Finding that she had worked me up to a pitch that suited her purpose, Louise raised one leg, and giving it a swing, threw it over my head, making herself revolve on her own "axass", bringing her round, soft and smooth belly against

mine. Being now seated cross-legged, she raised herself on her toes, and taking fresh hold of my prick, lodged the head of it in her cunt, then letting her weight fall upon me, impaled herself on it, piercing her up to the very quick. She would thus move herself up and down: so rampant was I that I gave way before Louise was quite ready, but feeling the hot juice flooding the recesses of her cunt, it brought down her second tribute in time to mix with mine. We kept glued together, till my pego drawing itself up into littleness, fell out from the juicy folds of its nest.

Louise got up, and ran out of the room, soon followed by the two other girls, who I now saw had been engaged in the same game that Louise and myself had been playing. In a short time they returned, and we sat drinking till a late hour.

My amorous little devil of a partner had at last got me so excited that I proposed we should now go to bed for the night. My mistress, taking a light, led me to her chamber, which it was easy to see was fitted up as a sanctuary for love alone, a place in which nothing else was done or thought of. We first refreshed ourselves by bathing the most excited parts in icy cold water, then full of undiminished vigour, I carried her to the bed. We spent the night in one continued round of voluptuous pleasure.

The time thus passed for two weeks, without any other variety than occasionally slipping into the rooms of the mistresses of my two cousins and enjoying them for an hour or so during the day.

At last, Raoul advised me not to engage myself with either of the girls for a few days as I should require all my vigour renewed, for he was going to introduce me to an establishment rivalling anything heard of in the "Arabian Night's Entertainment," an establishment of girls, supported by the nobility alone, the admission fee of which was one thousand francs. In it, he said, there were the most beautiful females in all France. He repeated his caution to me about holding any sexual intercourse with either of our girls, as I must do honour to his recommendation, that being a stranger about to be initiated I would be obliged to perform in public the first round with the girl

I should choose for the night.

On the evening of the third day after my cousin's announcement I went with him to the house in which the orgies were celebrated. It was a large and gloomy-looking mansion, situated in the Rue St. Honore. We arrived at the gate, and were admitted by the porter. Crossing a paved courtyard we ascended a broad flight of stone steps, and my cousin, giving his name to the doorkeeper, led the way through a dimly-lighted hall, into a small, neatly furnished apartment at the left hand side, in which he left me for a few minutes, as he said, to bring in the examining committee. He returned very soon, accompanied by three gentlemen, to whom he introduced me, saying my desire was to become a member of the club.

The initiation was very simple; it merely consisted in my handing over to them the entrance fee of one thousand francs, and one thousand francs more for the benefit of the house.

I was then led up another large flight of stairs, and invited into a dressing room. They there informed me that I must adopt the costume of the house, which was simply a large dressing-gown open in front, put on over the shirt. I stripped as they did, and we were soon *en regle*. Leading me to a pair of large folding doors, which noiselessly opened at our approach, I was almost blinded by the flood of light which streamed through them. Entering the room, a scene of the utmost magnificence and gorgeousness presented itself to my view, rivalling any fairy tales I had ever read. It was a large saloon of lofty height and great length, supported on both sides by rows of columns of marble of variegated hues; between each of the pillars supported on alabaster pedestals stood a number of masterpieces of sculpture, in the finest Carrara marble, representing nude females in every position possible in which could be combined grace and lasciviousness.

So natural did they appear with a piece of gauze thrown across their shoulders, one would have sworn they were living witnesses, flesh and blood, so admirably was their hair chiseled out, representing the mode of wearing it by women

of different countries, so well was the rounded swell of the breasts imitated, and then, further down, the short curly hair that ornamented the beautiful life-like pouting lips below, that one were almost tempted to advance and feel if they were not living. Some, too, were most ludicrous; one I saw representing a woman, her knees slightly bent and wide apart, with a prick about halfway into her cunt. Another was made to hold one in her hand, the head just without the lips of her love notch, which appeared to have fallen out of her cunt, and shrunken up in her hand; and others in different attitudes.

At the end of the hall there played a fountain of perfumed waters, which diffused through the room a most delicious and fragrant coolness. There were painted on the walls, pictures, the most lascivious that nature could conceive, women in every variety of posture and position, nearly all of whom were represented as fucking with a man.

But the ceiling was the *chef d'oeuvre* of this gorgeous apartment. The centre piece represented an immense cunt painted in the finest colours, from between the lips of which depended a larged carved prick, with stones attached, from which hung a magnificent chandelier. On the outer side, and around the large cunt in the centre, were pricks with wings flying at it, from some of which you could see a stream of sperm spurting into the centre piece. Again, on the outside of the ring of pricks was a circle of naked nymphs, who appeared to be in pursuit of the pricks; they seemed to be leaning forward with out-stretched hands ready to grasp them; the whole thing, intermixed with gold and silver stars, and surrounded with clouds of cerulean hue, formed a most splendid scene.

In the centre of the apartment was a long table, on which was laid out a most luxurious repast, served up on gold and silver plate, which partook of a character similar to the other adornments of the room. There were chased on the seats nude figures of men and women in all shapes and positions. Here were goblets supported on a stem, shaped like a prick; others there were, the bowls in the shape of a cunt, supported on legs beautifully formed, and vases of every

description, one of which in particular caught my eyes; it represented a nude female standing on her head, her legs bent at the knees, the feet resting on the hips, and forming the handles, the cunt representing the mouth, in which was set a bouquet of rare flowers.

After being introduced to the gentlemen present, and having time given me to notice the different beauties of the apartment, I was told that the goddesses of the establishment would soon enter to their supper, and that as they came into the room I should choose the one I most fancied, as they were all perfectly free, there being no jealousy among the men in that respect.

CHAPTER 7

SHORTLY a bell sounded, and through a side door entered a troupe of the most beautiful young girls the world could produce.

The effect on me was electric, so much beauty congregated together I could not imagine. So bewitchingly graceful did they appear as they gleefully tripped into the room, exhibiting the most lascivious attitudes. So true to a fault were their figures, so charming was the clear transparent whiteness of their necks and faces, slightly tinted with the rose's hue, shaded by masses of rich black, auburn, or chestnut hair, which waved in the light like rays of molten gold, falling in ringlets over their beautifully rounded shoulders, whilst their eyes, half hid in the long silken lashes, beaming and sparkling with licentiousness, made them look like houris descended from the Moslem's paradise, rather than anything of mortal mould. And what served to heighten the enchantment their appearance cast over me was their dress.

Some entered dressed in pants and cymar, à la Turque, displaying to the utmost advantage their large busts and beautifully rounded hips.

Others (the majority) dressed in Turkish pants of fine blue or pink gauze, with a short petticoat hanging halfway to the knee, made of the same material, and which, instead of hiding any part of their bodies, only added to their beauty, and heightened every charm.

Their beautiful breasts could be plainly seen, even the rosy-tipped nipples could be distinguished as they rose and fell in undulating palpitations against their slight covering.

The shape of the legs and thighs could be seen; nay, the

masses of curling hair that overhung their delicious, luscious little cunts, even the lips of which I could see—all, all was visible.

I stood thus entranced, gazing on the fairy-like beings that were grouped around me, without a thought but of their extreme loveliness, till I was aroused from my state of dreamy delight by one of the gentlemen present asking me to give my arm to one of the ladies, and take her for my partner at the supper table. And if after supper I should see any other lady who I might prefer to my first choice, I should be at full liberty to take her.

All that I could do in answer was to gaze around on them with a half-bewildered look, till a beautiful creature came up to me, and with a smile, putting her arm in mine, her lustrous dark eyes beaming with the very spirit of luxuriousness, asked if I would not accept her as my companion for the night.

I answered her by putting my arm around her taper waist, and drawing her into a close embrace, imprinted on her lips a dozen burning kisses, which she returned with equal ardour.

Leading the way to the table we seated ourselves on a sofa (there being no chairs, but a sofa for each couple); the repast commenced.

No sooner had we taken our seats than an unseen band of music struck up, playing the most beautiful and seductive airs; and as the dessert came on, a large curtain, which was stretched across at one end of the room, suddenly drew up, exhibiting a beautiful little stage, on which appeared four girls dancing some of the most licentious dances, throwing themselves into the most tempting postures, pirouetting till their gauze skirts stood entirely level with their navels, showing their cunts, even drawing apart the vermillion lips of those mossy temples of love by the extension of their legs, allowing us to catch a glimpse of the luscious interiors which the open legs half disclosed.

After sitting at the dessert an hour or more, drinking the most exciting and heating wines with one another, on a given signal the girls withdrew to prepare for the ball,

leaving us to do the same, which consisted merely in our stripping stark naked, retaining only our pumps.

I must here beg the reader's indulgence to state what I should have said before—that is, that the members of the society which held their revels in this house all belonged to the first families in the kingdom. That when any gentleman was initiated he must bring with him and present to the society some female relative, either a sister or cousin, mistress, or some beautiful female friend, so that in enjoying the relatives of other members he could have no advantage over them or their honour.

The young lady who had made herself my partner, I learned, was Mademoiselle de C——, daughter of Count C——, and sister to one of the gentlemen present. Here, on the pretence of being on a visit to each other's houses, they met once a week, and gave loose to the most unbounded licentiousness. All modesty was formally banished the was and the most lascivious abandon being substituted in its place.

After stripping we entered the ballroom, which, like the *salle a manger*, was painted with nude figures, and instead of seats, it was furnished at the sides and ends with richly made couches stuffed with the softest down, and having spring bottoms, sheets of the finest lace, and coverlets of silk and satin, but no curtains to them, as nothing was allowed to be done in secret.

If a gentleman and his partner were tired of dancing, they could retire to a couch and play at the game of love.

On brackets against the wall, a little raised above the couches were shelves supporting decanters of wine, trays of comfits, and other stimulating refreshments.

We had not long to wait for our partners ere they came dancing into the room, as naked as we were, except a wide scarf of light blue or pink gauze, which each had thrown over her shoulders.

If I was pleased with my partner at supper I was much more so now that I could have a fair view of her when perfectly naked. Her skin rivalled alabaster in whiteness, her beautiful full breasts sustained themselves firm and round as

two globes; her well rounded shoulders tapered down into a small waist, a small foot, with an ankle expanding upwards into a fine calf, her thighs full, large and proportionately made, swelling up into a pair of large hips, while the two half-globes of her backside were equally massive and firm. Her hair, which she had combed out, hung down to her knees, while her cunt was surrounded and overshadowed by a mass of jet black hair which grew upon and around her belly as high as her navel, hanging down between her thighs some way, forming a perfect veil or covering over the dear little slit, contrasting most beautifully with the snowy whiteness of her belly and thighs.

On entering the room she ran up to me with extended arms; but I caught her, and held her out at arm's length, surveying and devouring with my eyes her every charm and beauty, and then clasping her in a long embrace, we writhed about in each other's arms, rubbing our bellies together, till Mr. Pego began to snort and prance about between her thighs, seeking for an entrance into some hospitable retreat in which to hide his impudence.

So great was the excitement raised in me by feeling her soft white belly rubbing against mine, as well as the springy mossy covering of her fount of love pressing against my rampant machine, that I would have sent him in to explore the dark little cavern concealed between her thighs, as we stood in the centre of the room, had she not prevented me.

Hardly knowing how to contain my still increasing passion, I slid between her arms, and dropped on my knees to the floor, parting with my fingers the glossy ringlets that hid a pair of rosy pouting lips, most lusciously tempting, and implanted my burning kisses on that amorous spot.

There was no time for further dalliance as the music began, and she led me away to join in the dance.

After the first cotillion I led her to a couch, and reclining on it drew her down by my side, and would soon have brought matters to a crisis had she not prevented me again, by saying that we should be obliged to enter the lists, and go through our first manual exercise on a state couch in the centre of the room, surrounded by the whole company.

Shortly after I heard the tinkle of a small bell, and immediately entered four men, wheeling in a couch of carved rosewood, covered with sheets of the finest linen, overspread with one of Brussels lace.

The committee, one of whom was my partner's brother, advanced to me and led me to the couch, while three of the ladies present took Mademoiselle de C——, and placing her on her back turned a small screw at one side of it, which, acting on springs, raised that part on which rested her beautiful buttocks, elevating them at least one foot higher than her head or feet, forming a sort of bow, and throwing up that portion of her belly and thighs which was most contiguous to the dear little cleft in the bottom of her belly.

So soon as they had arranged everything the three girls stepped back a little, and the men placed me on the top of her who was to share my sweet labour. She extended her thighs to the utmost to receive me.

After I was placed comfortably on her the gentlemen fastened us down on the couch by means of belts of india rubber, which extended across the bed, and held us firmly on it.

I soon perceived the necessity of this, as at the least motion I made (there were such powerful springs fixed in the body of the couch) the springing caused by it would have thrown me off my partner if not off the couch.

The sweet little creature, who was lying under me, now threw her legs across my back, and clasping me in her arms, showed that she was ready for the delicious combat.

Upon these signs the girls who had placed her on the couch advanced, and one with the tips of her fingers held open the lips of her cunt, while another took hold of my stiff-stander, and pointing his head at the entrance, directed him to the opening before him. But so highly were my passions wrought up, and such a magnificent erection had I acquired, so swelled up was its large head, and so lusciously tight and small was the entrance to the grotto of love, that it would not enter.

After two or three trials, each of which failed, the one

who had hold of my driving machine, forced my backside up from off Mademoiselle de C——, and slipping her head between my thighs, took my prick into her mouth, and palating it with her tongue, wet it well with saliva, and letting it out of her mouth, again presented it at the entrance of the fiery furnace which was gaping to receive it. Effecting a safe lodgement for the head, with one vigorous thrust I buried myself in her to the very haft.

So fierce was the concussion produced by the meeting of our bodies that my magnificent stones fairly cracked against her delicious backside. With such force did I come down on her that the springs in the bed were forced low down, and rebounding sent us some three feet into the air. The bed was so constructed that the springs could force the bed up from the body on which it rested.

I now felt that I was master of the field, and taking advantage of my position, gave my partner such a series of thrusts and drives—the springing of the bed driving her to meet me—our bodies would come together with such a force as to make all tremble.

The spectators around us were continually calling out to us and commenting upon our performance with such exclamations as the following: “O God, what a magnificent thrust.” “How splendidly he drives it home to her.” “See how deliciously their bodies meet together.” “What a splendid prick, what beautifully large stones, how exquisitely do they flop against her buttocks,” &c.

“Ah, Mademoiselle de C——, how I envy you those glorious cods and that luxurious prick, with which you are now gorging that greedy little maw of yours,” exclaimed a lively young creature as she left her gallant’s arm to approach the bed and get a fairer view of the fierce driving machine which so excited her imagination. “Oh, how beautiful,” she said, as stooping down she caught a full view of the whole machinery in motion. “See how the proud courser steams and smokes as he reins back his head to the starting place, and then how he makes everything foam again as he dashes onward in his mad career, towards the goal of victory!” and in her excitement she took my stones

in her hand, and gently squeezed them, and brought me at once to the crisis.

Making one last lunge forward, I lay quivering and gasping on my fair partner's bosom, drenching her inmost parts with a perfect shower of the elixir of love.

My partner, who had been no ways backward in sustaining my fierce lunges and had returned them with thrusts and upheavings fully as amorous as my own, feeling the heat of the burning liquid I was injecting in her, gave way at the same time, and dissolving her very soul into a flood of sperm, opened the gates of love's reservoir, and let flow such a stream of pearly essence as never came from woman before.

After we had recovered ourselves from the delirium in which our senses were lost for a few moments, the belts which held us together were loosened.

I arose, and raised Mademoiselle de C——; as I stood her on the floor large drops of spendings fell pattering between her feet, attesting to the vigour and warmth with which we had entered into the pleasure of love.

I now received the congratulations of the male part, as to the manner in which I had gone through the performance, and done such credit to their sex.

My mistress also received the ecomiums of the females, all of whom envied her of her good luck in having me for a companion.

Then taking the dear girl to one of the side couches, we reclined for a short time, taking wine and refreshments to invigorate ourselves for further enjoyments.

Casting my eyes around the room I observed that every couch was occupied by a couple, all of them playing the same game we had just gone through with.

My fair partner and myself arose and promenaded round the room, observing the different modes and manners of frigging which some of them adopted.

At the sight of so many beautiful women in action all at once, I thought it only right my mistress should complete the set, and leading her back to the couch, I again gave her such a delicious fuck that she could not get up for half-an-

hour afterwards.

Shortly after the company had recovered from the transports into which they were plunged, two servants entered the room, bearing in on trays small cups of spiced chocolate, prepared in such a way as to give the drinker strength to enter the lists of love ten or a dozen times.

Fucking was now proclaimed the order of the night.

Never in the world was there so much delicious frigging done at one time by an equal number of persons.* Never were there so many beautiful cunts to be seen so gorged and stuffed, and so well fucked by so many noble pricks. Never did women receive such a shower of sperm as drenched them from all quarters.

The debauch was growing to its height, the chocolate began to operate fiercely on the men. The women writhed and twined themselves about the floor, fucking, screaming and shouting in ecstasy.

The most licentious words now issued from the mouths of those females, who, on the morrow, would meet you in their salons with a demure look and virtuous countenance.

The excitement was steadily increasing. The women became perfect Bacchantes, they drank freely of the most exciting and exhilarating wines.

Suddenly they stripped the beds from off the couches, and spread them on the floor, forming one large bed, upon which they could all lay down.

The uproar increased.

Here might be seen two women contending (amicably) for one man.

Again, two men contending for one woman, till each found a place for their inflamed pricks, one in her cunt, and the other in her bottom or mouth at the same time.

The females shouted, ran after the men, throwing themselves on the bed, dragging the men on the top of them.

My loving mistress partook of the universal excitement with the rest. She was, if possible, more furious than any of

* The Editor of THE PEARL thinks the author of this tale must have forgotten Belshazzer's Feast, photographs of which can be had, price £1.1s. each.

her sex, mad with the extraordinary lubricity aroused within her amorous frame, twining herself in my arms, rubbing all parts of her body against mine, smothering me with kisses, nay, pinching and biting me with force, so highly were her erotic propensities aroused, and continually calling on me by every endearing name, to frig, fuck, or give her satisfaction with my tongue.

Placing herself in the most lascivious positions, throwing up her legs and outstretching her arms, she would invite me, in the most licentious terms, to enter the amorous lists, expatiating on each and every separate beauty of her person, declaring the superior firmness of her plump bobbies, which she would press and squeeze, then on the white and velvet softness of her belly, describing all the luscious charms of her cunt, the luxurious heat contained within its juicy folds. Then turning on her belly, would display the two full and plump moons of her backside, inviting me to enter from that quarter. Then throwing her legs back, lay with the feet resting on her buttocks.

While in this position a thought struck me, and I determined to put it in execution.

Throwing myself on my back, my feet towards her head, my bare arse against hers, my prick stiff and erect as a rod of ivory tipped with red, I told my inamorata to lower her legs on my body. As she did so I had my battering ram right to the point, and she impaled herself on its head. This was a rather novel mode of fucking, but none more so than the manner in which some of the others were frigging.

The orgies of these Bacchantes having reached its height, partially subsided for a few minutes, when the president of the club, calling for order, put to the vote whether the lights in the room should be put out or not.

Having witnessed all that had passed, this seemed a strange proceeding, and on asking my fair partner to solve the riddle, she replied that at a certain hour at each meeting the party, both male and female, stripped themselves of every ornament, The women are not even allowed to retain combs in their hair. The men then retiring to another apartment for a moment or two, the women would put out all the

lights in the room, taking care, however, to leave one burning in a small side closet, when on the ringing of a bell the men would again enter the room, in which were their mistresses, and mixing indiscriminately with them, would recommence the soft pleasures of love at once.

Neither the ladies nor their lovers were allowed to open their mouths even for a whisper, for fear of being known to each other, and that for the same reasons everyone was obliged to lay aside every ornament, no matter what it might be, so that a brother and sister, in case they were together, could not recognize one another by any particular bracelet, ring or other ornament.

After the vote had been taken we did as I have just stated.

On our re-entering the room, which was totally dark, the door was locked from the outside by an attendant, and stumbling forward through the darkness, we met the women, who threw themselves into our arms, and we were soon tumbling pell mell on the floor.

I got hold of a plump little fairy, and groping my way to one corner of the large bed, I placed her in a favourable position, and finding my way in the dark as well as in daylight, I revelled in charms the most voluptuous.

Oh, ye Gods! how tight did her cunt clasp my prick. What a luscious suction was created by the juicy folds of her cylinder as my piston-rod shoved in and out. How gloriously she met all my thrusts by the most energetic heaves. Oh, how her fiery kisses were lavished on my cheeks and lips, as I pressed her to my bosom. And now the crisis came on, and we swam in a sea of pleasure.

I lay by her side, and broke the rules by telling her in a whisper who I was. I questioned her about her adventures in the dark.

She went on to tell me that at one of the meetings, on the lights being suddenly restored, she found herself lying in the arms of her half-brother, and that she had frequently met with her cousin also.

She said that she had known brothers and sisters, and many a pair of cousins, who had been caught in each other's arms, and that on the lights being restored, so far

from quitting one another they pursued the chase till the game was run down, and enjoyed themselves as they would, had they been strangers.

She said that in order to obtain the full enjoyment of the pleasures of love, it was necessary to do away with all modesty and restraint, that man was made for woman, and woman for man. That, for her part, she considered it made no difference who the actors were, so the fucking was well done and enjoyed.

All her actions and movements pronounced my partner one of the most 'licentious of women. She played with all parts of my body; laying her head on my thighs, she would handle my stones, put the head of my prick between other lips than those nature formed to receive it, and tickling the head of it with her tongue she tried to awaken it to renewed vigour; trying every means to arouse its dormant energies, she succeeded, and casting herself into my arms, lay on her back upon me.

My pego was in a beautiful state of erection, his head rooting up between the snowy thighs of my fair burden, and furiously butting the door, demanding an entrance into the secret chamber of love. With the tips of her fingers she opened the valves that closed the rosy-tinted aperture of her cavernous recess, and inserting the head I gave rein to my courses, and for the seventh time that night did I drown myself in bliss.

So well pleased was I with my companion that despite the attraction of the many beauties who were groping about over the room, enjoying themselves first with one man, then with another, and any of whom I might have had, that I laid myself in her arms, my cheek resting on a very large round globe of flesh, her arms clasping me close to it, while her legs were crossed with mine.

In this position I fell into a sound sleep.

When I awoke the lights were blazing with great splendour, and I found the girl in whose arms I had fallen asleep engaged in a vigorous combat with a man who lay close by me.

Continuing the debauch till the approach of day, we all

dressed, each one going separately, and by different routes to their residence.

I reached home, and hastening to my apartment, completely worn out from the violent exercise I had undergone, I fell into a sleep from which it was three o'clock in the afternoon before I awoke.

CHAPTER 8

I attended all the orgies of the club—of which I had been made a member—where new debauches were committed every week.

At each meeting my partiality for the delicious creature I had lain with last, on my initiative night, increased to such a degree that I determined to have and retain her to myself if possible.

Celestine was the daughter of the Marquis de R——. In the club she was known by the soubriquet of La Rose D'Amour, by which name I shall continue to call her.

She combined all the graces and charms peculiar to the softer sex.

She had a temptingly small foot, giving tokens of the excellent smallness of the delicious slit, which nature had placed between a pair of ripe fleshy thighs, backed by a pair of fair buttocks, beautifully rising up, swelling out into bold relief from the adjacent parts. A belly white and soft as a bed of snow, a waist slender as a nymph, a neck like a swan, small mouth, inlaid with two rows of ivory, lips rosy and pouting, cheeks soft as the velvet down of an overripe peach, languishing dark eyes, sparkling and beaming with a lascivious fire, shaded by long silken lashes, while her auburn hair fell in a profusion of ringlets over her neck and shoulders, half concealing a pair of globes rivalling alabaster in whiteness, tipped with nipples hard and red as rose buds, in fact she was "perfection personified."

The day following my last visit to the club, I received a letter from St. Petersburg announcing my father's death,

desiring me immediately to set out for that place for the purpose of removing his remains to France.

Now, I had never seen enough of my father to have great fondness for him; what little filial affection I had was soon drowned by the ideas I had of enjoyment now I was to succeed at once to his vast fortune, so that I did not like to give up my pleasures, especially that of forgoing my meeting with La Rose D'Amour.

On receiving the letter I at once proceeded to the Hotel de R——, and on enquiring for Celestine was shown into the drawing-room.

The servant returned to usher me into her mistress's boudoir, where, opening the door, I passed in, and found her reclining on a sofa, in a bewitching dishabille. Her neck was uncovered, the bosom of her wrapper open, half displaying her pretty bubbies. One foot resting on the sofa, the other on an embroidered footstool, the dress lying on the knee, displaying a finely round calf. After locking the door I read her the letter I had received, and telling her I could not part from her, implored her to leave home and accompany me on my journey, telling her that on our return to France, I would fit up my chateau in Brittany with all the luxury of an Eastern Harem, where we might reside amid all the pleasures that love could induce, and all the luxury that wealth could purchase.

After a few short murmurs she consented, and I left her to make the necessary preparations for our departure on the morrow.

As she was to accompany me in male attire, acting as a page, I was obliged to have recourse to my faithful valet, to procure proper dresses, &c.

By eight o'clock in the evening he had everything prepared, and as we were to start at daylight, Celestine, under pretence of going to a ball, came and passed the night with me in my chamber at my uncle's.

At daylight we set off with all the speed that four good horses could give us.

My companion made a very handsome-looking boy, and was the cause of our having some very amusing adventures

on our journey.

At a small town on the frontier, at which we stopped, on showing my passport to Monsieur le Maire, he insisted on our staying at his house for the night, which I at last complied with.

He was an old man about sixty, grey-haired and bald. After arriving at his house, he sent a servant to inform his wife that there were strangers in the hall below, and desiring her presence.

In a few minutes to our agreeable surprise, there entered the room a very charming, rosy-cheeked, vivacious-looking young woman, about twenty-two years of age.

In the course of the evening I observed by the almost scornful manner in which she regarded her husband that the union with him had been a "marriage of convenience," and furthermore, from the glances I perceived passing between her and Celestine, I knew she wanted but the opportunity to give her husband the slip, so I determined, if the chance offered, to repay M. le Maire's hospitality by making an addition to his bald pate in the shape of a pair of horns.

On retiring for the night, my mistress informed me that she had an engagement with our host's wife. That she intended to drug a glass of wine for her husband on going to bed, which would ensure her freedom for at least ten hours, and that as soon as her husband was fast asleep she would go to her room.

Telling Celestine to undress and get into my bed, I went into the room prepared for her, and stripping myself perfectly naked, awaited in the darkness the coming of the charming hostess.

After waiting for an hour I heard a light step advancing towards the room, the door opened and she entered, and whispering Rudolph, the name Celestine had taken, advanced to the bed. Slipping the bolts in the door, I caught her in my arms, and found she was as naked as myself. In kissing her she knew immediately by my whiskers that I was not the person she expected to meet, and fearing she had made a mistake in the room, she gave a slight scream, and struggled violently to free herself.

But I retained a firm hold of her naked waist, and drawing her to the bed, explained everything to her. How that my page Rudolph was my "chère amie" accompanying me in this disguise.

After calming her fears I lighted a taper that stood on the table and after a careful study of her beauties, while I pinched and kissed everything, especially a dear hairy little cleft at the bottom of her belly, I found her to exceed the expectations I had formed at the supper table.

She could not resist my handling her person, but freely gave herself up to my touches.

The game was getting too exciting to stand dallying very long, so turning her on her back, I plunged my weapon into a bath of hot juicy flesh, and gave her a luxurious feast of the fruit of which she had had before but a very slight taste.

Five times that night I did put her through the manual exercise of love, and five times did she die away in the most ecstatic enjoyments, the pleasures of which she declared she had only known in imagination.

It was with sincere regret that Madame le Maire parted from me at dawn of day, to join her sleeping husband, to whose brows had just been added a pair of horns. They were short to be sure, but there appeared every prospect of their branching out into large antlers.

Before leaving me she made me promise to stop on my return.

After breakfast in the morning I returned my host my sincere thanks for his hospitality, assuring him that the entertainment I had received in his house was far beyond my expectations.

I ordered my carriage, and followed by my page, took the road to Vienna.

In a fortnight more we reached St. Petersburg, where, after preparing everything for my return, I determined to devote a day or two to pleasure.

At a ball given at the Imperial Palace, to which I was invited, I became acquainted with the Countess Z——, one of the most accomplished beauties at Court, and the reigning belle of St. Petersburg.

The Countess Caroline was a widow of twenty-three! She had been married at twenty, and about a month after her marriage her husband had been killed in a duel with an Englishman.

The Countess had a gait and look proud and haughty as a Juno, her oval face and majestic figure excited my highest admiration, and I determined to make her mine.

Entering into a conversation with her, I found that she was pleased with my company, and much more with my person.

Accomplished as she was, Caroline Z—— had the vice peculiar to all Russians of drinking large quantities of brandy. In fact, she drank so much that knowing she lived in a large palace, with no one but her serfs, I formed the resolution of making her mine that same night.

Plying her with brandy till late in the morning, she became so much excited as not to be able to control herself. I kept close by her side throughout the night, till the ball broke up. I humbly asked permission to be her escort home.

Engaging her in a laughing conversation, I put the question to her as we descended the palace stairs, which the giddy young creature, nearly intoxicated with brandy, at once accepted.

I handed her into the carriage, and bidding the driver go fast, in a moment we were at her palace.

On alighting, she invited me in—an invitation which I promptly accepted, and led me up a flight of large stairs into her own dressing-room. So much was she affected by the brandy she had drunk that she hardly knew what she was doing.

Laying off her bonnet and shawl she rang the bell, and two waiting-maids entered. Asking to be excused for a few minutes, she retired to her boudoir, followed by her attendants, and in a short time reappeared in a different dress, a loose flowing gown of rich cashmere.

Calling for lunch and brandy, she dismissed the attendants who brought it in. They retired in apparent amazement at the sight of a man being admitted into her dressing-room, and especially at that hour.

I now watched for my opportunity, and pouring a few drops of liquid from a small vial I always carried about me, into a glass of brandy, I presented it to her, and she drank it off.

It ran like liquid fire through her veins, her eyes sparkled with licentiousness, her heart heaved and palpitated with the fierce desires which were consuming her.

Advancing my seat beside her own, I poured into her ears a tale of burning love. I put my arm around her waist, and finding she made no resistance, pressed her to my bosom, and planting numberless kisses on her lips, sucked the breath from her.

In a minute more she delivered herself up to me body and soul, she threw her arms around my neck, and repaid the kisses I had just given, with interest.

I raised up with her in my arms, and carried her into the boudoir, in which stood a bed in a recess. I undressed her till she stood in her shift, and then taking off my own clothes stood in my perfect nudity. Giving Caroline a soft kiss I drew the shift from off her, and had a fair view of all her secret charms.

Leading her to the bedside I gave her the fillip on her back, and soon was buried to the very utmost notch in the most lusciously tight cunt I had ever entered.

With what fire, what enthusiasm, with what fierce upheavings did she meet and receive the piercing thrusts of my love dart.

The excitement thickens, the combat grows hotter and hotter. Heavens! what pleasure! what joy! what ecstasy! Oh, how my lively partner kept time to all my fierce desires! In what a sea of delight was I plunged! What an indescribable luxurious heat reigned in the luscious folds of her cunt! Ye gods! how often did I dart my stiffened arrow through the rich, juicy flesh of her deliciously sensitive quiver! I felt the crisis approach, our mouths met; we devoured each other's tongues; her rosy lips, how sweet and warm! What intense voluptuousness in those amorous bites, that burning struggle of our tongues, that sought, moistened, entangled, drew back, and darted together again!

I gave her the *coup de grace*, and so great was the flood

that issued from the reservoirs of love that the precious pearly fluid flowed down her thighs, as I spurted into the deepest recess of her cunt the burning sperm.

Caroline had not all the briskness and vivacity of La Rose d'Amour, her movements were languishing, but more voluptuous. I turned her over and over, I touched and handled every part. I kissed her again; everything did I devour with my fiery kisses, especially the gaping lips of her cunt, which were wet and moist with the liquid stream from the fountain of pleasure which I had poured into her.

The spark kindled, the flame blazed. We writhed and twined, over and over, in each other's arms, and the sixth time had my indefatigable courser bounded to the goal of victory without tiring. The storm grew higher, the sperm fell in torrents, but could not put out the blazing fire that raged within us.

We awoke in the morning refreshed from the fatigues of the night. Again did I survey all the charms of my lovely bedfellow. She stroked my limber instrument till it grew into a stately rod. I toyed with her enticing firm globes of alabaster, each tipped with a rosebud most lusciously tempting, which I moulded and pressed in my hand, and sucking her nipples received fresh fire.

I turned her on her back, she spread her thighs, and guided the dart which pierced her to the very vitals, we again drank of the sweets obtained in the fountain of Venus.

Swearing eternal constancy and love I left my charming Caroline, and hastened home.

I told Celestine all that had occurred, not omitting to expatiate pretty freely on the pleasure I had enjoyed while revelling in the virgin charms of Caroline Z——.

This somewhat piqued my French charmer, but on opening to her my views she consented to the arrangement proposed. I told her my intention was to fit up the chateau in all the magnificence of Barbaric pearl and gold, and to take, nay, in fact, steal off all the handsomest women that excited my desires very strongly, and carry them to the chateau, which I would have guarded by trusty followers, in fact, to make it a fortified seraglio.

I told her that she should reign as undisputed mistress of the place, and that, greedy as she was, she should never want for the peculiar flesh which she was always willing and ready to devour. I also told her to have everything in complete readiness to start at a moment's notice, while I went to see the beautiful Russian in whose arms I had passed the night.

Calling in the evening, a servant led me immediately to Caroline, I found her in a splendid bath-room, reclining in a bath of milk and perfumed waters.

Placing a cushion on the marble edge of the bath, I made my proposition to her of leaving Russia and going to France with me. I pictured to her imagination what should be the magnificent splendour of our abode, in which love alone should be admitted.

I described to her all the endless variety of enjoyments in which we could indulge, passing our days and nights in one uninterrupted round of pleasure.

So highly did I excite her imagination by the glowing description of the amorous life we should pass that she at once agreed to accompany us, for I had told her all of my having Celestine with me, and of my intentions of possessing every woman who might take my fancy.

She entered at once into the spirit of my proposition and made me promise to bring Celestine to her house on the following evening, and all three spend the night together.

After spending the day in driving about the environs of St. Petersburg, Celestine (in her male attire) and I alighted at the house of the Countess, and we were at once shown into the dressing-room of which I have before told.

Caroline was reclining on a sofa in all the charming coquetry of a *négligé dishabille* when we entered. Instead of rising to receive us she merely tapped, a silver bell which lay beside her, and two girls entered, who, taking Celestine into the boudoir, remained for a full half-hour.

What was my astonishment when she re-entered to behold her in a dress, the exact counterpart of the one Caroline had on, who as soon as she came in got up and embraced her, praising her beauty, admiring her figure, and

calling her sister, and paying her every attention she could think of.

On asking my beauteous Russian how she had got the dress for Celestine, she replied that from the description I had given her she had the dress made in that short time, as she could not think of showing off her own charms to the best advantage, Celestine being concealed by her male attire, saying which she opened a casket, and placed on the brow of Celestine a coronet of diamonds of the first water, on her neck a necklace of pearls, and in the bosom of her dress a large rose formed of brilliants, asking her to receive them as a present from a sister.

Celestine drew from her finger a very large brilliant and presented it to Caroline as a token of friendship, excusing her present poverty for not being able to make a more handsome return for her elegant present.

Supper being laid in the room in which we then were, we sat down to a feast for the gods, expressly prepared for the occasion by the voluptuous Caroline. The dishes were all highly seasoned, while the wines were of the most heating and exciting kind.

After the dessert had been brought in I laid my plans again before my two mistresses.

Caroline said she would need but a week to make her preparations, as the most of her immense fortune consisted in money and jewels, which she would place in my hands to be disposed of as I thought proper, telling me to make arrangements for her leaving very secretly, for if either of her brothers should know of her intentions they would most assuredly detain her by force if in no other manner.

Having drunk enough wine to excite their desires pretty strongly, my two beauties commenced tussling me about, rolling me on the floor, and tumbling on top of me, their dresses in most admirable disorder; a pin becoming loose would expose the half of a breast whiter than snow; the flying up of a petticoat would display a well-turned calf, a knee, or a firm, fleshy thigh.

But this dalliance, acting as a provocative on their already excited lusts, could not be put up with very long.

They burned for some more substantial good than that afforded by kissing and pinching, which were fine auxiliaries for increasing an appetite they could not satisfy.

Jumping up I ran into the boudoir, followed by the dear creatures, whose eyes flashed with the fires of libertinism, while their breasts rose and fell with quick heavings.

I hid under the bed, from whence they pulled me, and stripped me naked, glued their moist lips over every part of me, my erect Jacob staff coming in for more than its share.

They stripped to their skin, and calling on me as umpire to decide on the relative beauties of their charms, as they stood before a large pier glass, handling their snowy strawberry-tipped bobbies, sleeking down the glossy curling whiskers that surrounded two pairs of the most tempting pouting lips that ever adorned women. Where both were perfect models of voluptuous beauty and grace, although different in their kinds, I could not decide, but admired more and more the charms of which I was the happy possessor.

I seized on the rosy nipples of the heaving snowy hillocks, which disdaining the use of corsets, rested on their bosoms like globes of alabaster. I sucked them, I squeezed their soft round bellies against mine, I kissed everything and everywhere, I laid my kisses on the hairy mounts that overhang the delicious grottos underneath; the lips which close the mouth of the fresh slits next receive their share; I am on fire! I burn! The bed receives us! I wish to push matters home at once; but no, they would bring me to the very point before I could enter.

Celestine has seized on my prick; she cannot get it into her cunt, so, determined not to lose it altogether, she takes it in her mouth, she sucks its glowing head, she rolls her tongue over the top of it. I am mad—delirious. No longer to be restrained I throw myself on to Caroline, who receives me with open legs and arms. I dart my fiery rod into her furnace, which consumes it. A few maddening thrusts, drove home with such force that I touch her to the very quick—a cry of thrilling pleasure escapes us at the same time, and all is over.

But so intense were our passions that we hardly perceived

it till I felt her again moving up to me. How delicious! What voluptuous warmth pervaded her whole body. How exquisitely did the springing cheeks of her backside respond to all my motions. The little devil Celestine is playing with two large balls that keep knocking against the buttocks of my antagonist.

It is too much; I drive it home, and lie gasping and quivering on Caroline's breast, who cries out, "Oh heavens! further in! I come—I spend! Oh—oh, God, I die! Oh, dear, what plea—pleas—pleas—ure!"

She had fainted. The delicious wriggings of her backside, the contraction of her cunt, sucked the last drop from me.

When she recovered from the delirium in which her senses were plunged, she lay with her eyes languishingly beaming, her lips apart, with the tip of her rosy tongue slightly protruding between two rows of pearl—the very picture of voluptuous pleasure.

So plentifully had I bestowed in her the liquid treasure of love's reservoir, and so delightfully had she intermingled with mine the essence of her own dear self, that when I withdrew from her the pearly stream flowed out and ran over her thighs.

I had a short respite, receiving renewed vigour from the caresses of Celestine, whose greedy little maw was gaping wide to receive the half-erect machine which she was working at, trying to make it stand, so as to win her purpose.

Her whole body glowed with an intense heat, what voluptuous warmth reigned in every part! She burns, she imparts to me the fire which is consuming her very vitals. My ever willing and ready courser comes up to the stand, with head erect, impatient for the word.

I give him the reins, and he plunges forward in his impetuous career; on, on he speeds, nothings retards him. On, on, he rushes, nor stops till the race is run. He falters, he stops, his head droops, he pours out his very life blood, sprinkling the whole course which he has run with the precious liquid. It is finished; another faint struggle; a few convulsive jerks and it is all over, I lay panting on the

heaving bosom of Celestine.

After having for the eighth time renewed my embraces with my two loves, we fall asleep, only to wake to new pleasures.

At the end of the week Caroline, having completed her business, placed in my hands, upwards of three millions of francs and jewels to the value of one million more, and the following day we left St. Petersburg.

Having at my request provided themselves with a full wardrobe of male attire we started for France, where I longed to be, to put into operation all my schemes of pleasure, which I was determined should rival, if not excel, anything of the kind ever seen or heard of in the East.

On passing the frontier of France, I directed my route to the chateau, where, after depositing my lovely mistresses, I kept on to Paris.

On entering the capital I drove to the most fashionable upholsterer, telling him what I wanted done, gave him *carte blanche* in respect to the expense to be incurred.

Telling the man to make everything of the very richest material money could purchase, I advanced him a cheque for one hundred thousand francs, with the privilege of drawing on my banker for more in case of need.

Giving orders to have everything fixed in one month, I started to seek out some of the members of the Club from which I had stolen Celestine.

My first visit was to the hotel of the Count de C——, for the purpose of seeing Mademoiselle de C——, or Rosalie, as I shall call her, who having been my partner in the initiative act on the night of my admittance to the club, I felt a considerable partiality towards her, and determined to transplant her to the chateau as soon as everything was fitted up in it.

On entering the hotel I was told that the Count and his lady were out, enquiring for Rosalie, I was shown into the music room, where I found her seated at a harp.

On the servant disappearing she ran up to me, and threw herself into my arms.

I led her to a sofa, and seating her on my knee, unfolded

to her my intentions, stating what I had done and what I intended to do. Telling her how Celestine had accompanied me to Russia; how I had made a conquest of the charming Caroline; how I had brought them both to France, and left them at the chateau. I urged her by all the powers of persuasion I could employ to go with me to the chateau, where her life would be one continued round of luxurious pleasure.

She gave her consent to accompany me as soon as I had everything prepared for her reception.

During our conversation I was pressing and moulding her breasts, and as the dialogue gained interest my hand became more bold, and roamed everywhere.

When I had finished talking I found that in my absent-mindedness I had lain her down on the sofa, and was preparing to put her attentions of love to the proof, when an infernal servant opened the door to announce a visitor.

Ach, cursed luck! thought I, as we settled ourselves, to be thus interrupted at such a time. But on seeing the lady enter my grief was changed to joy, for she was certainly the most voluptuous and beautiful creature my eyes ever looked on. With what dignity, what grace she crossed the room. What graceful ease reigned in every motion. A well-turned ankle, a pretty little foot, that noiselessly tripped across the floor, gave me a very good opinion of what was to be found above the garter.

Rosalie introduced the lady to me as Laura, daughter of the Count de B——. Seeing there was no further opportunity of paying my compliments privately to Rosalie, I took my leave to make other calls.

I spent some six or eight days in Paris, leaving orders with jewellers and silversmiths for every variety of fancy articles, not forgetting to have my banker write to his agent in London, to procure me a swift sailing yacht of the largest size, fitted up in the richest manner, without regard to cost, and to be manned with a crew and willing to do any service I might name. She was ordered to be sent to the chateau on the coast of Brittany, where a small creek, putting in from the open sea, made an excellent harbour for a vessel.

Having finished my business, I hastened down to the

chateau, taking with me a first-rate architect and a number of workmen.

In a short time I had converted a large saloon on the second floor into a magnificent hall. Its sides and ends were covered with flowers and evergreens, making a perpetual summer. On each side stood a row of statues of nude figures, which I had purchased in Paris. At either end played a beautiful fountain, while in the centre was a large marble basin, in which played a third fountain. The figure that cast up the water was a statue of a female lying down, so arranged that she seemed to be floating on her back in the water, the *jet d'eau* burst from her cunt, and ascended nearly to the ceiling, making a shower bath to anyone who would be seated on the figure.

The side windows opened on to a balcony, which overlooked the sea.

On the opposite side of the corridor I had converted the whole suite of apartments into one large room, which as soon as the upholsterer arrived was to be furnished with fifty beds.

The suite of apartments on the same floor of the adjoining wing I had converted into one large bathing room. In this room was a marble bath, in which fifty people could bathe at the same time. A small fish pond stood in the garden. It turned into a small lake about one hundred yards in diameter.

CHAPTER 9

IN the course of a few weeks a vessel arrived in the creek, laden with furniture for the chateau, and the upholsterer presented himself to me. I took him through the building, showing him in what style I wished such and such rooms furnished.

The room of fountains was simply furnished with cushions of rich satin and silk, and musical instruments, as I intended it merely for smoking, singing, and dancing.

The other long room opposite was furnished with bedsteads of finest rosewood, inlaid with gold, silver, pearl, and even precious stones. Each bed had springs placed in it, and was stuffed with the finest down. The sheets were cambric of the finest texture, coverlets of silks and satins, beautifully worked, while over all was spread a Brussels or point lace.

The curtains were of crimson velvet, set off with white silk. In the alcove of each bed was placed a mirror, set in frames of silver.

The floor was covered with the richest carpets; the walls were hung with silk, on which were worked the loves of Cupid and Psyche, Rape of Europa, Leda ravished by Jupiter in the shape of a swan, Diana issuing from the bath, a Procession of naked female Bacchanalians carrying the Jolly Gods in Triumph on their shoulders, and other devices.

Instead of chairs and sofas there were cushions placed in the room, worked with pearls and precious stones, bordered with fringe of pure bullion.

Each bed stood on a raised dais of mahogany. The carpets were of the richest texture, so soft and thick that the foot sank ankle deep in them. At one end of the chamber was the state bed; it was partitioned off from the other parts

of the room by a curtain of blue velvet.

This apartment was furnished as a Turkish tent, the drapery (of green velvet) depended from a centre-piece of gold stars, and was drawn down to the sides so as to form a perfect tent.

The bed stood in the centre of the place, it was made of beautifully carved cedar from Lebanon; the posts, head and foot boards were ornamented with designs of birds, fishes, men and women, &c., of pure gold and silver, set with precious stones. Curtains of richly wrought velvet, looped up with chains of gold, completed the *coup d'aeil*.

I had placed no ornament in this apartment, so it was designed as an initiatory bed for all the beauties I could bring to the place. And although licentious pictures, statues, &c., may have an exhilarating effect upon men at times, they also, by their beauty, attract the attention from the dear creatures we might be enjoying.

Adjoining this large bedchamber I furnished one as a dressing-room. The walls and ceiling were inlaid with large plate mirrors, making the room one complete looking glass. At the sides, overhead, no matter where they might look, whosoever entered it could see nothing but their reflections.

Here were placed stands and toilette table, of chased gold and silver, ivory, and pearl; all the perfumes of the East, all the cosmetics that could enhance the beauty, and give youth and fullness to those who inhabited the place, were here in profusion.

Adjoining the room of glasses was a drawing-room which looked out on the garden. The doors and windows opened on to a balcony running the full length of that side of the castle. To this room I paid more attention than to any other. The floor was covered with a carpet of purple velvet, stuffed with down. The rarest productions of the old masters adorned the walls, mirrors, framed in gold, depending from the beaks of birds wrought in silver, hung between the paintings. In each corner of the room stood a statue of one of the graces, in the bodies of which were set music boxes, made to discourse the sweetest music. On stands of alabaster were large vases, *chefs d'oeuvre* of Dresden

manufacture, containing sweet smelling flowers; while the richest spices and perfumes of Araby, burning in censers entirely concealed in niches in the wall, diffused through the room odours that enchanted the senses.

Here it was that I received my mistresses after all the rooms were furnished.

During the time the workmen were busy arranging the rooms and furniture, I had kept them in a distant wing of the chateau, refusing to see them till everything was finished. I had secured the services of a dozen or more lusty fellows and wenches, to serve as servants and guards to those I might wish to detain.

One of the men I made the servant of the bedchamber—so called, as he was the only male I allowed in this part of the castle. Him I sent to bring me La Rose d'Amour and the voluptuous Russian, with Rose, Manette and Marie.

When they entered I was reclining on a pile of cushions, dressed in a loose robe of rich cashmere, with a Turkish cap on my head, ready prepared for a bath, to which I intended to take them.

So soon as the door was closed on them they ran up, and falling on me, devoured me with embraces and kisses. Oh, how they caught fire at the touch of me, burned for that which I had kept them from more than a month, whilst I could scarcely restrain myself from throwing them on the floor and darting the liquid flame of love into them at once. But I restrained myself.

I took them into the garden of flowers, and showed them all my improvements there, the beautiful little lake surrounded with shrubs and trees, over the whole surface of which was a net of fine wire, which confined a quantity of rare birds.

Again we entered the chateau, and passed through to the bedchamber, where I showed them the fifty beds, telling them I intended to travel till I had procured fifty of the handsomest women in the world to lay in them.

From this we passed on to the bathing-room, and throwing off all covering, plunged into the perfumed waters.

After laying and wantoning in the bath for some time, I

pulled the tassell of a bell, and four of the wenches I before mentioned entered to serve as waiting-maids.

We emerged from the water, and they dried our bodies and hair, and giving us loose gowns, we wrapped ourselves in them, and I led my beauties to the dressing-room.

I cannot depict their astonishment on entering this apartment of mirrors. Taking their gowns, I threw them out of the door and closed it. I told them to dress in the rich clothes which lay before them.

How great was their astonishment to see themselves reflected a thousand times in the walls and ceiling! The toilet stands seemed to be in every part of the room, and it was some time ere they could get over the confusion they were in, but with the help of one another they got dressed. The dresses I had provided for them were those used by the Turks—wide, loose pants and vests of satin, and short skirts, instead of the unhandy long shift.

After having dressed ourselves, I took them to the room of fountains, where we had a rich lunch. Here I opened to them my views, telling them that after one more trip to Paris, as soon as the yacht arrived which I had ordered, I intended to sail for Constantinople, where I would buy some of the most beautiful girls I could find, and also that I intended to purchase some mutes and eunuchs for my own harem, as I could not trust the females I might buy and bring with me the same as I could the ones that were now around me.

I told them I intended to take one or two of them with me in the vessel when I went, and that to be perfectly fair and impartial they should draw to see who should be the lucky ones; and also that I intended to have two of them sleep with me that night, and they must draw for that at the same time.

I had determined beforehand that I would sleep with Celestine and Caroline, and also that I would take them with me on my voyage, so I arranged the drawing that it came out as I wished.

At an early hour I led the way to the bedroom, followed by the five girls. It took us but a moment to put ourselves in

a state of nakedness.

Oh, with what joy, what transports, I hugged their warm naked bodies to mine! How delightfully the soft, smooth, white skin of their bellies felt as they twined about in my arms! With what fervour did they fasten their moist, pouting lips to mine, while their lustrous eyes sparkled and flashed with lustful fires.

I draw the voluptuous Celestine to the bed. My passions are raised to the highest pitch. My prick is swelled almost to bursting, its vermilion head stands erect against my belly, not to be bent without danger of breaking.

Celestine is on her back, her thighs apart, showing the lips of her luscious cunt slightly open, anxiously awaiting the attack.

I precipitate myself upon her; I pierce her to the very quick. She screams with mingled pain and pleasure.

The enormous head of my prick distends the folds and lips of her cunt to their utmost stretch. The storm increases, everything trembles, the lightnings flash, the rain pours, it comes in torrents! I spend! I die! My God, what pleasure! Oh, heavens, have mercy!

We rolled, we screamed, we bit, we yelled like demons from the excess of our pleasure. Her cunt is a small lake of sperm, my prick swims in it, lolling its length. I draw it out, and the pearly liquid gushed forth, flooding her thighs and the sheets with the rich mingled essence of our bodies.

Ah, my charming Celestine, what an exquisite pleasure did I experience whilst in your arms that night. Thrice did I, goaded by my fierce lusts, bedew the cunts of my two noble mistresses with a deluge of the precious liquid, bountifully supplied by the stream of pleasure from love's reservoir.

I recovered myself a little, and paid a visit to Rose, Manette, and Marie, to each of whom I did justice, always advancing to the attack with head erect and flying colours. Nor did I leave one of them without having well oiled their precious little maws with the dear liquid that women are ever looking for.

On the following morning I started for Paris, accompanied by Caroline, dressed as a page, to finish my

preparation for starting to Constantinople.

After stopping at my hotel, I sallied out with my female page to call on Rosalie de C., whom I was lucky enough to find alone.

Having embraced her, I introduced Caroline to her, asking when she would be ready to go with me to the chateau; she replied that she would be ready in two days.

I then enquired after her friend, the lovely Laura B—. I told Rosalie that I was determined to possess her friend Laura by some means or other, and that she must render me her assistance in securing her, and as I could think of no other plan, I proposed to Rosalie that she should go and get her friend to take an airing with her in the Bois de Boulogne, and that in a sequestered place I would come up with them, alight from my carriage, and invite her and Laura to get out and take a walk, and that I would then throw a shawl over Laura's head, force her into my own carriage, take herself and Caroline, and set out with all possible speed for the castle.

Everything happened as I had arranged.

On coming up with Rosalie in the wood, she accepted my invitation to walk.

I opened the door of the carriage, and as Laura passed out first, just as she reached the ground, Rosalie from behind threw a large shawl over her head, and drew the corners close around her neck, so that her voice could not be heard. I caught her up in my arms and carried her into my own carriage. Rosalie and Caroline entered immediately and I dashed off with my fair prize at the top speed of four fine horses.

On the road to the chateau I stopped at no houses but those of persons whom I had brought over to my own interest.

Arrived at the place we stopped at for the night, I hurried with my companions into a large room prepared for us by a courier that I had sent in advance.

Immediately after my arrival supper was served. Dismissing all the attendants, I turned the key in the door, and for the first time since I had forced her into my carriage, I

spoke to Laura.

I told her of my unconquerable love for her, of the feelings that were aroused in my heart towards her the first time that I saw her at Rosalie's house, and that I then formed the determination of carrying her off to the chateau. That I was determined no one else should be possessed of so much beauty, nor revel in such charms as she possessed.

I laid open to Laura all my plans. I informed her how I had fitted up the old castle, and for what purpose, telling her that she would find there Celestine C——, one of her old companions, and that Rosalie was another who willingly accompanied me.

I introduced her to Caroline Z——, telling her rank, how I made a conquest of her, and her having linked her fortune with mine, and followed me to France.

I dwelt at some length on the life of luxurious ease and pleasure we should lead at the chateau, expatiating on the endless joys and ecstasies of her living with me in all the unrestrained liberty of sexual intercourse.

Rosalie and Caroline also spoke to her of the life of pleasure they led with me, describing to her, as well as they could, the extreme luxury of lying in a man's arms and being well fucked; and used all their powers of persuasion to induce her to go with them and me peaceably to the chateau.

Laura, from being at first very sulky, neither eating nor speaking to any of us, became somewhat mollified, so that she partook of the supper, and answered questions put to her by my two mistresses.

After the supper was removed I called for wine, and while we sat talking and drinking I took care to make the discourse run principally upon one subject alone—that of love and its natural consequences, and the intercourse of the two sexes.

Caroline and Rosalie were very useful auxiliaries, talking with the utmost abandon, stripping and dancing about over the floor as the wine began to fly to their heads, uncovering their breasts, showing their bobbies, occasionally flirting up their petticoats, exhibiting a fine calf or knee, with other

tricks, all of which tended to confuse the senses of the charming little Laura, who watched their movements all the while. I constantly plied her with wine till she became somewhat excited and a little free, making remarks on the two girls who were tussling on the floor.

I rang the bell, and ordered a bottle of white brandy, which, as soon as it was brought in, I uncorked, and pouring out glasses of it, invited my Russian to drink. She took up the glass, as did Rosalie, both declaring that Laura must drink with them. After some hesitation she took up the glass, and placing it to her lips, sipped a little of the liquor, and put it down.

Caroline and Rosalie, for the purpose of inducing the charming Laura to drink freely of the brandy, drank glass after glass of it, till Laura, from sipping, began to toss off her glass as well as either of us.

When I gave them the sign to retire for the night, Laura had become so intoxicated that she required the assistance of the other two to enable her to retire without staggering in her gait.

After they got into their bedchamber, I stripped myself perfectly naked, and Caroline having left the door slightly ajar, I stepped into the room; hiding myself behind a bed curtain I observed the manoeuvres of my two lovely pimps.

They first undressed themselves stark naked, then did the same for the inebriated Laura. And then she stood in all her naked beauty before me, exhibiting charms to my ardent gaze, more lovely, if possible, than any I had heretofore ever enjoyed.

After my mistresses had stripped Laura of her clothes, they viewed and admired her naked beauties, praising them above that of the Venus de Medicis, throwing her down on the floor, turning her over and over, squeezing her breasts, pinching her backside, opening her thighs, even the lips of the dear little niche between them. They praise its beauty, admire the lascivious plumpness of its lips, and even go so far as to lay their kisses upon it. The conversation running in praise, the while, on the pleasures she would mutually enjoy with the men who should be so lucky as to tear up the

virgin defences which guarded the entrance to so delicious a little cunt.

I could now see Caroline insert the tip of her finger into the dear little slit with which she was playing, and commence tickling her, while Rosalie threw her arms around her neck, and drawing her to a close embrace, kissed her, putting her tongue into Laura's mouth, which, with the frigging she was receiving from Caroline, caused her to experience the most delightful sensations, if I might judge from the exclamations and the wriggings of her backside, as she squirmed about on the floor.

Perceiving, by the motions of Laura, that she would soon, for the first time, slightly experience the ecstatic joys which woman can only procure the full enjoyment of when in the arms of a man. Seeing this I slipped out from my hiding place, and went and took the place of Caroline between her thighs (unperceived by Laura, whose face was hid in the bosom of Rosalie), and inserting my finger into her cream jug, I soon brought down a copious libation of the precious liquid with which my hand was plentifully bedewed, so freely did the liquid jet out once the sluice was opened. Crossing her thighs over my body, she almost squeezed the breath from me, exclaiming in broken accents:

"Oh, now it comes! Again—oh God! I faint. I die!"

Loosening her holds, she stretched herself out with, as usual, a gentle shudder, as the ecstasy caused her to faint away.

While Laura lay in her trance of pleasure I laid myself down in her arms, placing my cheek on her bosom, my lips touching hers, my hand still covering that dear slit, and my finger still retaining possession of its inner folds.

As I perceived Laura beginning to recover from her ecstasy, I drew her to my bosom and recommenced my titillations. I asked her if she was still angry with me for carrying her away, telling her that as soon as we arrived at the chateau, she should enjoy all the reality of the unreal mockery she had just tasted through the agency of my fingers.

If her modesty and virtue were not entirely conquered,

the motion of my fingers reproduced in her the delicious sensations of pleasure from which she had just recovered, and which for the second time she was about to enjoy. She could make me no answer, but to throw her arms round my neck and glue her lips to mine.

My desires were excited to the highest pitch, I depicted to her the pleasure she would experience when, after arriving at the chateau, I should deflower her of her virginity, and triumphantly carry off her maidenhead on the head of this, "dear Laura," I said, as I took one of her hands and clasped it round my prick. "Then," said I, "you will know all the joys of pleasures of a real fuck."

"You will then," I continued, "experience all the sweet confusion, far different from what you now feel, of stretching wide apart your thighs to receive man between them, to feel his warm naked body joined to yours, the delicious preparatory toying with your breasts, the hot kisses lavished on them and on your lips, his roving tongue to force its way between your rosy lips in search of yours, the delicious meeting of them, their rolling about and tickling each other as mine now does yours," at the same time thrusting my tongue to meet hers.

"And then to feel him take his prick, and with the tips of his fingers part the lips of the flesh sheath into which he intends to shove it, putting the head if it between the lips, and gently shoving it in at first, stretching the poor little thing to its utmost extent, till, not without some pain to you, the head is effectually lodged in it. Then, after laying a kiss on your lips, he commences the attack by gently but firmly and steadily shoving into you, increasing his shoves harder and harder, till he thrusts with all his force, causing you to sigh and cry out, he thrusts hard, he gains a little at every move, he forces the barriers, he tears and roots up all your virginal defences, you cry out for mercy but receive none. His passions are aroused into madness, fire flashes from his eyes, concentrating all his energies for one tremendous thrust, he lunges forward, carries everything before him, and enters the fort by storm, reeking with the blood of his fair enemy, who with a scream of agony yields up her

maidenhead to the conqueror, who, having put his victim *hors de combat*, proceeds to reap the reward of his hard fought and bloody battle.

"Now, he draws himself out to the head, and slowly enters again. Again he draws out, and again enters, till the friction caused by the luscious tightness of the rich flesh which clasps tightly his foaming pego causes such delicious sensations that he is no longer master of himself.

"He lunges with fierceness into her, the crisis of pleasure approaches; he feels it coming, he drives it home to her—deeper, deeper. At last it comes—he spends.

"My God, the pleasure! His exclamations of Oh! ah! the deep drawn sighs, the short jerks of his backside, the quick motions of his rump, proclaim that the acme of pleasure has seized him, and that he is spurting into her the precious fluid which oils and cools the burning itchings of the dear little cunt, which has undergone the one painful trial to which all your sex is liable."

During my description Caroline had taken my pego in her hands, and had been playing with and rubbing it all the time. I still kept my finger in Laura, and perceiving by the twitching of her rump that she was about to spend—

"I—oh, dear—I—now—feel it. There, I come now, I spend. Ah, oh, oh, h—ha!" and I died away on her bosom, to awake and find that Laura had wet my hand with a most plentiful effusion of nectar ravished from her by my fingers, while I had squirted over her belly and thighs a flood of sperm.

Laura, without any murmurings, gave herself up to me and the seductive friggings of my fingers without any reserve, and not till nature was perfectly exhausted did we fall asleep in each other's arms.

In the morning, when Laura awoke and found herself lying in my arms, she sprang from my side, and snatching a coverlet from the bed, wrapped herself in it, and sat down in one corner, sobbing and weeping as though her heart would break.

I attempted to console her, but she would not listen to me, and having dressed myself I went into another room,

while Caroline and Rosalie tried to bring her to herself again, and they succeeded so far as to bring her out to breakfast, which was shortly afterwards served.

At the table they rallied Laura for her coyness in the morning, after having spent so delightful a night with me, jesting her about my having procured for her with my finger the exquisite pleasure which had thrown her into such delicious swoons. Telling her how, when the fit was coming on her she would throw her arms round me, squeeze my hand between her thighs, wriggle her plump little buttocks, &c.

After having drunk a few glasses of wine she had completely recovered her spirits.

I went out of the room to order the carriage, and on returning I found her tussling with the other girls, they trying to throw her down for the purpose of giving her a taste of the pleasure she had enjoyed so frequently through my agency during the night.

When I entered the two called me to come and help them, while Laura begged me to rescue her from the hands of her tormentors.

Whilst they were thus calling on me the landlord entered to announce the carriage, when taking Laura by the arm, I led her out, followed by the others. We entered the carriage and drove off.

It was late in the night when we arrived at the chateau, on the third day of our being on the road. I retired to bed and fell asleep, with all the girls sleeping around me, determined to touch none of them, reserving all the powers within me for the purpose of doing full justice to the maidenhead of the lovely Laura.

CHAPTER 10

THE morning after our arrival, on awakening, I roused up the sleeping beauties who lay around me, and led them to the bathing-apartment.

We all entered the water, and after sporting for an hour or more, we issued from it, and entering the dressing-room, made our morning toilets, the girls dressed in cymar, pants and vest, such as those worn by the Odalisques in the East.

This day was made all preparations on a splendid scale for the great sacrifice of the night, the taking of Laura's maidenhead.

We spent the time in roving the park until noon; running, jumping and tussling, so as to keep an excited circulation of the blood.

The dinner, which I had ordered three hours later than usual, consisted of all the most highly seasoned dishes and the richest and most exhilarating wines, of which we partook to a slight excess and at last rose from the table with our amorous propensities aroused to the highest pitch.

We retired to the bedchamber, and stripping ourselves we again sought the bath, which was highly scented with the most costly perfumes.

Remaining but a short time in the bath, we went to the bedchamber, and Rose and Marie having drawn aside the heavy hangings, we entered the state-apartment. Here Celestine and Manette, with towels of the finest linen, absorbed the water from the body and hair of Laura, while Rosalie and Caroline did the same for me.

While they were combing out the rich auburn tresses which floated in wavy masses over her neck and shoulders, I was on my knees before her, combing out the black silken hair which grew, with a luxuriance seldom seen in girls of seventeen, out of the fattest little hillock I ever saw and

almost hid the entrance to the beautiful grotto beneath.

Having combed out her precious locks, *comme il faut*, and parted them from around the mouth of the greedy little maw, which was shortly and for the first time to partake and eat of the flesh, with the tips of my fingers I open the pouting lips and feast my eyes with gazing on the deep carnation of the luscious love-niche, in which I was soon to put the idol. I peep, gaze look and try to get a further insight into the hidden mysteries of the deep, dark, cavernous recess; but my sight could penetrate no further than a most tempting bit of flesh, somewhat in the shape of a heart, which appeared to be pendant, like a dazzling light from the ceiling of a room, in the centre of the passage to the unexplored cavern, through the folding doors of which I was peeping.

My enraptured eyes still gaze on the tempting titbit before me, till, recalled to my senses by feeling something moving between my thighs, and looking down, I perceive the hand of Celestine clasped around my noble shaft, and slowly drawing her hand up and down it, covering and uncovering its beautiful red head with the fine white skin which lay around the neck in folds.

This at once gave an impetus to my desires, which could not be restrained. I raised up, and catching Laura in my arms, I carried her to the bed and placed her on it, the firm semi-globes of her backside resting on the edge of the bed, supported by a cushion of white satin, covered with an embroidered cloth of fine linen.

Celestine and Caroline support each a leg, while Rose and Marie jump onto the bed, and Manette and Rosalie stand on either side to support me, in case my feelings should overpower me at the close of the performance, and also to serve as pilots for me—the one to open the gate of love, the other to guide the fiery dart aright into the entrance.

Fearing somewhat for the little maid, who was to undergo the process of defloration, and knowing that the rose was not without its thorn and that the sting would at first be pretty severe, I anointed my impatient virgin-destroyer with

perfumed oil, and marched to the battlefield, determined to conquer or to die.

Her legs were held apart, I enter between and plant a soft kiss on the lips which I was about cruelly to tear open, which seemed to send a thrill of joy through her.

I slightly incline forward; the tips of Manette's fingers part the rosy lips. Rosalie grasps hold of my pego and lodges the head in the entrance.

The two girls, who support her legs, rest them on my hips, and standing behind me, cross their arms with joined hands so that the ankles rest on them as on a cushion. Gathering myself up, I make one fierce lunge forward and gain a full inch.

The sudden distention of the parts cause her to scream with pain and to wriggle her rump in such manner that instead of in any way ridding herself of me, it was a help to me in my endeavours to penetrate still further.

I thrust harder, I penetrate, I pierce her. The blood begins to flow, I feel it on my thighs. Her buttocks are convulsively twitching and wriggling in endeavours to throw me off. In her agony she utters scream after scream.

Poor little maid, it is a rough and thorny way to travel. But once gone over, the road is ever after smooth. Again I thrust forward.

"Ah, my God!" she exclaims, "I shall die! Have mercy on me!"

I have no pity on her and shove harder than ever to put her out of her pain and agony. I tear her open, carrying everything before me, and one last shove sends me crowned with victory into the very sanctum of love amidst the clapping of hands and the shouts of triumph by those who surround us.

No sooner was I buried in her to the extremest point than I lay quivering and gasping on her belly, spending into her womb a flood of boiling sperm.

I soon regained new life and vigour, and drawing myself out to the head, commenced a to-and-fro friction that caused no more than a few "ahs" and deep-drawn sighs, as the sperm I had injected into her had oiled the parts and

made the way comparatively easy for the dear creature who lay under me.

She now received my thrusts and shoves with a slight quivering of her rump. She clasps me in her arms, she closes her eyes. A few energetic heaves and the dear girl feels the pleasure, despite that pain that a woman experiences in having drawn from her for the first time by a man the milk of human kindness.

I too meet her and again melt away in her, fairly drenching her with the copious draught of the liquid I spurted into her.

At last I rise up from off my lovely virgin, leaving her a bleeding sacrifice on the altar of love.

The girls gathered around Laura congratulating her on being transformed from a maid into a woman. The entrance being forced, she could henceforth drive into the boundless pleasures and joys of love without feeling pain.

They raised her up whilst cleaning her of the blood that dyed her thighs and buttocks, I took up the consecrated cushion and its bloody covering and directed one of them to prepare the bed for us. I—but no. I determined to give her a little rest, and ordering the girls to prepare a cold supper, told them to awake me in two hours, and we fell asleep in each other's arms.

After sleeping for some time, Laura woke much refreshed, but still feeling sore from the severe battering she had received.

The table being laid alongside the bed, we reclined on it, the others sitting around the table on cushions.

Not feeling much inclined to eat, I commenced dallying with my bedfellow, railing her on the feelings she experienced while I was taking her maidenhead, till the spirit began to wax powerful within me, whereupon I laid her down flat on her back and fell with my face downward upon her, and thence followed what the spirit moveth. Yes, verily, we did mighty deeds of fucking that night, and it was not until after the sixth operation, or moving of the spirit, that we lay exhausted in each other's arms and fell asleep.

In a few days after there arrived at the mouth of the creek

a fine large steam-brig, which dropped anchor and sent a boat ashore with the captain, who delivered me a letter from my banker, stating who and what the officers and crew were and upon what terms they had been engaged.

I immediately walked down to the creek and going into the boat with the captain, we pulled on board. I examined her decks, masts, etc., and then descended to the cabin, which exceeded my most sanguine expectations, so magnificently was it fitted up. The cabin contained six staterooms, very large and splendidly fitted up, equalling in style and ornament the most elegant boudoir I had ever seen in Paris.

I questioned the captain, who was English, as well as the whole crew, in regard to the men on board.

He said that he and his men had been employed to serve me in any way I might think proper, so long as I did not command him to commit piracy. That he and the crew were paid enormous wages, and that they were bound and felt ready and willing to follow me to "heaven or hell" if I but showed them the way.

On questioning the stewards, I found the brig to be well stored with all the luxuries that could be procured.

I ascended to the deck with the captain, and passing the word forward for all hands to come aft, I had a crew of most hardy and devil-may-care looking fellows around me in a trice, standing respectfully hats in hand.

I made them a short address, laying open to them my intentions, and stating the service I required of them.

I gave the captain his orders to be in readiness to sail in two days and I returned to the chateau.

Summoning the steward I directed him to prepare everything for our voyage, as I determined to start in two days for Constantinople.

I then directed a page to send the women to me.

On their entering, I made them all strip to the skin and examined the cunts and several charms of each of them with a critical eye, endeavouring when all were most lusciously beautiful to select one as my *compagnon de voyage*; but not being able to choose among so many loves I left it to chance.

Taking up a dice-box, I made each throw in her turn. La Rose D'Amour and my fair Russian, Caroline, made the highest throws and I determined to take both.

After they had cast their dies, I informed them what my object was. Whereupon, Laura, my last love, who bye-the-bye, was a great libertine, fell on her knees before me weeping, and begged me to take her with me.

It was impossible for me to take more than two, I told her; it was no use to grieve about the matter as she could not go, but that I would pass all my remaining time with her.

Leaving the chateau in the care of my trusty stewards and followers, I embarked, taking with me over one million in francs in gold, for the purpose of purchasing slaves in Constantinople.

CHAPTER 11

AFTER a pleasant voyage of about two weeks, I arrived at the capital of the Turkish Empire.

At the earliest opportunity I presented my letters to some of the most wealthy and influential foreigners under a fictitious name.

I soon became acquainted with many wealthy Turks and among them three or four slave-merchants.

I then hired an interpreter, and paying a visit to one of the merchants, engaged him as an agent to find out and procure me a lot of the handsomest females to be found in the market. And knowing that the poor class of the inhabitants were in the daily habit of selling their daughters, such as were handsome enough to grace the harems of the rich and lustful Turks, I directed him to send out some of his emissaries to search out all the families among the poor quarters who had beautiful girls and who would be apt to exchange them for gold.

In the course of a few days my agent called on me, stating that he was about to go on a three days' trip from the city to the house of an old broker-merchant of his who was continually in receipt of girls from the interior of the kingdom, and occasionally of a few from Circassia. That for certain reasons he never came to the city, but on receipt of any new beauties he always wrote, and he, my agent, went to his place of residence and either bargained for or took the females to Constantinople and sold them on commission.

He said that when I first called him he wrote to his correspondent in the country, who replied that he had several very fine girls, one in particular whom he named Ibzaidu, who, he said, was fit to adorn the harem of the Grand Sultan.

I told my agent, Ali Hassan, to start immediately and bring the lot, if they were beautiful, to the city.

In the interim of his absence, attended by my interpreter, I sauntered day and night through the streets and bazaars, endeavouring to spy out some of the beauties of the place; but all in vain, I could not catch even a glimpse of a female face.

On the evening of the ninth day from his leaving me, Ali called on me, saying that he had brought with him seven slaves, who were safe in his harem, and invited me to call at his house in the morning and examine them.

He ran perfectly wild in his praises of Ibzaïdu, whom he pronounced to be more beautiful than a *hourî*, the *ne plus ultra* of Circassian beauty.

About eleven o'clock the following day, I went to Ali's house and immediately entered on business.

He retired for a few minutes to give orders for the slaves to prepare for my visit.

In the course of half-an-hour a eunuch entered, made a *salaam* to his master, and retired.

Ali rose, and inviting me to follow, led the way into a large and elegantly furnished apartment in his harem.

On entering, I beheld six girls seated on the cushions at one side of the room, dressed in loose Turkish pants of white satin and vested of rich embroidered stuff.

In the centre of the room was a couch and at one end of it stood two eunuchs. After surveying them as they sat, and noting their different styles of beauty—knowing it to be customary—I told Ali that I wished to examine them in a perfectly naked state to ascertain if they were still virgins, as he represented them to be. And also that I wished to see if the several parts of their bodies corresponded in beauty with their faces.

He immediately led one of them out on to the floor beside me, and spoke a few words to her and the others in Turkish. I then made a sign for him and the eunuchs to go out and leave me alone with the females.

They retired, and taking hold of the girl's hand, I signed her to strip, which she refused to do. I entreated and urged

her as well as I could by signs to do so; but she crossed her hands over her breast, refusing to do it. I clapped my hands and Ali and his eunuchs entered. I merely nodded my head to him when he pointed his finger at the girl and the eunuchs caught hold of her and in a trice stripped her naked. I then went up to her, laid my hand on her firm round bobbies, pressed and moulded them, felt her waist, rubbed my hand lower down, onto the mossy covering of her cunt, she sprang from me and catching up some of her clothes, wrapped them round her body, and sat down in one corner.

Ali stamped his foot on the floor, and the eunuchs took her and carrying her threw her on her back on the couch.

One held her down by the shoulders, while the other caught hold of one leg and Ali of the other, stretching them wide apart, I fell on my knees between them, and with my fingers opened the lips of her cunt. On attempting to insert one of them into it, and finding that I could barely force the tips in, which caused her to wince and cry out, and to twist her backside about, I desisted, firmly persuaded that she had her maidenhead inviolate.

Whilst they held her on the couch, I examined, felt, and kissed every part of her; and having provided myself with such things on purpose, I placed on her wrist, neck and finger, a bracelet, necklace, and ring. Making a sign they let her rise, and giving her back her clothes, she dressed and sat down much pleased with and examining her jewels.

I now led out another girl, and made a sign for her to undress which she took no notice of, standing with her arms crossed, and her head hanging down. I took her hands and removing them from her breasts proceeded to take her vest, and as she did not resist, I told Ali and his slaves to go out and wait outside the room.

I then stripped her of her pants and cymar and was much pleased with her beauty. I led her up to the couch and sitting down drew her to my side, handling her breasts, feeling her arms, belly, thighs, twining my fingers about the luxurious growth of hair that overgrew the grotto underneath, to all of which she made no resistance.

At last I laid her down on her back and spreading her

thighs apart, inspected her cunt, and found she was still possessed of all the signs of virginity. I also gave her jewels, such as I gave the first one, and inspected the balance in the same manner, picking out one after one.

Two I found not to be virgins, and one was bandy-legged although handsome in every other respect.

I called in Ali and enquired where the beautiful Ibzaidu was, desiring him to bring her to me.

Ali clapped his hands and two female slaves entered leading her in. Then they retired leaving her standing before me. She was enveloped in a piece of fine Indian muslin and had a veil over her face.

I raised the veil and started back in amazement at the dazzling beauty of her face.

I then caught hold of the drapery in which she was enveloped, and gently drawing it from her clasp, I threw it on one side, and gazed with admiration on the most ravishingly beautiful face and figure I ever beheld.

Hers was one of those oval majestic faces, such as poets and mythologists attribute to Juno.

I much admired her rich jet-black hair which clustered in ringlets over her neck and shoulders, contrasting singularly with the dazzling whiteness of her skin. Her shoulders were finely formed, her arms, plump, beautifully rounded, would cause a sigh of desire to arise in any breast, to be clasped in their embrace. Her breasts, luxuriously large, hard and firm, white as snow-flakes, tipped with deliciously small nipples, of that fine pink colour which so strongly denotes virginity in the possessor.

Her waist was gracefully elegant and tapering; her belly fine, round, and with the whiteness of alabaster, soft as the finest velvet down. Her hips were very large and wide, while her buttocks swelling out behind two hillocks of snowy-white flesh, firm and springy to the touch, gave token of the vivacity and liveliness with which their owner would enter into the delicious combats of love.

Her thighs were of a largeness and fleshy plumpness seldom seen in a female, with the knees small, while the calf was large in proportion to the thigh. The ankes tapering,

and a foot delicately small, spoke plainly to the looker-on that the seat and centre of love, that dear part of women which takes away the senses of all men, was an equally small and elegant pattern.

Her chin was most charmingly dimpled, her lips, full and pouting, slightly open, gave just a glimpse of two rows of ivory, which appeared set in the deep rosy flesh of her small and elegant mouth. Her nose was of the Grecian cast, her eyes of a sparkling lustrous black, and the forehead was middling high. She was, in fact the very beau ideal of female beauty.

What ease and grace reigned in every part. With what a sylph-like springy motion she moved, as I led her towards the couch on which I stretched her out. There I examined minutely all her secret charms. I felt and handled every part.

Her cunt was ravishing, beyond all description. The mossy Mount of Venus swelled up into a hillock of firm flesh, surmounted and covered with rich, mossy, coal-black hair, straight and fine as silk. The lips were most luscious, fat, rosy, pouting beauties. On opening them, I felt for her clitoris and found it to be extremely large, while the orifice was narrow and small indeed, apparently not larger than a girl's of eleven or twelve years of age.

"God of love!" I exclaimed on viewing it, "here is a maidenhead that might have tempted Jupiter from Olympus, a prophet from the arms of the houris in Paradise, or an anchorite from his cell."

Handling and examining so many lovely things had set me on fire, and I could hardly restrain myself from immolating her on the altar as a sacrificial offering to the god of voluptuous love.

I drew myself away from her and signed her to rise up and resume her drapery.

I then concluded the bargain for the purchase of Ibzaidu, and for the first three I had chosen.

After settling with Ali, I told him that he must let me have the use of a part of his house, including the harem, during my stay, so that I should be able to guard safely my slaves and to have for them proper attendance. Also, that he must

instantly purchase for me six or eight mutes and eunuchs, which he immediately set about, whilst I returned to my house to get my money, jewels, etc., and also to bring away Caroline and her companion.

CHAPTER II

IN the evening I had arranged everything and was seated on a pile of cushions in one of the apartments of Ali's harem, my head reclining on the breast of the voluptuous Circassian, Ibzaidu, or Cluster of Pearls, as her name signified, surrounded by my other slaves whom I gave to Ibzaidu for servants and who, I was determined, should reign supreme until such time as I should find someone more beautiful than herself.

I had opened my caskets of jewels, and adorned her wrists, arms, neck, head and ankles with jewels of massy gold of Western and Oriental workmanship, and it seemed that she would never tire looking at and playing with them as a child would with a painted bauble.

Before night my host came in, bringing with him mutes and eunuchs, and he showed me through the suite of apartments devoted to my service, one of which I found to be a bedchamber, fitted up with the utmost elegance, containing twenty single beds.

Here it was that I slept among my concubines, or rather I should say that I lay with them, for I deserted all the others with whom I ought to have had sexual connection to repose in the arms of Ibzaidu, who, when she saw me advancing to her bedside, stretched out her arms to me and kicking off the cover, moved to the further side of the bed to make room for me.

I entered her bed, and lay with my cheek resting on her bosom the night long. And although my prick was in splendid condition, firm and erect as a rod of ivory, yet I never once thought of letting it force an entrance through the delicate and narrow passage into the inner court of the temple of love.

I spent about three weeks before I met with any more

prizes, partly in the city, part of the time at the villa of Ali's on the banks of the Bosphorus in the company of Ibzaidu alone, leaving the other females in the city, under the care of the eunuchs.

During one of my visits at the villa, I was surprised one evening, while walking along the terrace of the garden, to see Ali dashing up the road at full speed, mounted on a full-blood Arabian. I descended to the gate and met him, to enquire the news, thinking that something might be wrong at the house I occupied in the city.

On enquiring, he informed me that there was a large lot of females ordered to be sold in a few days, by order of the Grand Sultan.

Ali said they were the females composing the harem of some officer of the State who had been dead about one year, whose only heirs, two nephews, had been quarrelling about the possession of them ever since and that the Sultan had just ordered them to be sold and the proceeds to be divided among the two heirs; and he said that from reports circulating in the city, there must be some beautiful slaves amongst them, and he advised me to start directly for my own house, and that he would by bribery manage to get me a private interview with them, so that I could examine them at my leisure and choose such as I would like to have, and on the day of sale he would purchase them for me.

On the succeeding day I accompanied Ali to the house of the trader in whose keeping were the slaves.

The trader met us at the door, and took me at once into a room in which were the females. They were all enveloped in large white drapery which covered them from head to foot.

Mustapha, the trader, spoke to them, and they arranged themselves in a row round the room, then he retired, telling me that as soon as he left the room, they would all drop their mantles, and I could examine them at leisure.

Leaving me, he went out, locking the door behind him.

Stepping up to the female nearest me she cast her covering behind her. So did the others and I feasted my eyes with a picture of voluptuousness greater than I had ever dreamt of.

There stood before me about sixty females, perfectly naked, that I think could not be excelled in any harem in the East. There were the women of Circassia with their dark flowing tresses, eyes of piercing black and skin of dazzling whiteness, mostly contrasted by the deep carnation of their lips, the nipples of their breasts and the jet-black, bushy hair that surmounted their cunts.

Again, there were the languishing mild blue-eyed beauties ravished from the isles of Greece, and the voluptuous Georgians; even Africa had yielded up her sable beauties to the lusts of the sometime owner of all the lovely slaves who stood about me.

I minutely criticized each one separately, going over their respective claims to beauty with the eye of a connoisseur. Oh, how I feasted my sight on the row of lovely, luscious cunts that ran around the room. I look at, feel, touch them all, and stroke down the bushy hair that surrounds their notch.

I became so much excited from the handling of so many cunts that I put my arm around the waist of one charming little creature, who by her looks must have been a great libertine, and led her into a small side-apartment where, presenting her with a fine gold chain which I wore, I laid her down on a pile of cushions, and twice gave her to experience the most ecstatic pleasures before I got off her.

I gave her sometime to recover from the confusion I had thrown her into, ere we returned to the apartment in which the women were standing, who took no further notice of our absence than to raise their heads and to look at the chain which I had hung around her neck.

I marched the one I had just been fucking with to one side and picked out ten others, among which number was one black, a young African about fifteen years of age, who still retained her virginal rose, and who was, on the whole, the most voluptuously formed female I had ever seen and apparently better fitted for enjoying the pleasure of love than any female in my possession. Her hair was quite straight and black as a raven's wing; her breasts were full and large, as though of ivory. Her waist was slender, while

her hips were spread out to a width I had never before seen. Her thighs were of a largeness to put to shame anything I had ever lain with.

Having stood on one side those whom I wished to purchase, I called in the merchant and Ali and showed them to him, and as the sale was to take place the following day, I ordered him to be punctual in attendance to purchase them for me and left.

On the following day by noon Ali had conveyed to my apartments all the slaves that I had chosen that night. I put four of them to the test, giving them, for the first time, to know the difference between lying in an old goat of a Turk's arms to that of being well fucked by a young and lively Frenchman, overflowing with the precious aqua-vitae, which all women are so greedy after.

I now spent about two weeks in enjoying these new beauties that I had bought, with the exception of those who had not been deflowered of their virginal rose by the horny-headed old lecher, their late master, and those were but three out of this number.

Whilst I was thus idling away my time in the arms of my handsome slaves, my interpreter called on me one morning, and on being admitted into my presence told me that he had found one of the loveliest girls in Constantinople in the house of a poor mechanic and that on enquiry he had refused to part with her on any account or for any amount of money; but he said it might be barely possible to steal her off, if I was so inclined.

I promised him a large sum of money if he would procure her for me, and calling on Ali, my agent consulted with him as to the best means of bringing her off.

They agreed to go and stay about the house at night, until they saw the old man go out, and then, with the assistance of a couple of eunuchs, rush into the house, gag her, carry her out, and put her into a litter and bring her to me, all of which I approved, promising them a rich reward if they succeeded.

It was not until the third night that they were able to carry her off and I was agreeably surprised one night while

reclining in the arms of one of my lovely slaves to see a couple of my mutes come into my room bearing in their arms the beautiful stolen prize.

I took her out of their arms, and seating her on a cushion, I uncovered her face and took the gag from her mouth. I found her to be a lovely creature as far back as I could see and I began stripping her so that I might have a full view of her naked and view all her hidden charms.

Oh! what charms, what beauty met my fiery glance.

I had to call on several of the women to help me hold her while I was feeling and admiring her charms. I burned with desire to enjoy her, I lavished my eager kisses on every part of her body. I fastened my lips to hers. I sucked the rosy nipples of her breasts; the lips of her cunt received more than their share.

I was about to throw myself on her, but reflecting that I had determined to reserve all that had their maidenheads till after my return to France, I sprang from her, threw myself in the arms of Celestine and buried myself up to the hilt in her, just in time to prevent the liquor from spurting all over the floor.

Shortly after, Ali got me two more females, both of whom had been taken from one of the isles of the Hellespont.

I had nearly run out of money and was preparing to start home, when, by accident, I found that Ali was reputed to have a daughter more beautiful than any female in Constantinople, and I determined to wait a while and get possession of her by some means or other.

I had not money enough left to think of offering a sum large enough to tempt his cupidity, so I made all arrangements to steal her off, for which purpose I despatched him into the country.

The same day I found out the part of the house in which Ali had shut up his daughter in the hopes of keeping her from my sight; and I made everything ready for stealing her off the same night as soon as it was dark.

I sent all my baggage and the females with the eunuchs and the mutes on board the brig.

I got a litter, and with the assistance of the interpreter

whom I largely paid to aid me in the enterprise, I succeeded in gaining the apartment of Selina, whom I saw to be asleep. Without a noise we gagged her and putting her into the litter soon had her on board the brig with my other treasures, when we instantly steered out of the harbour and made all haste; nor did I think myself in perfect safety until we floated once more in the Mediterranean.

Selina, on being released, at first made a great outcry at being carried off, and I kept out of her sight until we had been under weigh a couple of days, when the seasickness had tamed her wondrously, and I could approach her without having torrents of abuse and Turkish execrations heaped on my head. In fact, the whole of my passengers were sick, with the exception of Caroline, Celestine, and the Nubian slave.

Those three attended the rest, till they got over their seasickness, which was not until the third or fourth day with some. Then all was mirth, jollity, luscious love.

After all were perfectly recovered, we ran up to a small, verdant but uninhabited island in the Mediterranean and lay to for one day and night.

In the evening I had let down into the water a very large sheet of canvas, made on purpose, supported by the corners of the yard-arms of the vessel, for the purpose of letting the women have a bath. Ordering them to change their rich dresses for pants and shirts of plain white cotton, I took them on deck and having stationed the sailors in the boats a few yards distant from the canvas, I plunged them one after the other into the water in the belly of the sheet.

Here they amused and enjoyed themselves amazingly for an hour or more. They were then twisted up in an armchair, rigged for the purpose, and after dressing themselves, I again brought them on deck, where they romped and played about like so many young kittens or monkeys.

Calling on a eunuch, I ordered him to bring up some musical instruments that I had procured in Constantinople.

Ibzaidu and two others played on the guzla and sang some plaintive songs of home in a rich mellow voice that cast a sadness and gloom on the spirits of all, till Celestine

seized the guitar and sang me some of the songs of our own dear France.

Thus we amused ourselves until late at night, having the supper brought up on the deck which we partook of by moonlight.

Stopping and enjoying myself by the way as I listed, it was nearly five weeks after sailing before I anchored in the harbour of the little creek close to the chateau in Brittany, where, after safely stowing away in the old castle my goods, women, etc., I made preparation for that which you may know in the next chapter.

CHAPTER 12.

THE first thing I did after one day's rest was to assign the eunuchs and mutes I had brought with me to their separate duties, which consisted solely of guarding and attending the females, either when in their apartment or when roving about in the garden or shrubberies attached to the chateau, so that they were never from under the sight of some of the slaves.

After having made these arrangements I made preparation for giving a grand entertainment to the captain and the crew of the steamer, who had conducted themselves very much to my satisfaction during the voyage, never having once intruded or infringed their privileges, always acting with great delicacy.

On the evening in the Mediterranean that I had the women on the deck to bathe, the sailors would have all retired below had I not called them back and sent them in the boats, and now I determined to repay them for their good conduct by giving them an entertainment fit for princes.

In the evening I sent word to the captain and the crew to come up to the castle. In half an hour they were admitted and having shut up the women in an apartment out of the way, I showed them through the shrubberies and garden, all of which they viewed with amazement, wondering at the richness and taste displayed in the fitting up of the castle of beauties, as they termed it.

About six o'clock a servant made his appearance saying that supper was ready. I had ordered the supper to be served in the hall of the fountains and led my guests there.

We entered and sat down at the tables and directly came trooping in all the females of my harem and seated themselves opposite the men.

After the supper was over, Ibzaidu and some of the other women I had brought from Turkey took their instruments and gave us a concert of Oriental music. After which Caroline went to the piano, and Celestine sat down to a harp and played some brilliant and lively pieces of French and Italian music. Upon which, those of my lovely slaves who belonged to the Grecian isles got up and danced the romaika and other dances peculiar to the country.

They were followed by Ibzaidu and two other Circassians, who were attired in the costumes of their native land, and danced some of the native dances.

These were in their turn followed by the Georgians, after which came my sable mistress, the Nubian, dressed in petticoats reaching the knees with an overdress of fine blue gauze.

Her dance was wild and pleasing and in throwing herself about over the floor, as her legs were bare, would show her thighs, her bare buttocks and sometimes her black bushy notch.

Celestine and Caroline rose up and stepped out on the floor to dance, and Laura sat down at the piano.

They were dressed in short petticoats and dress, the same as the Nubian, and performed some lascivious dances, showing every charm which nature had graced them with.

The officers and crew of the brig applauded the dancing very much.

About twelve o'clock I sent off the common seamen, retaining only the officers, five in number.

After the seamen left us the company became mixed, the officers sitting in the midst of the women, some of whom I had not frigged for a long time, and who looked with a wistful and longing eye on the men about them, and it was very clear to me that were I not present they would soon be engaged in the soft pleasures of love.

Clapping my hands, a couple of eunuchs entered and pointing out Rose, Marie and Manette, and two others they led them away to an apartment I had—fitted up with beds. When they came back I took leave of the officers and the eunuchs left the room with them to where they

had put the five girls.

What a pleasant surprise to both parties! The men to find the beds occupied by the five girls and the girls to find the same number of men to enter them. Oh, how they panted with the pleasure of the sight.

Instantly did they know why I had sent them to that apartment. After the men were gone I sent all the women to the chamber except a lovely Georgian, and repaired to an adjoining apartment to where the five couples were.

Here I had a place so constructed that I could see all that was going on in the other room without being seen.

After the men had got into the room they ran up to the beds and would have clasped the women to their breasts, but they all jumped out of bed naked, and began to undress the men, who were speedily divested of all clothing. Then what a scene of love followed!

The men threw the girls on the beds, who opened wide their thighs as they fell on their necks, and then jumped on them with pricks stiff as iron rods, piercing through the tender folds of the cunts under them, sending joy and pleasure to their very vitals, and I could judge from the exclamations and the writhing about, and the wriggling of backsides, the hot kisses and the amorous bites on the neck that not one had but received a double or triple dose of the sacred liquor injected into them. I think I never saw men and women fuck with greater zest, or derive more pleasure and enjoyment from frigging than they did.

Looking at them had such an effect on myself and companion that we were obliged to retire to the bedchamber for the purpose of enjoying ourselves in like manner.

In ascending a flight of stairs, my slave tripped, and falling hurt herself, so that on entering the room I had to seek another in whom to pour the extra liquor from the magic spring, and which was about to run over for the want of pumping.

The first bed I cast my eye on contained the luxurious Nubian slave, and I determined to offer up her maidenhead as the sacrificial offering to the god of love.

Approaching, I motioned her to rise and follow me to the

state-bed whither I went.

We entered the bed together both stark naked, and placing her at once in a favourable position with a cushion under her large fat bottom, I lay my length on her and guiding the head of my prick tried to insert it between the lips of her slit, but could not succeed.

I got up, and oiling it well with ointment I again freed the entrance and succeeded in ripping and tearing up the works and barriers that defended her virgin rose, and found her a dish fit for the gods! Heavens! with what transports of delight did I squeeze her in my arms as I drove the arrow of love into the deepest recess of the luscious quivering flesh through which I had forced a passage for it.

Despite the pain which my forcible entrance into her must have caused, the moment I began working in her, Celeste, the name I had given her, began moving up to me with vigour, elasticity, and a sense of pleasure utterly impossible to be looked for in one in her situation.

So young, not quite fifteen, and then with a notch of such a lusciously tight smallness that even after entering her to the full length, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could work in and out of her, but with the suction caused by the tightness with which the flesh worked around the piston rod, I soon drew open the sluice of love's reservoir and thence gushed forth a stream of fiery fluid which completely drenched her inmost parts, causing a shudder of pleasure to run through her whole body that at once proclaimed to me that she was about to give proof of the joy and ecstasy with which she had received from the terrible lance thrust which had given her such a wound and was causing her to pour down the essence of her very soul through the gaping orifice.

The oiling which her parts had received from the mutual flow of our sperm made the entrance somewhat easy, but still very tight.

Towards morning she began to realize the full enjoyment of the luscious pleasure of being well frigged as the folds of her cunt from the constant friction had stretched somewhat more, causing no more than a delicious tightness, perfectly

agreeable to me and which greatly enhanced the pleasure, as the first three or four times that I entered her I found it too tight for the full enjoyment of perfect bliss, as it almost tore the foreskin off my pego when entering, thus causing pain which detracted from the pleasure.

In the morning when I descended to the breakfast table I found those whom I had sent to spend the night with the officers of the brig so sore that they could hardly walk from the tremendous battering they had received from their companions during the night.

I rode out through the surrounding country during the day and on my return in the evening in passing one of the rooms I heard considerable whispering, and listening I overheard one of the women in conversation with some men. I slyly opened the door and imagine my astonishment at beholding Caroline, Celestine, Rosalie and Laura in company with the four lubbery country-boors I had engaged at the chateau.

They were all lying on the floor, the girls with their clothes tossed up to their waists and the men with their pricks out of their breeches and the girls playing with them, trying to instill new life and vigour into the drooping instruments which had apparently just done good service.

Not being seen by them I retired, softly closing the door, to meditate on what I should do with the guilty ones.

After thinking over the subject for some time I came to the conclusion that I had no right to do or say anything on the subject, knowing that it was the instinct of nature which prompted them to act as they had done, and recollecting that I had promised to each of them that they should never want for that, to which they were then treating themselves, I decided to say nothing about the matter, unless merely to give them all a severe fright.

After supper, as I was sitting in the midst of my girls in the hall of fountains, watching some of the Grecian women as they winded through the mazes of the voluptuous romaika, to the music of the guzla, I clapped my hands and four mutes entered.

I pointed out the four I had caught frigging with the

servants and ordered the mutes to seize them.

They bound their wrists with silken sashes and led them up to me.

I put on a savage frown and accused them of having debased themselves to the embraces of menials.

This they denied and persisted in denying.

I ordered the mutes to strip them and taking a slender riding switch I began tapping Celestine with it on her bare buttocks very lightly just so as to cause them to blush till they became a beautiful carmine hue, mixed in with the clear alabaster, and they all four cast themselves on their knees before me and acknowledged their fault. I then told them that it demanded a more serious punishment and that they should receive it.

Now, I had ordered up from the village four of the finest-looking stout peasants to be found, and making a sign to the mutes they went out and returned leading them in blind-folded.

After they were in the room I conversed with them, and ordered some chocolate to be served which I had prepared with certain drugs that would cause their amorous propensities to rise every few minutes for four hours.

They were stark naked, and shortly after drinking their lances stood erect against their bellies.

I then untied the wrists of the four girls and told them to lie down on cushions prepared for the purpose. I then led a man to each and put them in one another's arms, telling the men to go in. The men instantly mounted the women and for three hours kept them working in a dead heat.

Fourteen times did those men frig the women under them, changing women every now and then.

At first the women enjoyed it very much but at last got tired to death, perfectly worn out, battered and bruised to pieces, the lips of their slits gaping wide open, flabby and swollen, with a perfect little lake of sperm between their thighs.

As soon as I saw the chocolate began to lose the effect on them I had them taken out and there lay the girls so befucked that they could hardly move hand or foot.

I myself was not idle during their performance, for I had three times dissolved myself in the Nubian slave. I spent the night in her arms, arising in the morning with the intention of husbanding myself for a couple of days, so as to be able to do justice to the maidenhead of Ibzaidu, which I intended sacrificing to my amorous and fierce desires.

CHAPTER 13.

ON the evening of the second day after, I made grand preparations for the event about to be celebrated. I had an elegant supper served such as would have tempted old Epicurus himself. All the inmates of the seraglio were at the table and I plied them so well with wine that not one except Ibzaidu arose from it sober.

When I gave the signal for retiring to the bedchamber they reeled, and staggered about like so many drunken sailors. Arrived at the bedchamber we all stripped to the skin and catching Ibzaidu in my arms I carried her to the state-bed and threw her down on it, and being somewhat fearful of my powers, as I had been sucked nearly dry by the Nubian, I called for and drank a cup of my magic chocolate which I knew would enable me to go through the acts like a conqueror.

I gave the word and all the girls came round the bed with their instruments playing, and sang a beautiful song which I had composed for the occasion.

I gave the word and getting on the bed fixed my victim in the best position, got between her thighs and giving a bunch of switches to one of the girls I directed her to lash my backside with them so as to smart much.

I took hold of my battering-ram and strove to force an entrance. The head is in, the soft flesh yields to my fierce thrusts. I drive in, she screams with pain but I heed it not. It is music to my ears. It tells me that I am about to arrive at the seat of bliss. I shove and thrust harder, everything gives way to me, the lashing on my buttocks gives me double force, and one fierce lunge sends it into the furthest extremity of her grotto and at the same moment I oiled the mangled tender flesh of her dear little bleeding slit with such a stream of burning sperm as never woman sucked from

man before. I thought my very prick and stones were dissolving in pearly liquid.

After resting myself on her bosom for a few moments, I found that my battering-ram was prepared for another assault and I fiercely drove him into the breach.

Three times before I got off did I spend the juice of my body into her without calling from her any return.

She lay and moaned in her agony and pain, and on looking I saw that I had terribly battered and bruised the entrance of the seat of pleasure.

I raised her up and had her put into a warm bath and after drying her I again put her to bed. After giving her some wine and taking some myself, I found that again I was in trim for another bout.

With a spring I placed myself between her thighs. I entered her, not without a good deal of hard work.

God of voluptuous love, what a heat reigned through her body!

How lusciously did the sweet flesh clasp around my rod!

A few thrusts and a few moves in and out awaken her to a sense of pleasure.

She moves up to me, she catches the fever that runs through me. Quicker, quicker she heaves up to me to meet my fierce lunges as I drive my foaming steed through her gap into the rich pasturage. She clasps me in her arms, and throws her snowy thighs around my back, the bounces of her bottom fairly spring me off her. I feel she is coming. Ah, my god, she comes—she spends! The sperm comes from her in a shower. I, too—I again—I spend! It runs from me. Great God! It's too much! I die! Oh-h! And then I breathed my spirit away in a sigh soft and gentle as a zephyr.

My God, how voluptuous, how luscious was the beautiful Circassian! What warmth! With what fire, what energy did she meet all my efforts at procuring and dispensing pleasure! How lusciously did she squeeze me when in her! How plentifully did she let down the milk when the agony of pleasure seized her!

We swam in a perfect sea of voluptuousness totally indescribable. Man cannot imagine, pen cannot describe it, it

was an intoxication of delight—pleasure wrought up to agony, bliss inexpressible, more exquisitely delicious than that enjoyed by the houris of Paradise when in the arms of true Mohammedans, or that enjoyed by the spirits of the Elysian fields.

I felt considerably enervated for a day or two and refrained from again entering the lists of Venus until I had fairly set sail on my projected cruise in search of love and beauty in the Hesperian climes, where I hoped for the most exquisite pleasure in the arms of the ardent ladies of Cuba and the Spanish Main.

I coasted round and put into Bordeaux for the purpose of giving the sailors a chance of getting themselves girls.

In two days they were all mated, and we put off for Havana, intending to stop there a short time, as I had heard much of the beauty of the women of the island.

Arriving at Havana, I took some rooms at one of the best hotels, giving orders to the Captain to keep the brig in sailing order so as to be able to sail at a moment's notice.

At the *table d'hôte* I noticed a handsome, vivacious brunette, evidently an inhabitant of the island. Her eyes were fairly hidden under a mass of deep black hair which overshadowed them; but I could perceive whilst at the table, she was continually glancing at me, and the moment my eyes met hers she would suddenly drop her eyes on the plate or look in another direction. From this I augured favourably and deemed success certain, thinking that I had made a conquest.

In the evening I attended the theatre accompanied by the Captain, and both of us well armed. I there saw the lady in a box in company with a couple of elderly gentlemen. The one whom I took to be her husband was a cross-grained, ugly looking fellow.

I followed her home with the intent to win her.

In the morning I got an introduction to Señor Don Manuel Vasquer, the husband of Donna Isabel, my lovely vis-à-vis at the table.

I told him I was a gentleman of rank and fortune, travelling for the pleasure with a vessel of my own, and invited

him down to the harbour to look at the brig.

He accepted the invitation and was very much pleased with the neat cleanliness of everything on deck, and with the luxury displayed in the fittings of the cabin.

I had a lunch set out and plied him well with champagne so that when he left the vessel, he was in very high spirits. On reaching the hotel he invited me up to his apartment and introduced me to his wife and a couple of other ladies we found with her.

I endeavoured as well as my looks could express to let her see that I had taken particular notice of her, and was much smitten by her charms.

After conversing for a short time I retired to my room to dress for dinner and penned a declaration to the Donna Isabel, declaring my passion for her and imploring her to grant me an interview, as I had read in her eyes that I was not disagreeable to her.

After dinner I joined her and her husband and slipped my note into her hand, which she immediately hid in the folds of her dress. I then went to my room to wait for an answer, which I felt sure would soon be sent to me. Nor had I to wait long, for in a couple of hours a negro-wench opened the door, poking her head in to ascertain if I was in the room, threw a note at me, and shutting the door without saying a word, retired.

I hastily picked up the note and opening it found my expectations confirmed!

She granted me an interview. Her note stated that her husband would go out to his plantations the next day and that at three o'clock in the afternoon she would be alone taking her siesta.

The evening, night and morning hung heavily on me, and after dining, I retired to my room, laid my watch on the table and sat gazing at the dial to see the weary hours pass away; but as the minute-hand pointed to three; the same black wench again opened the door, poked her head in, looked round and drew back, leaving the door open.

I jumped up and followed her to the rooms of her mistress. Here I found Donna Isabel reclining in an elegant

dishabille, on a sofa. She held out her hand to me in welcome, which I took and pressed to my lips.

She invited me to be seated and I placed myself on a footstool at her side. Taking her hand between mine, I disclosed my passion for her, imploring her not to refuse my love. At first she pretended to be much surprised that I should make a declaration of my love to her and appeared half angry. But as I proceeded with my tale of love and pressed her for an answer favourable to the passion which was consuming me, she appeared to relent, and rising from her reclining position made room for me to sit down beside her on the couch.

As I sat down by her side I dropped an arm round her waist and drawing her to my bosom I implored her to grant me her love—even to leave her husband and fly with me to some remote corner of the earth where we could while away our years in the soft dalliance of love.

I told her that her husband was an old man with whom she could not enjoy life, and from whom a young woman like herself could not receive those tender attentions, and the soft and real pleasure which she could enjoy in the arms of a young and devoted lover.

She sighed and hung her head on her breast, saying she never knew what it was to receive those delicious and tender pleasures from her husband that I had just spoken of. That from the time of her marriage to the present moment, his whole time was taken up with drinking and gambling. That he left her to amuse herself as best she could in the house, for he was so jealous that he would never allow her to go out except in his company. She sighed again and wished that heaven had given her such a man as myself.

I know not how it was, but when she stopped, I found one of my hands had opened the front of her dress and slipped beneath her shift and was moulding one of her large hard breasts, and my lips were pressed on hers.

My leaning against her had insensibly moved her backwards till, without our knowing it, her head was resting on the cushion of the sofa and I was lying on top of her.

Whilst I was assuring her of eternal love and constancy

and begging her to allow me to give her a convincing proof of my tenderness and affection, and also to let me convince her that as yet she had had the mere shadow of the ecstatic pleasure of love, but that if she would allow me I would give her the real substance and a surfeit of those pleasures of which I felt convinced she had received but a taste from her husband, I had been gradually drawing up her clothes, till my hand rested on a large, firm, fleshy thigh. Isabel had closed her eyes, her head hanging to one side, her lips slightly apart and her breast rising and falling rapidly from the quick pulsations of the blood caused by her fierce and amorous desires.

I raised her shift still higher till it disclosed to my sight a large tuft of long black hair. I then unbuttoned my pantaloons and with a little gentle force parted her legs, and got between her thighs.

Parting the lips with my fingers, I inserted the head of my engine of love, and in a few moments we both died away amidst the most exquisite transports of love.

I lay heaving and panting on her bosom while she lay motionless under me, till finding that my stiffness had scarcely diminished and knowing by the short motions and jerks of the head that he was once more ready for the field and impatient for the word to start again, I commenced moving in her.

“Beautiful creature,” I cried, “what delicious sensations! What pleasure! My God!” said I, “you are almost virgin. How lusciously tight your sweet flesh clasps my rod!”

Her arms were clasped around my neck. her thighs around my back, her moist rosy lips glued to mine. Our tongues met. With what vivacity, what voluptuousness she moves up to me, giving me energetic heaves for my thrusts. I felt from the increased motion of her bottom that again she is about to dissolve herself into bliss. I too feel it.

“Ah, my God! Oh! what pleasure! I come; there, there, dear love, you have it now—joy, love, bliss unbearable!” And I was swimming in a sea of pleasure, in a perfect agony of bliss.

When we recovered from our delirium, I arose and

drawing her clothes down slowly over her legs, I pressed her to my side. Planting a soft kiss on her pouting lips I folded her in my arms and asked her how she liked the reality after being fed for more than a year on the mere shadow of that delicious substance she had just largely partaken.

The answer was a kiss that sent a thrill of pleasure through every vein.

"Oh, my dear, this is nothing to what you would enjoy were you to link your fortune to mine and fly with me to France. Then we would live a life of love and pleasure such as you have just tasted. Our whole lives would be nothing but love and pleasure, morn, noon and night it would be love, all love. There should be nothing around us but love—nothing but pleasure!"

Isabel rang a small bell and the same piece of ebony who had twice placed her head in and out of my chamberdoor entered.

Her mistress told her to bring in some lunch and she soon returned with an elegant cold repast and some delicious wine.

After eating and drinking we again turned our attention to love. Rising from the chair I led her to the sofa, and drawing her on my knees, I stripped her dress and shift from her shoulder and loosening the strings of her petticoats toyed and played with her breasts, which were really beautiful, large and firm, and tipped with two most tempting strawberry nipples.

Nor was my companion idle, for whilst I was thus engaged she had unbuttoned my pantaloons and taken out my genitals, which she admired and toyed with, capping and uncapping its red head till she had brought it to a most beautiful state of erection.

I raised her on her feet and all her clothing slipping on to the floor, she stood in all her naked beauty before me.

What charms, what beauties did my eyes and lips feast on as I turned her round and round. Her soft round belly, her plump bottom and then her dear little cleft, that masterpiece of beauty, how I hugged it to me. What kisses I lavished on it, all of which she repaid with interest.

She sinks down on the floor between my legs. She caresses my pego, she presses it to her lips. They pout and she puts its large red head between them. I push a little forward, it enters her mouth, she sucks it, her soft tongue rolls it over and over. She continues tickling it with her tongue. Feeling that if she continues I must spend, I jerk back and drag it from her mouth. She again wants to keep it. I lay her down on the floor with the cushions under her buttocks. I get on her with my head between her thighs, my prick and stones hanging over her face. Again she takes it in her mouth, while I put my tongue between the lips of her cunt and frig her clitoris with it.

The motion of her rump increases! I find she is about to spend and I suddenly rise up, seat myself on the sofa, and she sprang after me, jumped on the sofa, her cunt touching my face, tightly clasping her arms around my neck.

She slowly let her bottom come down, till it touched the head of my pego. I directed it aright and she impaled herself on it.

A few motions and I most plentifully bedewed her with the nectar as she was paying down her own tribute to the God of Love.

When she rose off me, the sperm dropped from her salacious slit in large gout upon me, attesting the bountiful measure with which nature had endowed both of us with the elixir of life.

In the evening she sent her black to order her supper to be sent up into her rooms, and after quietly supping we retired to bed and I spent the most agreeable night that I ever passed with any woman.

Her husband returned the next day, but I found an opportunity to meet his wife in the evening and renewed for a short time the transport we had enjoyed the day before.

A few days later, her husband had invited a party of six young ladies and the same number of young men to visit his wife and take dinner with them. I also was invited.

Immediately after receiving the invitation I sent word to the Captain to raise steam and be ready to sail at a moment's warning.

I joined the party at dinner and found three of the invited girls to be very handsome and the other three very good-looking.

After the dinner was over, I invited the party to visit my yacht and take an evening's excursion with me.

The husband of my mistress was very loud in his praises of the beauty of the yacht and of the rich and elegant manner in which she was fitted up and joined his solicitations to mine; the party consenting, we ordered carriages and drove down to where the yacht lay. Getting aboard we sailed up the harbour and ran up the island.

After we were out of sight of the city, I took the Captain aside and told him that towards night I wanted him to run the brig in towards the shore; and that I intended to seize the seven men and land them in a boat and make off with the women. I told him to go and speak to the crew about the matter and have them in readiness to obey my signal.

A little before dusk, we ran close in shore at a place where there was no plantation visible. I had ordered some lumber to be strewn about the greater deck and commanded the Captain to send the sailors to carry it away.

Sixteen stalwart fellows came aft and suddenly seized on the men and bound their arms and legs. I then told them what I intended to do, ordering the men at the same time to take the women below. Their execrations and implorings for the girls who were their relatives, I would not listen to, but I had them put in a boat and sent ashore. They were unbound and let loose. The boat returned to the brig and we set sail for France.

The girls did nothing but sob and weep for a day or two but I soon brought them to their senses. Immediately after setting their companions ashore I went into the cabin, and bringing Ibzaidu and Mary out of their hiding places, I introduced them to the company.

When supper was served they all refused to sit at the table and eat. But I told them if they did not comply with all my wishes that I would hand them over to the sailors to be used by them as they chose. This had its effect on them and they seated themselves at the table.

I rang a bell and two of the handsomest women belonging to the sailors entered stark naked, as I had ordered them to wait on the table.

The Spanish girls were all about to rise up, but putting on a fierce aspect, I threatened them the first who should rise would be passed forward to the men. This had effect on them and they sat still.

Whilst the servant was pouring out the coffee I arose and went to the side-table as if to fetch something, but in reality to pour a few drops of a certain liquid into each cup of coffee.

The quantity put in each cup was enough to set any woman's amorous and licentious desires on fire.

They all drank their coffee and in about half-an-hour the effect was very visible, as all the coyness of modesty had disappeared and they languishingly cast their lascivious glances at me, joking the servant-girls on their nudity, and whenever they came in reach of them, pinching, slapping them, etc., so great was the effect produced by the drug I put in the coffee.

When the supper was over and the tables were cleared, I commenced playing and tussling with them. Rolling them about on the floor and playing them a thousand amorous tricks which they repaid with interest—throwing me on the floor, falling in a heap on top of me while I would catch a kiss from them, squeeze a fine bubbly, slide my hand along a thigh, or slip it under their petticoats and grasp a large calf or a well-turned knee. I ordered in some wine of a very strong quality, well drugged with the love-potion. I plied them with the wine of which they drank very freely and in a couple of hours all reserve and modesty had left them.

I took the Señora—the wife I had seduced at the hotel and whose husband I had set ashore with the others—on one side and invited her to step into one of the staterooms with me, I then asked her if she could forgive me for robbing her from her old cuckold of a husband. She threw herself into my arms and with a fervent embrace and kiss sealed my pardon with her lips.

CHAPTER 14.

I THEN asked her to undress, and told her that in a moment I would return to her. I went out and gave an order to Mary and returned, finding my mistress stripped to her shift.

I undressed, and taking off my shirt, gave her a kiss, and drew her shift over her head and we both stood naked. I opened the room-door and picking her up carried her into the cabin amongst the girls.

Isabel had by this time got drunk as well as the girls who had come on board with her. With what shouts of laughter did they receive us, tickling us, pinching us, slapping us against one another, catching at my genitals and pulling the hair that surmounted the notch of my mistress, patting our bare backsides, throwing us on the floor, putting us on top of each other, etc., whilst I would catch them, pull up their petticoats, pinch their buttocks, flap the head of my enormous machine against the lips of their hairy little slits, force it into their hands and make them play with it.

I caught one and with the help of Ibzaidu and my mistress soon stripped her naked, handing her clothes to Mary, whom I ordered with Ibzaidu to put away her clothes, and who were as naked as I, who locked them up in one of the rooms, and in a few minutes I had stripped the lot of them stark naked.

Oh! then what amorous, wanton tricks we sportively played each other, they tickling my large bags and stones, playing with my penis and rubbing it, I moulding their beautiful titties and with the tip of my finger tickling their cunts.

One little devil who could not have been over fourteen I made spend. What fun this was to the rest, to see her recline her head on my shoulder, spread apart her thighs, and gasp out her exclamations of delight. Her oh's and ah's and me's, as she gave down the generous fluid which ran down my fingers and wet my whole hand.

While I was thus with my finger frigging the dear little maid, Isabel had squatted herself down between my legs and had taken my pego in her mouth and was frigging me in that way. I did not notice it until the delicious creature who was reclining on my shoulder had done spending. But I felt that I too was about to spend, and trying to draw my penis from her mouth, she clasped her hands around my buttocks and squeezed me up close to the mouth, till my stones and bags tingled against her chin and neck.

I exclaimed: "My God! Let go. I'm going to spend!"

But instead of doing so she hugged me still more and tickled its head with her tongue more and more.

The crisis seized me, the short convulsive jerks of my backside announce that the fluid is coming.

"I'm spending; here it is. Ah, my God! what pleasure! How exquisite! What bliss! Oh, God, quicker! Oh, bliss! Heavenly joy! I'm spending," and I fell to the floor fairly fainting away through excess of pleasure. My flesh quivered and danced, my whole body was in motion, as though attacked with St. Vitus' dance.

Never, no, never in the world was a man so frigged by woman. Never before did man experience such voluptuous pleasure. Never was there such bliss so heavenly, so ecstatic, imparted to man by woman, as I received from my mistress as I let flow the pearly liquid into her mouth. Never did the most exquisite sucking and friction of a cunt produce the same amount of such intense ecstasy as I felt when spending. As the pearly liquid spurted from me she placed her tongue on the head, rolling it over and over, producing in me feelings of bliss so delicious as to throw me into convulsions of pleasure.

It was some time ere I recovered myself, and then it was through the teasings and ticklings of my lovely tormentors.

I had a pallet made on the floor of the cabin from the beds in the staterooms, and putting the lights out, we lay down. I was in the arms of Isabel and soon well repaid her for the pleasure she had given just before.

Thrice did I spend into the most secret recesses of her notch the warm and generous fluid which acts so powerfully on women, and then composed myself for sleep.

After sleeping for I should judge about two hours, I was awakened by feeling someone rubbing and playing with my member, which was in fine standing order.

I found it was Isabel, who had her rump stuck close to the hollow of my thighs and was rubbing the head of my penis against her culo. She wet it every now and then and the sliding of it between her fat buttocks caused a most agreeable tingling sensation to pervade my whole corporeal system.

Wishing to aid her in her intentions, still pretending to be asleep, I aided her all in my power so far as regarded position, etc.

I clasped my arms around her waist and one thigh, which I lightly raised.

"Oh," she said, "you are awake and want more pleasure!"

I made no answer and guided the head of my prick to her little hole *au derrière*. I thrust forward but it would not penetrate. With her fingers she moistened its head with spittle and again placed it aright; but as it was an awkward position to lie in I rolled her on to her belly, placing a cushion under her to raise her rump high up. I opened her thighs, got between them and tried the back entrance. I forced it in. She squirmed and wriggled about gasping with pleasure and I could hardly keep in her.

Her wriggling about and the delicious contractions of her culo brought down from me a copious discharge of the electric fluid which I had injected into her.

"Oh, God!" she exclaimed, "what pleasure. I feel it rushing into me! How hot it is, my dear love. Again, and quicker. Now I come, too; it is rumming from me. My God! 'tis heaven! What pleasure. Ah, what lus—lus—

luscious pleasure!"

The words died on her lips. As I was fucking her in her slit, and had frigged her clitoris at the same time, thus procuring her the double pleasure.

Here was an entirely new source of pleasure opened to me by the libertinism of my new mistress. Already I had enjoyed her in three different places, and I found that she that penetrated into the inmost recesses of my breast, creating a sensation there which I felt could never be effected by any other female.

What a luxury it was to see the wild, stupefied astonishment of the charming girls who surrounded me to find themselves lying with me stark naked, and it was somehow increased, I venture to say, by seeing me on top of Isabel, giving her an appetite for her breakfast with the morning draught which she sucked in with great delight.

They all sprang up looking for their clothes or something with which to hide their nakedness, but in vain; no clothes were to be seen, as I had them safe under lock and key.

The ravishing little creature in whose arms I had spent the night nearly laughed herself into fits at witnessing the dumb terror of the girls and commenced railing them, telling them everything that had occurred during the night, recalling to their minds all the follies and extravagances they had been guilty of, and tried to induce them to take their good luck, as she said, with fortitude, describing to them all the pleasure she had received from me during the night and begging them to submit to whatever I would desire with good grace and it was better for them. I then spoke to them, telling them where I was taking them to, and that at the least resistance made by them I would hand them back to the fierce desires of the common sailors; but on the contrary, if they acted as I wished them to, everything should be well with them. That they could not form the slightest desire but what would be instantly complied with. the most delicate attentions should be paid them, and I ended by telling them of the life of luxury and blissful love they would lead with me, on the contrary, of the dreadful life they would spend if by remaining refractory they caused me to give them away to

the brutal lusts of the sailors.

This had considerable effect on them as I could see fear and horror plainly depicted on their countenances.

I then rang a bell for a servant and told her to bring me a bottle of wine, telling the girl where to get it.

When she brought it in I filled the glasses and asked the girls, who were huddled together in one corner, to come and take a glass each.

They did not stir, and putting on a frowning aspect, I commanded them to come and drink.

They came forward to the table and drank the wine.

I told them to seat themselves on the sofa while breakfast was being laid. I seated four on one sofa and attempted to lay myself down across their knees, but they all jumped up and ran into a corner. I determined to terrify them at once, so they would be perfectly subservient to my desires. Calling a servant, I sent her to call my mate, one who officiated as my valet.

When he entered the cabin I ordered the girls to resume their places on the sofa, which they tremblingly did.

Then I told the mate to seize on the first one of them who attempted to move, drag her on the deck and give her to the sailors.

I went up to them and sitting on one of them for a moment, lay down with my belly and face towards theirs. The one on whose thighs I rested my feet I bade to part her legs and with my toes I tickled the lips of her bushy notch. The one on whose thighs my cheeks rested I also made to part her legs so that I could drop my right arm between them. I then frigged her clitoris occasionally with my little finger, tickling her just inside the lips; she began to wriggle about on the sofa. The girls on whom rested my buttocks and thighs I made play, one with my stones and the other with my Jacob's staff.

At breakfast I put into the cup of one of the youngest and prettiest girls enough of the tincture of cantharides to make her libidinous desires show themselves pretty strongly.

After we had finished eating I took her to a sofa and drew her on my knees, and as the drug began to take effect on

her, I took all the liberties I desired with her, kissing and sucking her pretty lips, the nipples of her breasts, handling her buttocks, frigging her clitoris, drawing my grand machine up between her thighs and rubbing the lips of her pussey, till I felt myself able to succeed in making an entrance into any place no matter how small. She the while hugged me in her arms, giving me kiss for kiss, rubbing and screwing her bottom on my thighs, giving evidence of the raging fever which was consuming that part of her.

Her companions, none of whom had seen me drop the tincture into her coffee, regarded her manoeuvres with me in perfect wonder, little thinking that they each would do the same before they were two days older.

I fixed a cushion and pillow on the sofa so as to properly support her head and bottom, and laying the lecherous little devil down I opened wide her legs and laid myself down between them. She aided me with good will in getting it well fixed, so as better to operate.

Mary and Ibzaidu came to act as pilots to steer my noble craft safe into the harbour of Cytheria. The entrance to the haven was very narrow, making the way rather difficult till Donna Isabel ran up to me and slapping me hard on the bare buttocks drove me in up to the hilt, causing the delicious creature whom I was deflowering to scream out with the pain. The blood flowed from her and the sperm from me, mingling most delightfully.

Resting for a moment, I recommenced the delightful race and soon had the joy to know that the dear girl was reaching the very acme of human enjoyment whilst I at the same time again drowned my senses in another discharge of that peculiar fluid the flowing of which drowns one in such ecstasies.

Three others did I serve in the same manner before the close of the day, ravishing them of their dear little maidenheads, of no manner of use to a woman, and of which I am particularly fond.

One I forced to give up to me her virginity by the aid of the tincture without taking away her senses. Oh! they were bliss, doubly refined, her fierce struggles to free herself from

my lascivious embraces. How sweetly musical to my ears were her yells of agony and shame. With what transports did I force her to resign her sweet body to my fierce desires. How ravishing was the pleasure I felt in ripping and tearing up the tender outworks, the inner gates, the bulwarks, everything. And at last, despite her continued struggling and screaming, to drive full tilt into the very temple of Venus, triumphantly plucking off her virgin rose from its stem, causing the blood to flow in profusion. Oh, how I gloated on the ruins of all that is held dear and honourable by her sex—her virtue.

Ye Gods! it was a fuck so altogether exquisitely delicious that it was a full half-hour before I was sufficiently recovered to enter again into the little grotto of Venus, the road to which I had just opened.

Lovely creature! Three times did I experience in your arms that fierce transporting pleasure which intoxicates the soul and drowns the mind in those voluptuous ecstasies which can only be experienced in the close embrace of the two sexes.

Abstaining from cohabiting with any of the girls for a couple of days, I felt my strength renewed and invigorated, and on the fifth day after carrying them off from the island, I had ravished the whole six of their dear little maidenheads I had cruelly forced them to give up to my lechery. But once having lost them, which they held so guarded, they entered into all my whims and pleasures with the passion and ardour that characterizes the females of the south.

Once the Rubicon was crossed they became the greatest libertines I ever met with. They would hang round me day and night, trying every means in their power to keep my prick in a constant state of erection. They would lay me down on the floor stark naked, like themselves. They would fairly fight for the possession of my genitals. One would gently squeeze my stones, while another would be playing with my penis, which she would by the gentle friction of her soft, delicate hand bring to an erection.

Then would she precipitate herself on me and devour the rich morsel, palating it with those exquisite contractions and

inward squeezings which at the time women are about to spend render the act of copulation so exquisitely delicious.

Then, when one was mounted on me, would the dear creatures show forth the full fire of their lechery.

Two of them would seize on my hands, one on each, and, running my fingers into their salacious slits, would thus procure for themselves a semblance of the pleasure their more lucky rival was enjoying and receiving from the friction of the stiffly red-tipped horn which sprang out from the bottom of my belly.

Isabel would rush into the arms of Ibzaidu, to whom she had taken a great liking. Tumbling on the floor in each other's arms they would press each other, squeeze breasts, suck nipples, force their tongues into each other's cunts. Their hands would play and twine in the bushy hair that shaded the mounts above their notches. Their fingers would slide lower down, would enter the sacred grotto, and then running them in as far as they could, they would commence the titillation, and with the finger of the left hand at the same time they would frig the clitoris, which would soon bring them to that delicious state of annihilation which causes the soul to dissolve itself in a sea of bliss.

At other times they would seize on the languishing Fanny, who yet retained her maidenhead but of which she was very anxious to be rid, and throw her on the sofa or floor, and while Ibzaidu would be squeezing or sucking her breasts, pressing her own lovely titties to her mouth, kissing and sucking her rosy lips, and thrusting her tongue into her mouth, Isabel would be between her thighs, frigging her clitoris with her fingers and with her tongue between the lips, so titillate her cunt as to give her the most delicious pleasure. The dear Fanny would spend, pouring down the liquor of which she possessed a superabundance, amidst sighs, long and deep.

Now would her hands be idle, for those who were procuring her the pleasure did not forget themselves.

They would force her hands into their own glowing furnace and send down such a flow of liquid as would wet the hands of Fanny all over.

Then would these two try their best to procure for Fanny those pleasures which all around her were continually being received from me but of which I had as yet deprived her. But she was not long to be burdened with that which all maids are anxious to get rid of—her virginity.

Giving myself one day's rest, I lay down in the cabin by myself on a mattress. The girls always made their beds on the floor and we lay together. After I had been asleep for some time, I was awakened by feeling someone playing with my private parts. Isabel and Ibzaidu were lying on either side of me, their heads resting on my thighs. Isabel had taken that piece of flesh of which she was so fond in her mouth and was tickling it with her tongue. The other was feeling and playing with the curious bag which hung low down between her thighs, gently rubbing and squeezing the stones.

My machine was proudly erect as a mast, its red head glowing through the darkness.

"Come," said Isabel, "Ibzaidu has lived for five days on the shadow of the substance which the other girls have been so gorged with, and it is but fair that you should recompense her for starving, while others have been living in plenty. Come you, stand! Your prick is in fine condition. You must spend this night with her and me for I have not partaken of the flesh for some time."

I laid Ibzaidu on her back and getting between her legs I entered my prick into her parts. The moment she felt the head within the further recesses of her cunt she spent most plentifully. I worked away in her for some time, holding back my own liquor as long as possible so as to give her as much pleasure as I could, and she spent three times more. Just as she was dissolving her very vitals into sperm, I met her and injected the seed into her womb.

I got off her, lay between the two. Without giving me any time for recruiting, Isabel commenced playing with my staff, which she hugged, pressing it to her breasts, squeezing it between them, pressing it against her cheeks, gently frigging it with her hand, and taking its uncapped head between her lips, softly biting and tickling it with the end of

her tongue.

Then stopping till it sank down again, small and shrivelled up, she would take it and thrust the whole of it into her mouth, and by her exquisite palating and sucking and tickling cause it to start into life, proudly erecting its head till her little lips could hardly clasp it.

I laid her down on her belly, placing a pillow under the lower part of her body, and then entered her *au derrière*, put my left hand under her thighs and inserted my fingers into her cunt, holding them stiff, whilst I worked in her arse-hole.

The motions of her bottom, caused by the fall of my thighs against her backside, made her frig herself on my fingers. Thus did she enjoy a double pleasure.

Nor was Ibzaidu without share in this beautiful scene. She had lain down with her belly to my breast, her bush and slit rubbing against my side, with her right thigh thrown over my head.

Drawing her closer to me I kissed the lips of her cunt. I tickled her clitoris with my tongue, I put it between my lips and titillated her so deliciously with them that she died away in pleasure, at the same time that Isabel was losing her senses from the convulsive transports into which my double frigging had thrown her.

After this performance was over, we lay completely exhausted in each other's arms for about two hours, at the end of which time I began to feel myself somewhat revived.

While we were lying dormant in each other's embraces, Isabel had been describing to Ibzaidu the intense pleasure she had enjoyed when I enlarged her *au derrière*, and she prevailed on her to make me frig her in the same manner, making her lay her head between my thighs to play with my little thing and make it start into new life.

The beautiful, delicate and voluptuous Ibzaidu took my tickler in her mouth and by the tickling of her tongue and the sucking she gave it she soon made it to stand most beautifully erect, upon which she let it go.

I soon placed her in a convenient position for the attack which was to ravish her of her second maidenhead, and she

was perfectly willing to surrender at once.

I placed her on her right side, partly lying on her back. I then lay down on her left side and prepared to enter her. Isabel had lain herself down in front of Ibzaidu, her cunt touching her face, and her head between the thighs of her companion.

She took the head of my enormous machine into her mouth which she wetted well with spittle and then guided it to its destination. But the place was so small that I made many attempts before I could penetrate.

At last I felt it enter. I shoved slowly and steadily, and at length felt it impossible to reach any further.

Ibzaidu writhed and twisted about so much after I was in her that I could hardly keep myself upon her. Isabel had put the fingers of her right hand into the cunt of the beautiful creature whom I was stroking behind, and the motions of her back as we worked together made her frig herself with them.

At the same time she put her own arms round the buttocks of Isabel, and drawing her slit up to her mouth, she put her tongue into it and frigged her so well in this way that Isabel spent before either of us, wetting the tongue and lips of the beautiful Circassian with the pearly drops.

The crisis now seized me and at the same moment the frigging of Isabel's fingers caused Ibzaidu to spend at the very moment I was squirting a stream of boiling sperm into her very vitals.

"Ah, dear sir, have mercy on me! I feel it here in me! I too—oh, goodness, I am spending! Oh, heavens, what a pleasure. I die—I spend again—again! I am spending!" She relaxed the convulsive grasp she had of Isabel's bottom. Her flesh quivered and danced and she lay convulsed with pleasure such as gods never dreamt of.

In three weeks we reached the coast and harboured in the little creek. I immediately went ashore, taking the women with me and went to the chateau.

Heavens! What a welcome I received. How the lively, rampant, lecherous girls crowded round, and with what embraces did they receive me. I was fairly devoured by the

hungry creatures who crowded to embrace me.

And, *La Rose d'Amour!* Ah, dear Rose, as I pressed you in my arms and received your burning kisses, what a thrill did they not send through my whole body.

And you, beauteous Laura, how your little heart beat as I pressed your bosom to mine; what fire flashed from your languishing black eyes as you put one of my hands on your cunt and your own on my already stiff pego.

Then came Rosalie, the delicate, fair-skinned, blue-eyed Rosalie. With what fierce delight did she spring forward, light as the burning gazelle, and into my arms. What lustful fires sparkled in her half-closed eyes. Her lips meet mine—they are glued together. She forces open her mouth, her tongue meets mine. She rubs the lips of her cunt against my thigh, she clasps her arms tight, her breasts rise and fall in quick succession, she wriggles her bottom, her backside convulsively jerks, and she says: “Oh—oh!—God!” and sliding through my arms she sank upon the floor.

There, there at the further end of the room I see Caroline entering. Caroline, that very goddess of voluptuous beauty. She has heard of my arrival. She advances towards me, perfectly naked except for a pink gauze drawn round her waist—I too am naked, for the girls had stripped me on entering the room. My prick is hard and stiff, standing erect against my belly. Caroline sees it, she fixes her eyes on it, and remains perfectly still, fascinated by the charming sight. I fly to her, I take her in my arms, her emotions overpower her, she sinks on the floor on her back, she drags me with her. As she falls, her legs part and I fall between them, and five times did she spend ere she recovered from her fall.

When she rose up what a brilliancy sparkled in her eyes. Her gait was light and elastic as a fawn's.

When I rose up from my fall with the lovely Caroline, I met the gaze of the licentious Nubian, who was advancing to meet me, holding in her hand a glass of wine. She was perfectly naked and twisted and screwed her thighs together. I meet, accept the glass and drain the wine. The moment I drank it I knew that it was mixed with the tincture for exciting and creating amorous propensities.

The lovely creatures I have just been naming gathered round me, they embraced me in every part; some a leg and a thigh; others hung round my neck; some seized on my hands with which they frigged themselves, one sets herself on the floor between my legs and playfully squeezes my stones and strokes my once more rampant prick. The luscious Celeste has her arms clasped round my neck and I am about to impale her with my prick, but Fanny comes forward and urges her claim in favour of her little maidenhead, which is consuming her with a burning fever.

I clasp her in my arms and lay her down, falling upon her. One of the girls hastens to place a cushion under her bottom and then guides the dart to its sheath. I shove and thrust, and one of the girls, giving me a couple of hard slaps over my backside, drove me in up to the hilt and the sweet girl at once sucked in the delicious poison she had been longing for.

The wine which I had drunk contained so much tincture that my pego continued standing.

The Nubian next came in for a good stroking. Three times while I was in her did she spend. Caroline, Laura and Rosalie came in their turns; each received an exquisite frigging.

I then went to bathe, taking with me only four of the girls: Caroline, Celestine, Laura and Rosalie.

Whilst in the bathroom I twice more frigged Rosalie and Laura, and then dismissed them to their apartments, remaining with the other two.

I had luncheon brought into the bath to me, and determining to sacrifice myself to the libidinous desires of my two lovely mistresses, I drank more of the wine containing the tincture. Sufficient to enable me to give the two who were with me as much cock-broth as they could sip throught the night.

After remaining in the bath for a couple of hours, we came out and went to the bedchamber.

I led them into the state bedroom, and letting down the hangings, jumped into bed.

The two girls followed me and I was buried to my utmost

length in the fiery furnace of Celestine. Four times did this amiable creature let fly her mettle and in such profusion did it come from her that the sheet under her bottom was all wet with it.

In her turn did Caroline take in and gorge her greedy little cunt with my morsel.

Thus did I spend the night, first frigging one and then the other, till they were entirely spent and worn out with the delicious fucking which I had given them.

I now determined to give up searching for any more maidenheads, and gave myself up to the dear girls I already possessed, than whom I could find none more beautiful, more voluptuous or more devoted to my capricious pleasures.

I now live happily surrounded by the sweet creatures, but I hear someone calling me from my private bed. I am in good condition, having abstained for three days. I fly to her, I jump into her arms and drown myself in a sea of bliss, in the arms of *La Rose d'Amour*.

CHAPTER 15

A BLACK JOSEPH

[The Trial of Mrs. Inglefield, wife of J. R. Nicholson Inglefield, Esq., Captain of Her Majesty's Ship Scipio, for Adultery with John Webb, a black servant, in the Consistory Court, 1786.]

John Webb—a second Joseph—a black footman to Captain Inglefield, was the only material evidence against the lady. Previous to his deposition he had lived with the parties two years, mostly at Singlewell, a small village near Gravesend. When he first went there, the family consisted of three small children, all girls; in two or three months afterwards his mistress was delivered of a boy.

From the first moment of his being engaged he thought she took more notice of him than became her. She frequently smiled on him and took hold of his hand, and gently pressed it. About a month after her accouchement, happening to be alone with his lady, she put her hand about his neck, and kissed him. Upon the black drawing off, she laughed at him.

The next day after this occurrence, as he was dressing her hair, she put her hand under his apron, and unbuttoned one of the flaps of his breeches, and began handling and playing with his privities, but the witness, not liking this, declared he would not finish her hair if she did not let him alone. The lady, therefore, was again obliged to laugh it off.

The next day after this, in the forenoon, being summoned by the sound of the chamber bell, he went into the room, where he found his mistress alone, sitting on the foot of the bed. Mungo—according to his own account—avoided going near her as much as possible, but at length she caught

him by the skirt of his coat, placed him on her lap, and handled his privities on the outside of his breeches, at the same time asking him—"Can you do anything? Do not be afraid; your master will know nothing about it." All this, however, made no impression on the generative powers of our African hero. He was a eunuch in spirit, though not in parts, and he tore himself away, but whether at this period he left his mistress laughing or crying does not appear.

The succeeding day, however, Mrs. I. renewed the glorious strife; while under the operation of hair-dressing, she once more applied her delicate hand to the rude parts of Master Comb, and was proceeding to unbutton when he drew himself off, leaving his mistress laughing out an intimation that she should leave her bedroom door open that night, and that he must come.

Master Webb, failing to improve the hint, was the next day met in an angry mood by his enraged mistress, who now spoke very harshly to him.

During these attempts it seems the Captain was from home, which was the time, he says, when his mistress tormented him the most. But what affected him more than all was that one day she absolutely kissed him before her daughter, a child of about four years old.

Towards the end of the summer the Captain and his lady resided on board the *Scipio*, then laying at Sheerness, for about a month, and one morning about 10 o'clock, when they had been there a fortnight, the Captain being gone on shore, his mistress called him into the after-cabin of the ship, and told him to empty a basin of water, which, when he had done, she shut the cabin door, took him round the waist with both her arms, kissed him and then, as a matter of course, handled him about his privities on the outside, he preventing her from unbuttoning.

All these warm attacks our youthful Negro of nineteen manfully withstood, and after some struggling he liberated his sweet desirable person from the fangs of his mistress, but passing from the room he was observed by Charles McCarthy, the steward of the ship, who questioned him as to what he had been doing, to which he replied—"nothing."

Two or three days after this aquatic adventure, he was questioned by his master as to all the previous particulars, when, like a faithful servant, he told him all that he knew. In consequence of which Captain Inglefield from that time ceased to cohabit with his wife. The concluding declaration of Webb is: "That he and his mistress, notwithstanding the critical situations in which he was placed, never had once the carnal use and knowledge of each other's bodies."

McCarthy, the Steward, corroborated the cabin incident, but in the end the Judge declared there was no proof of the lady's guilt, and ordered Captain Inglefield to take his wife home and treat her with matrimonial affection, and to certify his having so done by the first session of the next term.

THE BUDDING ROSE

(These lines were written to amuse a girl of fifteen. They delighted her mother.)

Wonderful are Cupid's arts!
He, the god of soft persuasion,
At his pleasure stirs our hearts,
To flames of eager passion.

Long I've loved thee, darling Sarah,
Gradually more ripe and blooming;
Daily, hourly, plumper, fairer,
In the swelling charms of woman.

Sarah, when I saw you first,
In the church, at sister's side;
Oh my heart, with ardour burst!
Could I call thee once my bride!

But your father is my foe,
Hating me, so long his friend;
Could he once my passion know,
In thy misery it might end.

But a bonnet and a fan
Are slight tokens of my passion;
Such a girl for such a man
Is a fatal strong temptation.

Happy bonnet! that can cover,
Such a darling, maiden-head;
Happy fan!—a vigorous lover
Should be in your hand instead!

Yesterday you were a child,
Now a blooming blushing virgin;
Female passions warm and wild
Are to actual pleasure urging.

Mr. B—— was very cruel,
“Virtue was at last rewarded,”
He obtained the mossy jewel,
Pamela so long had guarded.

Fancy them in bed (and lying,
She beneath, and he above;
Kissing, cuddling, fainting, dying,
In the ecstasies of love!)

Though he is a horrid sinner,
Pamela forgives the crime,
In again! again he's in her!
Drinking pleasure quite divine!

See! his amorous lips and hands
Fondle all her naked part;
And his upright vigour stands,
In her open ravished heart.

Shirt and shift are off together,
Naked is the sweet embrace;
Not one part's concealed by either,
All's as naked as your face.

Even her modest brother Joseph,
Joseph Andrews with his Fanny;
When they once had got their clothes off,
Had as little shame as any.

Such, dear Sarah, was the pleasure,
Pamela at last enjoyed;
Take them in their fullest measure,
Kissing never, never cloyed.

Oh, if I could once behold you,
Lying (naked on my bed);
In my arms I would enfold you,
I would (take your maidenhead!)

Sarah, live to love and pleasure,
Careless what the grave may say;
When each moment is a treasure,
Why should lovers waste a day?

Setting suns may rise in glory,
But, when little life is o'er,
There's an end of all the story,
We shall live and love no more!

Give me then, ten thousand kisses,
Give me all thy blooming charms;
Give me heavenly, melting blisses,
Lying Naked in my arms!

A philosophical dandy thus vented his musings upon Copulation: "The idea is old; the attitude queer; and the motion fully ridiculous; but all tends to the acme of felicity."

CHAPTER 16

TWO EXTRAORDINARY LETTERS:

Produced in the Case of the Duchess of Cleaveland, in a Tryal against her husband, Robert Fielding, Esq., in the Arches Court of Canterbury, in the year 1707.

Dear Wife,—

Puggy's indisposition has made me against my will indebted to my dear wife, for a kind billet she brought me before this she sent me this morning, which I hope will safely kiss her hands, for the contrivance of conveying it is very ingenious. You'd have reason to pity Puggy if you knew all, that is to say, I believe she is in your condition, which news from my dearest wife, if it be confirmed, I fancy I should hardly ever survive the joy and transport, therefore for God's sake, confirm it, as soon as you are sure matters are fixed. I hope you remember the dear, dear day of my having you in my naked arms and seized, possessed myself of all those charming treasures my dear had till then denied me. But then! blest be the memory of so much bliss, then, I say, opened those flood gates of happiness, and sure you must remember that.

"Like night and heat incorporate we lay,
We blest the night and cursed the coming day."

Nay, even still, whenever I think of that night's way of passing our time, and how my dear assisted me to get into the inmost closet of her dearest womb; methinks I fucked again with height of pleasure, and fucked and fucked till I

dissolved with pleasure; make haste, then, my dearest Nannette, to your husband's arms to-morrow night, as you promised me by Puggy, that we may again repeat those pleasures. And though I believe I made my love a little sore, as I was myself the first time we tryed, yet now matters will be more easy. I am sure the head of your poor playfellow was so swelled by the eagerness of thrusting it into your seat of Paradise, that you took all the skin off the face of it; so pray bring some of the same balsam you carry about you to heal it, as the dear liquor my dear carries about between her legs, which she must promise to open as wide as she can, that my great prick may yet again arrive at the summit of felicity. Adieu.

Your own husband,
FIELDING.

Dear Mary,—

I am glad my dearest wife got safe home, and without being whipped, for I should be very jealous if anyone should peep into Nannette's backside but myself. I assure you when I have got you once more in my arms, I'll so belabour it I'll make it black and blue, and cram it full of my elixir to nourish young Lord Tunbridge. Adieu my soul's life; think of your own.

FIELDING.

To my better-half,
The Countess of Fielding,
At Waddon.

BEFORE.

Thou heavenly sun whose golden light
Displays the hills with verdure bright;
Sink thee, oh sink thee, in the west,
And bring the hour I love best.

This evening shall my bosom prove,
The richest ecstasies of love.

Soon as thy glorious light retires,
I look for her my heart admires;
A matron she of sober grace,
With wisdom printed on her face.

This evening shall my bosom prove,
The richest ecstasies of love.

And is my heart then grown so cold,
As to be pleased with matrons old;
When I might feast on younger things,
Ah, no! a lovely girl she brings!

This evening shall my bosom prove,
The richest ecstasies of love.

To war her soldier son has hied,
She offers me his blooming bride;
And if the girl my taste should please,
Her husband I advance with ease.

This evening shall my bosom prove,
The richest ecstasies of love.

She tells me of her daughter's form,
Her swelling bubbies ripe and warm,
Her rosy cheeks, her sapphire eyes,
The jutting fullness of her thighs.

This evening shall my bosom prove,
The richest ecstasies of love.

Her little mouth, her snowy skin,
The other mouth her smock within;
The more I questioned, more she told,
In thought the darling I behold.

This evening shall my bosom prove,
The richest ecstasies of love.

The stirring raptures of her tale,
Made beauty over age prevail;
At length, with many a "Fie! for shame!"
She quenched for once my raging flame.

This evening shall my bosom prove,
The richest ecstasies of love.

And said I that the dame was old,
And thought I that my heart was cold!
Her vigorous limbs are firm and fresh,
And rich she blooms in prime of flesh.

This evening shall my bosom prove,
The richest ecstasies of love.

And if the daughter brings the gust,
Of youth to aid the mother's lust;
And play the game as well as she,
She must a perfect angel be.

This evening shall my bosom prove,
The richest ecstasies of love.

AFTER.

No more; no more; I can no more!
Adieu, ye pair whom I adore,
Adieu my love! one dear, dear kiss,
Thy lord shall reap the good of this!

And once again, oh let me prove,
These heavenly ecstasies of love.

THE SWING.

How oft I've sworn to Caroline,
The world no sight can show,
To match her locks, her lips divine,
Her bosom's hills of snow.

But oh! I find myself forsworn,
Two lips I have beheld;
Still lovelier, on this happy morn,
A mount that those excell'd!

For chance has shewn me all that lies
Beneath her virgin zone;
Sure never seen by any eyes
Of man, save mine alone!

As o'er my face the swing I drove,
As wider flew her thighs;
The opening heaven itself o' love
Met my delighted eyes!

Her bosom boasts no swell so fair
No tints that these eclipse;
Her head has no such auburn hair,
Nor such enchanting lips!

Yes I've beheld the mossy mount,
Where all the graces centre;
I've seen the rosy, nectar'd fount,
Where he she loves shall enter!

While from within her petticoat,
A warm and savoury breeze,
Full in my face, would sweetly float,
Loaded with ecstasies!

Then be not wrath with my matchless maid,
Nor blush so deep with shame;
Nor I attack'd nor you betray'd,
Let chance then bear the blame!

Oh pardon me, and I'll confess,
That henceforth when I gaze
Upon the beauties of thy face,
My fancy elsewhere strays!

Then if a reddy conscious blush,
Thy angel forehead warms;
Upon our souls the hour shall rush,
That shew'd thy inmost charms.

When John Scott was minister of Dundee, he reproved Alick Anderson for ill-treating his wife; Alick tried to justify his conduct, but the minister observed, "Ou Alick mon, there must be something wrong on both sides!" "True very true," cried Alick, "she has neither bubbies nor buttocks!"

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Sweet is the memory of the scenes
In boyhood I enjoyed,
Hot vigour thrilling in my veins,
By no fruition cloy'd

So innocent a child I seem'd
That Catherine, Jane, Eliza,
Would treat me as a girl, nor dream'd
That I was e'er the wiser.

I many a naked frolic spied,
Nor seemed a whit to care,
With changeless glance serene I eyed
Their sexual members bare.

All fear'd the strict severities
Of Mistress and of Master,
Who thought to crush propensities
That only throve the faster.

But when I was thirteen I grew
Too big a boy for this,
The girls grew timid—well they knew
I might do more than kiss.

No longer Jane would offer me
The clean shirt nice and warm,
And turn me up and cuddle me,
Without supposing harm.

And Catherine never called me now
The bathroom door to keep,
The while she bathed, lest any came
And say, "You must not peep."

Nor Harriet, when she climb'd the trees,
Would let me now stand under,
All seem'd to guard their modesties
With care that made me wonder.

But fostering Venus kindly led
Her young disciple still,
Although I kept my maidenhead
Sorely against my will.

For though from British blood I sprung
Yet born in India's land,
I felt while callow, raw and young
Cythera's guiding hand.

And night by night, when fast asleep,
Wits, nerves upon the stretch
My melting heart I could not keep,
I was an amorous wretch.

One day I chanced to climb outside
My cousin's bathing room,
And found a hole through which I spied
The place I'd used to roam.

I sigh'd to think how oft the girls
Had idly let me in,
"It's nobody but little Charles,
No matter though he's seen."

Yes, I was their sole favourite,
No other boy was suffer'd
To share in many a luscious sight
To me so freely offer'd.

“Those joys (thought I) are now no more!”
I started—at that minute,
Dear Kate came to the bathroom door,
She lock’d herself within it.

“Oh, do I dream, or is it true?
And is she going to bathe,
And treat me to the fullest view
Of all above, beneath?”

She dropt her gown, and one by one
She stript her of her clothes,
Her smock is all she now has on,
“Oh, will she nought expose?”

There, now it’s off—and Catherine stands
In utter nudity,
And neither of her rosy hands
Conceals her modesty.

I saw her right before my eyes
Naked, stark naked stand,
The blooming centre of her thighs
As naked as my hand.

What see I now! what see I not!
Is Kate a woman grown?
She was a little girl I thought,
But lo, she’s fully blown:

Oh look at her sweet *fie for shame*,
With pouting lips so red.
Oh look at her dear frisky game,
Her open maidenhead!

PROGRESS.

Let those who never tried, believe,
In women's chastity!
Let her who ne'er was asked, receive,
The praise of modesty!

Again I've been at Church to-day,
And eyed that angel stranger;
Whose yielding glances seem to say,
"I love, but dread the danger."

Too truly sung the Indian sage,
That "Father, Brother, Son,
To her who feels the sexual rage
Are lawful—all are one."

Tho' woman's virtue's true as steel
Before you touch her soul;
Still let it once the *Magnet* feel
'Twill flutter tow'rds the *Pole*!

EXPOSTULATION WITH A FIERCE PREACHER.

Oh, jealous Cotterill, why so warm?
Because your congregation,
In spite of all you preach and storm,
Persist in fornication.

And so you think a ball-room dress
Unfitted for a pew,
And fain would check the wantonness
That gives the breasts to view.

"Indecent" is a cruel word
To use to strict church-goers,
It's very awful by the Lord
To call us rogues and whores.

In pews, like sheep in pens we sit,
While you indulge in barking,
If sheep will cast sheep's eyes a bit
It is not worth remarking.

The ball-room and the play-house gay
In India are so rare,
That church for those who play or pray
Is crowded by the fair.

Poor Cotterill—why then should he grieve
Because our glances roam?
He merely wants us all to leave
Our "Hearts and Souls" at home.

I joy the lecherous girl to squeeze,
I joy thy rage to see,
So first I sin myself to please
And next to anger thee.

The silliest goose that swims the lake
Is known to be the Dotterel,
That spelling must be a mistake,
The name I'm sure is Cotterill!

HYMN TO THE GENIUS OF WOMAN. (*A statue in the Florentine Gallery.*)

Genius of woman, glorious form
Of perfect loveliness,
I worship thee, with beauty warm,
Released from every dress.

Oh smile on him to Thee who bows,
Who worships Thee alone;
And pays his deep impassioned vows,
At none but Beauty's throne.

And bless thou Her whose pencil gave,
Thy dazzling limbs to light,
Naked, as rising from the wave,
They shone all rosy bright.

It was homage due to Thee.
By grateful Chloris paid;
For thou with every conquering charm,
Has't blest the golden maid.

And every touch her pencil gave,
To each alluring part;
Has bound in firmer spells the slave,
Of pleasure, love and art.

Oh sacred, fervent, silent be,
Our worship at Thy shrine;
No eye profane shall ever see,
Thy lineaments divine.

THEN—AND—NOW.

Nine years ago I Betsy knew,
When she was but thrice five;
With eyes that flash'd in amorous glow,
The prettiest girl alive!

Behold her now! a married dame,
Huge, burly, fat and coarse;
With a plump, lusty, dumpy frame,
Hind quarters of a horse!

She then was light, and slim, and fresh,
Rosy, and light'ning ey'd;
She then was Spirit—now—O Flesh!
How are thou finished!

SECOND PART.

Her sister Athenais sits
Beside her in the pew;
I wonder if that lass forgets,
What I once used to do?

She then was nine; I put in hand,
Into her frock behind;
And strok'd her, you will understand,
Just as I felt inclin'd.

She giggled and she winc'd about,
But liked the picked rudeness;
She eyes me kindly—she no doubt
Remembers all my lewdness.

Yes—eyes me most luxuriously,
With glances bright beseeching!
How pleasantly the moments fly,
While Mr. Cotterill's preaching!

I see she feels the amorous smart,
She muses on the men,
Comprising in her virtuous heart,
The thoughts of now and then.

TEMPTATION.

Papa and Mamma, Arabella and I,
Were sitting at supper with nobody by;
Now because they believe me a cozy old fellow,
They want to induce me to wed Arabella.

I like the girl well, but I don't choose to wed,
Fair Bella perceives I'm not easily led;
But while Papa told me some prosy old fable,
She was scratching her marrowbones under the table.

She look'd in my face, and on our eyes catching,
I just turn'd my head to see what she was scratching;
She had got her right ankle upon her left knee,
Up to her left garter I fairly could see.

She look'd in my face without shame or aversion,
While scratching her nakedness for my diversion;
While I sat electrify'd like a fool,
She put down her petticoats easy and cool.

And ten minutes after she did it again,
Though knowing I look'd and saw it quite plain;
Come—there was a prank for a delicate virgin,
Who thought an old bachelor wanting some urging!

CHAPTER 17.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A TRIBADE;

RELATED IN A LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER SISTER.

THE next day at dinner time the impatient Caroline came herself to fetch me. As soon as we were in the carriage, she gave loose to her joy; she looked at me, embraced, and pressed me in her arms, never had I inspired more lively transports.

When we arrived she introduced me into the saloon, but this place not being convenient she was obliged to constrain herself rather more. After half an hour's animated conversation, in which she convinced me that she was not less well-informed than singular, dinner was announced. Placing ourselves at table she appeared almost instantaneously to abandon the reserve she had imposed on herself in the saloon. I never partook of a more delicious repast, the meats were exquisite, and the wines like nectar. Caroline helped me abundantly, pressing me to empty my glass by invitation as well as example, whilst a perfect harmony of celestial music poured in a flood through the perfumed air, which was fragrant with all the perfumes of Arabia; every moment she committed fresh thefts; the most passionate lover could not have attached more value to such insignificant trifles.

We were only waited on by two young girls, extremely pretty, and who were doubtless initiated in the sweet pleasures of their mistress, for their presence did not prevent her lavishing on me the most tender caresses. The diversity of wines and liqueurs which I had been forced to drink, that delicious harmony whose varied modulations alternately

inspired the most lively transports and the most voluptuous languor, the advances of Caroline, her free discourse, all, in short, contributed to make me share her delirium, so that when she passed from the table to the boudoir, not only her sex was no longer an obstacle to my impetuous desires, but the novelty of that piquante and singular scene seemed to add to their intensity.

The most exquisite perfumes were burning at the feet of the principal statue.

“Do you see,” said Caroline, regarding it, her cheeks on fire, “do you see with what greedy curiosity Venus examines the charms of Algae, the most beautiful of the graces? The marble seems to become animated at the sight of such attractions. Ah, my Julia, let me imitate it; let my hands, my eyes, do so also. But let us divest ourselves of these inconvenient robes, let there be no obstacles to our burning transports, every veil which covers you robs me of a pleasure!”

In a moment Caroline reduced me to a state of pure nature; far from resisting, I imitated her eagerness; the new beauties which discovered themselves to our view extorted a cry of admiration, and suspended our burning caresses.

Our hands, which for an instant seemed to have respected so many charms, wander with fresh delirium. Caroline takes me in her arms, drags me on to the ottoman, and obliges me to assume the attitude of Algae! I recline with my head resting on one of my arms, the right foot on the ottoman, the right knee raised, whilst the left leg, unsupported, gently balances itself.

My *chere amie*, not less curious than Venus, takes the same posture, and places herself exactly in front of the throne of felicity, one of the beautiful knees rests on a cushion, the other serves for a footstool. Caroline, at her ease, contemplates the object of her dearest desires. Her delicate hand opens the rose, and the new Sappho exclaims with transports of joy, impossible to describe. “She is still a virgin! Good God, what a source of pleasure!”

I confess I could never have imagined this discovery of such great value to her; virgin or not, what need she care?

But we cannot account for the eccentricity of the passions, and doubtless the most singular of all is to find one female amorous of another.

Love! thou who inflamed Caroline with the most ardent fires for one of her own sex, lend me thy burning pencil that I may worthily describe this voluptuous scene, as even in forcing us to give way to thy caprices, thy only object is to render us happy!

Caroline rises transported, presses me in her arms, giving a thousand kisses, then resuming her first attitude, contemplates anew the prettiest of bijoux. "Yes," she exclaims, "that flower is untouched. What colour! What freshness! Similar to the bee, I will extract the ambrosia! I will intoxicate myself with its delicious juice. I will drain it with pleasure!"

Then by a thousand means, which I dare not describe, but which occasioned me the most delicious sensations, Caroline made me attain the last period of delight. Her design was not merely to procure me delight; the skilful bee, wanting in the natural engine necessary to extract the honey from the rose, made use of her lascivious tongue to draw down my ambrosial tribute to love, titillating and sucking in such a rapturous manner that her face was almost drowned by my impetuous emission, as I went off into a most delicious state of almost unconscious lethargy.

Expressions would vainly endeavour to give an idea of Caroline's excitement; she seemed to have lost her reason as the source of life, her words were as incoherent as her conduct was extravagant. But what do I say? Was she not more sensible than ever, since all she said, everything she did, only tended to increase our intoxication, and add to its fury. Caroline, whose desires no longer knew any restraints, in order to satisfy them, made me pass through all the gradations of pleasure. I tasted in the same evening all those indescribable enjoyments which I should not have been acquainted with until after a long novitiate, had not the extraordinary passion I inspired her with induced her to initiate me at once in the most secret mysteries.

What charming pictures could I describe were I permitted

to give the reins to my pen.

My imagination, exalted by these enchanting souvenirs, longs to retrace the image! But, alas! I must confine in my bosom the secret ready to escape, and deprive the most beautiful half of the human race of a fruitful source of pleasures and voluptuousness, of which the experience alone can conceive the extent!

THE COLUMBINE.

*Written in London 12th January, 1837, on Fraulein
Theresa Schmidt, an opera dancer, as Columbine.*

Night after night I've fed my eyes,
On sweet "Theresa Schmidt, Fraulein,"
And marvell'd how cold the Northern skies
Could mould so fair a Columbine.

No verse, no rhyme could tell my mind,
To vent the praise my heart would breathe,
But she's an English girl I find,
And bears the vulgar name of Smith.

But whatso'er her name may be,
No Roman dancer could surpass,
The way she shows her open C,
And flourishes her jutting arse.

Yes—whatso'er the name she bear,
No graces, no celestial nymphs,
Can grant to men a sight more fair,
Of paradise a clearer glimpse.

Let others rave of Taglioni,
Dancers from Florence or from France,
But give Theresa for my money,
She shines the goddess of the dance.

The sculptor modelling naked truth,
Array'd in Eve's celestial dress,
May find her here in blaze of youth,
In all her native loveliness.

Pure English are the parts she shews,
Although she's call'd Theresa Schmidt;
What's in a name? A bright moss rose
By any other name's as sweet!

SWEET POLLY.

Oh, do you remember sweet Polly, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Polly with a cunt soft and brown;
How she'd grin with delight when you gave her a quid,
And how quickly she'd fetch a prick down?
That girl has now gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
That soft, luscious quim is now dry;
And that lump of delight is now a bag of dry bones,
That wouldn't please you, Ben, or I.
Had she stuck to the navy, I vow, Ben Bolt,
She'd alive be and kicking today;
But a bloody big soldier got round our poor girl,
And turned the poor mot into clay.
He gave her no coin, but he gave her the pox,
He whacked her while we were away;
He fucked her to death, and true to his set,
He often got in the back way.
Now she's gone dead, and he's off abroad,
And there the cuss had better stay;
For if he comes near me, my toe in his arse
Will remind him of his comrade's play.

SALLY'S MISTAKE.

Sally, the servant-maid of Mr. A——, was accustomed to walk in her sleep. She one night came into her master's room, went into his bed, laid down and slept between him

and his wife.

In the morning Mr. A—— got up according to his usual custom, a little after five o'clock, after having performed (as he thought) the part of an affectionate husband, not suspecting that there was anybody in bed with him but his wife.

He had not got downstairs before Mrs. A—— awoke, and accosted Sally, whom she mistook for her husband, in the following terms: "My dear Mr. A——, indeed I am not surprised that we have no children, since you are so lazy. Come closer, my dear, pray my dear, come, I am sure I am young and vigorous and perform my part as well as any woman in the kingdom."

Here Mrs. A—— paused a few minutes, waiting for an answer, but receiving none from the imagined husband (who lay all the time in a cold sweat, fearing a discovery, for she thought Mrs. A—— was her gallant the shopman, who laid with her every night, as she was afraid to sleep by herself; but they never spoke to each other during their amorous interviews for fear of being overheard).

"Fellow, do you think me worthy of an answer; I'll be revenged—I'll never get into bed with you again!"

Here her breast swelled so with anger that she could not utter another word.

Fortunately it was not yet light, so Sally jumped out of the bed and ran up to her gallant, to whom she imparted the whole affair.

This was the first time they had ever broken silence during their amours, and they were overheard by another maid who slept in the next room. She watched for the shopman's coming out of Sally's chamber, and made him go into hers to gratify those desires which I leave the reader to guess.

They all arose at their usual time, and Mrs. A—— being informed that breakfast was ready, went downstairs into the parlour, and had just seated herself when Mr. A—— entered the room, and accosted her in the following words:

Mr. A.—"Well, my dear, what do you think of me now?"

Mrs. A.—"That you are as incapable as a eunuch."

Mr. A.—"Nay, my dear, I thought you seemed so much

pleased with out gambols this morning that we should have been very great friends all the day, but, alas, I find there is no satisfying a woman!"

Mrs. A.—"I'll tell you, fellow, I'll have a divorce. Not even answer me, scoundrel. Did I not make a man of you? Had it not been for me, you would have had to carry your cod-piece to a beggar woman ere this—whilst I know by your unnatural abstinence you have a gay woman in keeping—some painted little bitch or flag-hopper. Not a civil answer, when I offer you my love? You shall repent it, sir, you old whoremonger, thus to neglect your virtuous wife" (clapping her hands in fury).

Mr. A.—"My dear, I did. As I love my money, will you have it cut off and preserved like a snake in a bottle—or do you want it twice before breakfast?"

Mrs. A.—"Your money is my money, and so ought your —— to be, but you take it elsewhere, you old adulterer!"

Mr. A.—"Nay, nay, my dear, but I believe you're too loving, my jewel, as soon as breakfast is over I'll lock the door and we will ——."

Mrs. A.—"Now, indeed, my dear, you speak like a man of mettle, and I forgive all that is past."

When breakfast was over he performed his promise. Madam was pleased, and harmony once more reigned in their loving abode. Sally also was equally happy in having escaped from her dangerous predicament, her fellow servant in having gotten a gallant, and the shopman two fine girls to play and toy with at his pleasure.

Moral.—"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

PLEASURES AFAR.

DISCOVERY OF THE LONGITUDE.

A merchant of Genoa, leaving wife at home,
Kiss'd a little whore, in the town of Rome;
"You, my dear," said he, "tried full many a nation,
Then say who had the longest tool of generation?"

Said the merry girl, "Oh, that's soon decided,
You, who cross the sea, are the best provided;
What a length of tail, though the seas you roam,
Your spouses never fail, to bear you babes at home!"

THE ARITHMETICIAN.—A FACT.

Come tell me, dear Charlotte, my goddess, I cried;
What numbers have tasted thy charms?
Too fickle enslaver! thou ownest a pride,
In admitting a host to thine arms!
Yet blooming in all the luxuriance of youth
The hills of thy bosom belie thee,
Then come my enchantress, confess me the truth,
Let not prudery idly deny me!
O never, she cried let us reckon the "number,"
But rather the "length" of our loves!
Ah, give me full measure! and if it be under,
I reckon by couples my "doves,"
With my finger I spann'd every member of pleasure,
Together I spann'd the amount,
Till the pricks put together, were twelve miles in measure,
And then I gave o'er the account!

CHAPTER 18.

DR. TANNER'S FAST FOR FORTY DAYS.

A CORRESPONDENT in New York writes to the Editor of THE PEARL, to say that, for the last three weeks of the terrible experiment, the Doctor's penis, which in its normal condition would be eight and a half inches when in a state of erection, was shrivelled up to less than an inch in length, and no handling or frigging could induce stiffness or emission.

JULIEN'S CONCERT.

Now music being the food of love I thought that I would go
To Julien's concert; for I heard the price was very low.
It being nearly eight o'clock, so in I toddled quick.
To hear the quadrille and see great Julien shake his pr——
The little staff about, and I've been told by jokers
That the ladies they do all agree that he's the prince of
The ladies they were highly dressed—naked, almost stark,
Their muslin being thin enough to see the watermark;
I gazed on one, a beauteous maid, her smile was bright and
sunny,
She'd a nice small mouth and golden hair and a fine full
open cunny.
Being so, I introduced myself to her so gentle,
She said, she'd come there for an hour with something
instrumental.
I gently sat down by her side while glowing like a fire;
The smile she gave I must admit I really did admire.
Said she: "The band is going to play." Said I: "'Twill shake
the walls."

“Oh, no,” said she, “that’s only when great Julien shakes his ball—

My bunch of rosy locks, his staff so well displayed is,
He knows full well a good long piece is sure to please the ladies.”

The names of all the instruments she then enquired about
Especially of that long brass-thing that kept sliding in and out.

The fingering of the double-bass she thought was rather slack,

And wondered Julien should engage a man who’d got the clap—

Pers they were an awful bore, and still she would insist on
Me telling her who’d get the horn, and who the cornet a piston.

She said she liked the clarinet, likewise the German flute—

You know all well such instruments the ladies always suit;
The forty parts they were so off they almost made us start,
And the ophicleide would come in just like a thundering fart
Or peal of thunder, but not so far as India;

And the French horn would pop in, to join those things so windy

The place got overpowering; our ears were tired of drumming;

Said she: “I feel I’m going, you’d better be a-coming.”

She took my arm, we left the place, I acted as conductor;
I called a cab, and on the road I freely furnished her with
my ideas of Julien’s improvements,

And so wound up with a grand duet with many pleasing movements.

THE GOOD NOBLEMAN.

Air—“There was a Little Man.”

Respected near and far,

There was a noble

Marquis, and Wallsend was the title that he bore, bore,
bore,

Who left his brother-swells
To follow little girls,
And tell 'em not to do it any more, more, more

Said he: "A man's affair
Isn't meant to go in there!"
And his Lordship put his finger on the spot, spot, spot;
But the wicked girls appalled
The nobleman, and called
On God to paralyse each limb they'd got, got, got.

"Your private parts, or cunny,
Should not be let for money,
They're only meant to pee with," did he preach, preach,
preach,
His ears he almost doubted,
When the little creatures shouted:
"God blind us into bloody corpses, each, each, each!"

"You always should endeavour
To stop a young man ever
On any grounds from creeping up behind, hind, hind."
And this noble thought he dreamed,
When the little creatues screamed:
"God strike us deaf, lame, dumb and blind, blind, blind!"
"You dissembling, bleeding, rotten,
Bloody, cankered, misbegotten
Lump of shit, rubbed over with a little spend, spend,
spend!"
The little children cried,
For a cockstand they espied
Within the noble breeches of their friend, friend, friend.

They were tearing down his breeches,
And his bitter cries and screeches,
And his blushes would have melted hearts of snow, snow,
snow.
And the little creatures found,
When they dragged him to the ground,
That, while lecturing, he'd shot his noble roe, roe, roe.

AN UNFORTUNATE FAMILY.

Miss Jones, whose father was a wealthy alderman, and thought nobody but a rich man was good enough for his daughter, took the precaution to allow young Brown to get her in the family way.

When the youngster was about three months on the road she one morning appealed to her papa to sanction their engagement and she asked for a speedy marriage.

"Egad! Do you think I'll ever have that penniless puppy?"

"Oh, oh, Papa! But the puppy's had me and there's a baby coming!" sobbed Miss Jones, covering her crimson face with her hands.

"Well, I'm buggered!" exclaimed the alderman.

"Father! Father! Don't say that; we're such an unfortunate family!"

HOAR FROST.

A Yankee travelling on the London and North Eastern Railway the other day, had for his vis-à-vis a gentleman who had lost his nose. The disfigured countenance so fascinated his gaze that at last his fellow-passenger, getting impatient at what he considered an impertinence, exclaimed in a rage: "Really, sir, you are very rude and insulting to look at me so! Did you never see a person before who had had the misfortune to have his nose frostbitten?"

The Yankee apologized for his seeming want of manners, and re-assured the annoyed person by informing him that he was going to alight at the next station. However, after leaving the train he continued to walk up and down the station-platform in seeming thought, till just as the train was on the move, his curiosity again came over him and thrusting his head through the carriage window with a meaning grin on his face, he said: "I guess, stranger, that must have been a darn sharp Hoar Frost!"

Lord E. T——e, when a youth, asked his mother the following question: "Mama dear," said he, "what is the meaning of the word bugger?"

"Bugger, my child? Why do you ask?"

"Because I heard my tutor call the coachman a damned bugger."

"Well, my child," replied the Marchioness, "a bugger is a person who does his fellow an injury behind his back."—Cough.

CHAPTER 19.

FLUNKEYANIA; or BELGRAVIAN MORALS.

BY CHARLES.

Chapter One

IT is understood a useful, and it certainly is a commendable practice, that in bringing a book before the public, the author should say a few words by way of introduction, and of excuse, I presume, for his writing the book at all. But as I have very little to say about my antecedents and even that not of a very exalted or interesting character, I shall plunge at once *in medium res*, and beg the reader to follow me into the study of the Earl of Pomeroy, who was in the act of investigating my character previously to engaging me in the somewhat anomalous, not to say duplicate, role as his own confidential secretary-valet and body-footman to the Countess.

This, I am aware, is unusual in high families, but it is not without its special utility as I very soon had occasion to find out.

That I had plenty of opportunity offered me of playing the spy, my reader can easily imagine, when I tell him that almost always during the forenoon and generally late in the evening I was in attendance in plain clothes on His Lordship. And in the middle of the day and afternoon dressed in handsome livery, upon the Countess; sometimes at home, sometimes with Her Ladyship's carriage.

That I should give a preference to the service with the lady perhaps was natural, for not only was Her Ladyship's personal attendant, Justine, very pretty, but she showed her admiration for your humble servant in the most

distinguished manner.

But moreover, my vanity led me to suppose that my handsome mistress, the Countess, was not altogether insensible to the gratification of being attentively and devotedly waited upon by a good-looking youth, though he might be twenty years old and she thirty at least.

I think we have heard of such things before in the pages of history, dear reader! And I rather fancy we have heard of such charming characters as Catherine of Russia and one or two Queens of Spain!

At any rate, I was not insensible to the advantage of my position, which I was determined to enjoy as long as I could, unless, indeed, anything occurred of so glaring a nature (such as an elopement for instance) that everybody must as a matter of course become aware of it, in which case it would become my duty to His Lordship (and myself) to be beforehand of everybody else and disclose the plot.

But in the meantime, I was pretty certain that my noble mistress was not quite so virtuous as she was beautiful. But when a woman is so charming as she was, a young man is apt to find excuses for her, and I reflect that if a Spanish or an Italian lady has her Cavalier Servente or a French Marchioness has her very particular friend and nobody finds any fault with it, society need not be so very hard on the Countess, if she deviates slightly from the strict line of duty. But, then, you see, my friends, we are such a very moral people! And Society is hard.

One day I particularly remember, I was on duty to attend Her Ladyship who was going to take a short walk (not a very usual habit of hers).

She was, for her, rather plainly dressed and I noticed that the neighbourhood she selected did not seem to me the most appropriate for a lady of title to take the air on foot. But as long as she was not insulted or otherwise inconvenienced that was no business of mine; but presently I considered it my duty to call the Countess's attention to the fact that it was beginning to rain.

"So it is! How provoking!" was my lady's exclamation. But to my natural suggestion that I should call a cab she

replied in the negative, telling me that she was only a few doors from the house of a former servant in the family who lived at number so and so. That she would step in and rest. That I should remain at the public-house at the corner for half an hour or so and then, if the rain had not ceased, I should bring a cab for her, asking for her nurse, Mrs. Wilson.

Now, the reader will do my intellectual powers injustice if he considers that I did not understand all this thoroughly well. But I only touched my hat respectfully and repaired to the public-house, where, as the rain had not ceased and I thought it a pity to disturb my lady in her interview with her nurse, I remained about an hour and I am bound to say the Countess did not find fault with my delay. I suppose that she must have enjoyed her nurse's society so much indeed. Nor is it to be wondered at that my suspicions were correct and that the said nurse took the shape of a handsome young man and that, reversing the order of things, instead of he nursing her, she nursed her nurse!

It is to be hoped the nursing did her good; but she certainly did not seem much the better for it as she was very quiet and pale, and on arrival home, passed two or three hours on the sofa.

And on another occasion, I was ordered to accompany her on a short drive, when of course, as the brougham was put in requisition, I sat behind the coachman.

We had not gone far, and were still in the neighbourhood of the park, when I noticed a young lady standing on the footpath, as if in expectation of our arrival.

No sooner did my Lady Pomeroy behold her than she pulled the check-rein and ordered me to let in her young friend, Miss Courtney, whom she wished to take for a drive.

Of course I did so with all speed, and a most outrageously affectionate reception inside the carriage Miss Courtney met with, such a desperate kissing and hugging compressed into the space of a half-minute while I was putting in her skirts and shutting the door, I had never seen equalled!

During the transient glimpse I had of their embrace I am

almost sure I saw Miss Courtney thrust her tongue most amorously between the Countess's lips, and also take several indescribable liberties with the sacred person of my mistress.

And yet Justine knew something of the science of kissing and hugging too, and had initiated me into, I supposed, every branch of the mystery.

But on this occasion there was something more—a something almost indelicate, by which, taken in combination with other little matters almost as trifling, my attention was excited most curiously.

It will be easily understood by my judicious readers that I was naturally an adept where ladies were concerned, and had in my capacity as a young footman considerably rightened and improved any previous ideas I may have possessed. And, in this case, I was sharp enough to see that though Miss Courtney was well dressed, she was not very well dressed. That is to say, though her clothes were of rich fashionable materials, they looked as if they had not been fitted by a first-class modiste, or put on by a lady's-maid who was up to her business.

Then she did not step into the carriage like a young lady. She grasped the side-handle and sprang in without touching my arm in the first place. In the second place I have noticed that young ladies in getting in and out of a carriage, however modest, and even prudish they may be, are by no means averse to display their pretty ankles and even—well, Excelsior, up higher—a little peep of legs besides.

In fact, I have seen the mossy grotto itself when the drawers happened to favour me.

Well, there is nothing improper in that, and decidedly nothing unpleasant.

But Miss Courtney exhibited her lower limbs up to the knee, making not the slightest attempt to conceal them, and very fine legs they were too—only, somehow—somehow they did not appear to me like young ladies' legs.

There is a marked difference in this respect, I perfectly well know. For example, I may say without vanity that I have a very handsome pair of legs, well—and so has

Mademoiselle Justine; but then there is a great difference.

"Of course there is!" I fancy I hear my reader suggesting.

"Come, none of that, sir!" I reply. "I meant as to legs, simply as to legs."

And to return to my subject. The decidedly manly look of the young lady's legs, taken in conjunction with her dress, her style altogether and the peculiar nature of the caresses exchanged between her and the Countess, all these little incidents put together, I repeat, produced strong suspicions in my mind as to the sex of our young passenger.

But I need not have troubled myself to have entertained any suspicions at all. At any rate, they soon became certainties. For presently, I took upon myself to ask Robert the coachman where he was driving? And why was he driving so horribly slow?

To my first enquiry he replied that he was going to drive along St. John's Wood-Road, and in the second place he affirmed that he was of too compassionate a disposition to vex two handsome creatures that had never done him harm.

I stared at him, for I presumed he referred to the handsome pair of chestnut horses. But when he followed up his remark by gravely saying that it did not matter at what pace he drove for there was "nobody in the carriage," I thought at first he must be mad or drunk, but on turning my head round, the whole truth flashed upon me at once!

Sure enough, the carriage was supposed to be empty, *for all the blinds were closed!*

"Don't you know the peephole," said my friend John. "Our coachbuilder made it on purpose to please me, or I ought to say, Lord Pomeroy. He put me up to it and sometimes rides on the box with me and says it's far more pleasure to see his wife fucked by a fine young fellow than to have the trouble to do it himself."

"You don't mean that," I replied.

"Yes, no humbug between ourselves! Old Pom only cares for page-boys, lady's-maids, or some other man's wife or daughters. 'Nothing like breaking the Ten Commandments' in his favourite saying. You'll find that hole in the roof. A little bit slides back just behind you."

Eager to see something of real life, the slide was noiselessly pushed back, till I could see every part of the interior of the brougham. There sat my lady billing and cooing with Miss Courtney. How flushed they looked as their impassioned kisses too plainly told the depth of their feelings.

They were sitting side by side, and the first act of their little love-drama was evidently just over, but the curtain had not yet fallen for the Countess's dress was raised to her navel and I could see the jewelled hand of Miss Courtney groping between her lovely thighs. But that was nothing to the sight of the manly root with which that young lady was furnished at the bottom of her belly, which although rather drooping, was still glistening with the cream of love, as the Countess continued to caress it in her milk-white hand, gently uncovering the fiery-looking red head of her delight, as the motion of her fingers seemed to make a mute appeal to its further gallantry. My curiosity was quite satisfied and we let them enjoy themselves in peace for the rest of the drive.

Chapter Two

It was rather late in the afternoon when we arrived home, and I was in my apartment making some slight alteration in my attire before attending my lady at the dinner table, when, enters Justine! Without tapping or giving any other intimation of her approach.

I remonstrated with her, with mock gravity on her great impudence, representing to her that under the present circumstances my attire was grossly disarranged and that there was a great possibility that she might have found me in a state totally unfit to be seen by any young woman whatever.

To which the saucy girl replied that she did not know what state that was, unless I was sewn up to the neck in a strong sack; and even then, she continued, she thought that a loving woman with a sharp pair of scissors might overcome the difficulty and make me a presentable member

of society—fit to be seen by herself anyway.

I think I was going to put this experiment to the practical test, and that without the adjuncts of the sack and scissors, when Justine stopped me by saying that she had a very particular message for me from Her Ladyship.

This appeared to be that I was not to mention to anyone, least of all to the Earl, the circumstances of the Countess's having taken "Miss Courtney for a drive."

"For a *ride*," said I, correcting her with all possible gravity.

"Well, then, for a *ride*, if you like, you saucy boy," replied the sweet girl, giving me a slight box on the ear. "You know a great deal too much, sir; but you will promise not to tell Ernest, darling, won't you?"

Now, I was resolved to tease her a little. So I said that really I considered Miss Courtney a very fine girl. That she had given me a couple of sovereigns when she got out of the carriage. That she was just the sort of a girl that I was sure His Lordship would like: tall and long-legged, in fact exactly like a young fellow in girl's clothes. He's very fond of boys and would be delighted in finding Adam's needle instead of Eve's bit of old hat, when he put his hand up her clothes—and I was chafing away at a great rate when my pretty visitor stamped her foot with vexation, and then began to cry!

Of course upon this there was only one thing to do, and that was to comfort my young lady in every way that I could, and I succeeded so well that from sobbing, pouting, pushing me away and calling me a tantalizing, cross wretch, she began to return my kisses after the most approved fashion. Then she clasped me round the neck, sighing on my shoulder and murmuring incoherently all the loving epithets that suggested themselves on the spur of the moment, yielding herself as she did so to the loving clasp of my arms.

Almost undressed as I was, my natural feeling got the better of my discretion. It was too plain what the Countess's soubrette sighed for at the moment, and could any young fellow refuse such an appeal to his gallantry, especially when that engine of love which knows no conscience was bursting

with impatience.

My hands raised her clothes as I threw her back on the edge of my bed and for a few minutes we revelled in the delights of love.

When we were getting more composed and able to converse like reasonable beings, I gave Justine willingly enough the promise her mistress had told her to get from me. While she informed me that the Earl was particular, almost to jealousy, of anyone using his beautiful chestnuts, unless they who used them belonged to the family.

I could not help wondering if he would be equally jealous of anyone "using" his beautiful chestnut-haired wife! And whether I was to be considered "one of the family"?

I could not help hinting something to this effect to Justine, in as discreet a way as the object admitted of. And to my surprise instead of being exposed to a lecture, for my brazen impudence, for daring to entertain such ideas, or a storm of jealous reproaches for my cruelty in so thinking of anybody but herself, after what had just passed between us—and that not for the first time—instead of this I received from the faithful *femme de chambre* no slight encouragement.

She told me that she was sure the Countess was very fond of me. That she had questioned her (Justine) about my private habits, how I looked when in dishabille.

"You see, Ernest," said the arch girl laughingly, "that she supposes that I know all about it."

Then she told me that the Earl, although not at all an unkind husband, was habitually neglectful, and that, as the girl very shrewdly remarked, ladies considered even worse. That they will bear with a great deal of flirting, infidelity, and other bad conduct on the part of their lovers or husbands, as long as they themselves are not neglected. But that is the one offence not to be forgiven.

I do not mean to say that Justine expressed this sentiment precisely in these words, but this was the sense of what she said, and very good sense, too.

The upshot of her conversation was that I was to be ready and bold; but not too knowing or forward. To look

my best, and to watch for a favourable opportunity which she felt sure my Lady would afford me when she could. Indeed, Justine went on to say that the present occasion would not be at all an unfavourable one, when I could take the opportunity of assuring my mistress of my inviolable secrecy as to the "Miss" Courtney transaction, and my eternal devotion to her service.

"But," said Justine, "I dare say my Lady may feel rather fatigued with the exercises she has taken today—and as for you sir; it is, or ought to be entirely out of the question!"

I begged to assure Justine that she was never more mistaken in her life, for the taste of love she had just given me only whetted my appetite for a fuller feast, which was perfectly true; for what, with the girl's beauty before me, and the peep which I had had that afternoon into the closed carriage, the warm blood throbbed in my veins so that between reality and imagination I was in a highly efficient state; and all of this I might have given Mademoiselle Justine another and immediate proof of, had not the Countess's bell rung just at this juncture.

Our tête-à-tête was interrupted, Justine exclaiming: "Let me go directly, you dear, naughty fellow—don't you hear my Lady's bell? I promised her to be back in five minutes, and here I've been five and twenty! How you have tumbled my dress, to be sure! Do get along with you! But I must kiss the dear boy first, who has given me such a proof of his vigour!"

Her hand was under my shirt in a moment, and grasping the reanimated object of her desires, she stooped and took it in her mouth for a moment or two, tickling the ruby head with her lascivious tongue as her cherry lips pressed deliciously around it. But just as I felt the crisis coming on, she suddenly rose from her stooping position and, slapping my posteriors with no light hand, exclaimed with a laugh: "Ah, would you, sir? I know what you are going to do!" and bounced out of my room, saying as she closed the door, to be ready for Her Ladyship's commands in half-an-hour.

Reader, what could I do in the excited state in which she left me, but pass my hand two or three times up and down

on my bursting affair, till the seed spurted over the floor and satisfied my raging lust for that moment.

CHAPTER 20.

Chapter Three

IT may seem an extraordinary circumstance to some of my readers, and did not at first seem natural to me, that a spoony girl, such as Justine, should not only have not felt jealous at the prospect of a liaison between her mistress and myself, but should even do her best to foster and encourage it. But moments of reflection will, I think, serve to dispel partially, if not entirely, the idea of there being anything peculiarly uncommon about the matter.

In the first place, Justine regarded the Countess of Pomeroy as quite a superior being, so far above her as to render anything like rivalry out of the question. Moreover, in a certain way, she perfectly adored her and regarded everything Her Ladyship did as right.

Then again, the shrewd girl had sense enough to know that neither she nor I had any money to speak about, and that if we left the Countess under Her Ladyship's displeasure, we were neither likely to get any other situations. Whereas, if we were serviceable to my Lady, especially in the way of amours or secret fancies, our devotion and faithful attachment would very likely be rewarded in our ultimate marriage and an establishment in the shape of a good shop or perchance a fine boarding-house where we hoped not only to reap substantial profits but get an occasional cut in with our superiors, as we ministered to their lecherous appetites by favouring assignations for amorous dalliance.

These ideas floated through my brain as I dressed myself with more than usual care to attend upon my Lady. Adding, however, to my reflections a pretty strong conjecture that if my dear little soubrette were to catch me visiting anybody

else but her Lady with such ideas in my head—say Sophie, the pretty chambermaid for instance, the young woman's cheeks and my hair and even a more sensitive part would most likely come to grief.

These meditations brought me to the door of my Lady's dressing-room where Justine admitted me, and I found my noble mistress lying on her sofa, attired in a most graceful dishabille, dressed in a morning-robe of light blue silk so negligently open at the front that I could see the orbs of love, whilst one beautiful leg, hanging carelessly over the side of the sofa, as she reached sideways, displaying to my gaze a ravishing calf, ankle, and tiny foot encased in pink silk stockings and Turkish slippers, for she did not intend to appear at the dinner-table that day.

She looked rather pale and languid but my entrance caused a slight perceptible flush to pass over her beautiful features and I also perceived an increase of palpitation on the part of those ivory bosoms as she seemed to draw a long breath before addressing me. She began by saying:

"Justine has told me, Ernest, that you have promised to be true and faithful and to keep secret my clandestine interview with Miss Courtney today; I have a particular wish that it should not be known." Here she slightly coloured again. Then she continued:

"May I depend on you faithfully?"

With this she extended her white hand to me which I kissed with as much devotion as if it had been a Queen's, indeed I should say with a great deal more. This did not seem to cause her any displeasure, for she remarked that it seemed on my part an act of homage, devoting my service.

To this I replied that if kissing her feet could better express my devotion I should be happy to do so.

As she smiled at this and did not object, I took silence for consent and proceeded to kiss her lovely foot and ankle and, well—perhaps a little higher. At any rate, my lady readers must form their own opinion from the Countess's saying to me, half laughingly:

"I perceive, Master Ernest, you are one of those greedy people who, when given an inch, must take it all."

"My Lady, I would rather give you all than take an inch," I exclaimed, to which she replied:

"If this kind of thing goes on you must submit to have your eyes bandaged! Justine, bandage his eyes with your handkerchief!"

Now, the truth of the matter is I was grossly infringing on my tacitly permitted privilege of foot-kissing, having slightly raised the blue silk robe, till I found she was minus under-skirt or drawers and I almost saw the heaven of love itself while my bursting pego felt the soft slippered foot gently pressing upon it, but as Justine seemed in no hurry to obey the cruel order of her Lady—indeed, I strongly suspect that her binding would not have been effectual—I availed myself of the delay to beseech the Countess in the most devotedly affectionate terms that I could use consistent with respect, not to be so cruel, that at I had already been partially admitted to the gate of paradise, it was very great severity to deprive me of a glimpse of it, with some more extravagant nonsense to the same effect which seemed to amuse Justine amazingly, and actually did not seem to displease Her Ladyship, for she said something, if I recollect rightly (for I was very far from being in a condition to pay correct attention to what was said), about my being a foolish boy, but that as I had vowed myself to secrecy and her interests, and as it would be an insult to offer me money—why, why I must choose my own reward!

At least I know if I have not exactly reported my Lady's words, that was the practical termination of her speech; indeed I fear I took advantage of the kind tendency of her words before she had quite brought them to an end.

My fingers had already got possession of her clitoris and were revelling in the juicy moisture with which the vermilion lips of her aristocratic crack were already bedewed in anticipation of the fresh bit of meat it was her intention to devour. The effect was electrical. Justine had guessed the propitious moment and her busy fingers let loose the engine of love from the restraint of my breeches. With a bound I threw myself on Her Ladyship as I raised or opened the robe which had hitherto presented a slight obstacle to my

view. Her legs mechanically opened and I was in paradise, Justine keeping her fingers busy titillating the parts in conjunction, as she knelt by the side of the sofa, and really seemed to enjoy the sight of our transports. And what was my astonishment when, after three emissions I withdrew exhausted for the moment, to see the soubrette bury her face between the thighs of her mistress and greedily suck from the love-spot all that her tongue could lick up of the mingled sperm which oozed from that delicious aperture. It was a scene of voluptuous enjoyment such as my youthful ideas had not previously entertained.

The ice fairly broken, all ceremony (except outward form) was at an end. But these it was of course highly necessary to observe, if possible, with more strictness than before, so that in the course of an hour or so I was sent with an order to the housekeeper to provide something light and delicate for her Lady, who was an invalid and would not dine at the family table. This of course was promptly supplied but I was sorry to observe (for I was retained to wait on Her Ladyship), that the order had been so literally observed that the Countess, who was really only languid and no invalid at all, actually required nourishment and was likely to come off second best under this sick-room regimen.

I suggested this at once to Justine, who perceived the error made and volunteered to supply the deficiency. She showed herself a capital forager, for she returned speedily, bringing not only several dainties herself, but also accompanied by one of the under-footmen who bore a tray containing a capital supper with a bottle or two of wine.

This, the clever girl asserted, had been ordered by the Countess for her two attendants who were, after their duties were over, to have supper in the anteroom.

By this manoeuvre the Countess obtained the supper she absolutely required, but there was also plenty left over for Justine and myself, when (Her Ladyship having concluded her repast) we sat down to enjoy it in the anteroom.

I mention this little circumstance to show how familiarity was cemented and kept up between the Countess and us two, her special servants. Indeed, she expressed herself

warmly on the subject to me for suggesting the idea and to Justine for executing it. There was yet another cause for mutual congratulation and it was this.

What our beloved, but supposed to be invalid, Lady would have done on a wing of chicken, some jelly and the ghost of a glass of wine and water, I cannot tell, and shudder to think of, but I think we all three congratulated ourselves upon the effect produced by such condiments as tongue, potted meats, to say nothing of two or three bottles of good wine.

The colour returned to my Lady's pale cheeks, her languor gave way to vivacity and high spirits, and her eyes sparkled with the combined fire of passion and champagne.

Justine exhibited similar symptoms in a modified degree while I, thanks to my youth, strength and strong constitution, felt as if nothing particular had happened.

I had reason to bless my stars that I had partaken of a good supper, for after a little laughing talk, the Countess dispatched Justine to my room with orders to lock the door and bring her the key, exclaiming: "Now, Ernest, where do you suppose you are to pass the night?"

Under any other circumstances this might have been a puzzling question, but as Her Ladyship asked it, flung herself upon my knee and began kissing and hugging and fondling me in a style more becoming to her passion than her rank as a Countess, her question answered itself or rather her behaviour supplied an answer to it.

Not that I was ungrateful, however, for these proofs of endearment, far from it; on the contrary, I reciprocated them with all my heart and soul and repaid them with interest both physically and mentally. So that when Justine arrived with my bedroom key she was not at all surprised to receive an order to prepare her mistress for bed, to prepare another for herself in the anteroom and to call me at five o'clock in the morning, before any of the household were up. However, as the Earl was absent on a visit to the Duke of Dashwood, and nobody else had claim on my services, there was little fear of my being wanted or of any exposure consequent thereon.

I rather suspect that putting the Countess to bed was a longer business than usual, and I am afraid that Justine found me a nuisance rather than otherwise, for I was so proud of my newly invested privileges and other important offices, which I considered myself entitled to, that I insisted on acting the part of a chambermaid to a somewhat indefensible extent. And the beauty of it (in every sense of the word) was that the Countess rather backed me up in my vagaries than otherwise, until at last Justine lost all patience and vowed that if I did not retire into the anteroom and leave her alone with her mistress for a few minutes, I should go back to my own room as I deserved.

"Now, she's jealous, throw her on the bed, Ernest," ordered the Countess, "and do her over at once. I shall be delighted to see two such handsome persons playing the Adam and Eve game: besides, I've got a little tickler here to increase the fun and add to our enjoyment."

My affair was again in prime condition. So, throwing Justine over the edge of the bed I was into her in a moment. "Ah! ah! oh! Pray don't, my Lady!" I called out almost in a scream, as one, two, three slashing cuts of a heavy birch rod warmed my bottom behind. Justine held me to herself like a vice and I could hear the Countess laugh as she plied the merciless rod, till presently such a beautiful glowing sensation, added to an extraordinary bursting stiffness in my piston-rod, drowned all sense of pain as I shot such a profuse emission into my sweetheart that I almost fainted from excess of emotion.

And here it was my intention to draw the veil, or more correctly speaking, to drop the curtain and to balk the necessity of my friends by giving no further record of the proceedings of that delicious night; but I think in common gratitude to my beautiful Lady Pomeroy I ought to acknowledge that I was in a state of exquisite bliss and I may say without vanity that my lovely companion owned to something very like that enviable state herself.

We were both a little too happy, for when Justine came to call me in the morning I was almost exhausted. And the faithful girl could only rouse me by insisting that her

mistress was faint, that I must leave the room while she administered restoratives.

CHAPTER 21.

Chapter Four

THAT I have not ere this alluded to the Earl of Pomeroy, by whom I was specially engaged and to whom my services were due as well as to the Countess, must be attributed to the fact that almost immediately on my entering upon my duties, as recorded in this veracious narrative, His Lordship had joined a shooting-party at the Duke of Dashwood's, with whom the Earl was particularly intimate. Indeed, common report went so far as to say that His Lordship was still more intimate with the Duchess and that his Grace seemed to be perfectly indifferent on the subject.

Report as a general rule is a sad liar, but I strongly suspect (indeed, I had reason subsequently to know) that in this instance there was a good deal of truth in the rumour. Be that as it may, their Graces, accompanied by their daughter, the Lady Georgiana, were making a return visit to the Earl and Countess of Pomeroy, both of whom (very sensibly, as they might have need of my services) took care to make me acquainted with certain peculiarities of their noble guests.

As the Countess's remarks and suggestions were by far the more concise, I shall take them first in order.

She commenced by saying that she hated them all three. Father, mother and daughter. His Grace she described as a great heavy man, fond of good eating, hard drinking and riding, and that in matters pertaining to women he was a gross sensualist.

People had even been kind enough to couple her name with his, which she need not say was a base fabrication.

"Of course, my Lady," I ventured to interrupt.

She went on to say that nothing would induce her to have

anything to do with such a brute and that she would leave him to his liaisons with chambermaids and housemaids, whom he had the bad taste to prefer and to whom he conducted himself in such a style as to render him a nuisance in any country-house where he happened to be staying.

“On the last occasion when he was here,” my Lady continued, “he had the impudence to make improper advances to my maid Justine, but I very soon put a stop to that. Indeed, I think that Justine herself had too much good taste to permit such a thing.”

Here I may notice, *en passant*, that while I cordially subscribed to Justine’s good taste as far as I was personally concerned, yet I had my private doubts about that young lady resisting temptation, especially if a heavy bribe were offered.

But I am interrupting the course of the Lady’s remarks.

“If his Grace condescends to make paramours about the girls’ bedrooms, generally it’s no business of mine, as long as the housekeeper does not call my attention to the degrading circumstances. If the girl gets into mischief I am sorry for them and they must leave, that is all.”

The Duchess came next in consideration. She, it appeared, was very handsome, though dark. This was quite true, her Grace presenting a marked contrast in appearance to my mistress, who, as I think I have before noticed, had bright brown hair. The head and front of her offence was, in Lady Pomeroy’s opinion, not only that she, the Duchess, kept up a constant and most undisguised improper intimacy with the Earl, but had the effrontery to presume to be on the most affectionate terms with herself, the Countess.

“Just as if,” continued that indignant lady, “she could fancy me so stupidly blind as not to perceive what was going on almost under my very nose. Why, the very fact of not concealing it is an insult in itself!”

And I must say that I quite agreed with her there.

As to the Lady Georgiana, my mistress considered her a handsome aristocratic young lady, who had nothing but the accident of her birth to justify her excessive haughtiness and who affected to consider all other people, and the male sex

in particular, as so much dirt under her feet.

"That part of the business," continued my Lady, "I am convinced is all sheer nonsense, and in reality she is as sensually inclined, body and soul, as either her father or mother, and that will be found out someday, I feel perfectly certain."

As the Countess emphasized the last remarks, I could not help fancying that she glanced at me in a peculiar way.

Could it be that she had designed me as the instrument for lowering the pride of the haughty Lady Georgiana?

As to the characters of the gentleman's valet and the lady's *femme de chambre*, she merely premised that they were a trifle worse than usual among persons in their situations. The rest I might find out for myself.

Then reminding me of my pledge of secrecy and the peculiar bond by which she had secured my fidelity, we forgot for a few minutes our relative positions as Lady and servant.

I had been standing respectfully in front of Her Ladyship, but at the conclusion of her explanatory remarks on the virtues and vices of her guests, she motioned me to draw closer as she wished to ascertain for herself if had been wasting on others that which I ought to keep so as to be always in readiness to minister to her requirements.

Opening my trousers with her own delicate hands, she pulled out my rapidly rising organ of pleasure, and drawing back the foreskin, exclaimed: "Ah! you have been good! I can easily tell if the prepuce is all red that you have been obliging someone else within five hours. But this jewel is pale and I see no traces of recent excitement."

I fell on my knees and offered the devotions of my tongue at her shrine of love, then followed that up by a most salacious sucking, till she was content and graciously dismissed me, in order that I might be in immediate attendance on the Earl, who summoned me, and as his guests had just arrived, I lost no time in waiting on my master.

As of course the new arrivals were at once shown to the apartments destined for them, it afforded a capital opportunity for my Lord to order me to follow him to his

dressing-room. The private instructions and directions I there received were, as the reader will see, slightly different to the suggestions thrown out by Lady Pomeroy.

To begin with, His Lordship expressed his strong opinion that the Lady was guilty of infidelity and that the partner of her misdemeanour was no other than his most intimate friend, the Duke of Dashwood.

Of course, I knew better than this, but as I was supposed to know nothing, I said nothing.

I think His Lordship tried hard to persuade himself that the case was such, in order to try and make some small excuse for his conduct with regard to the Duchess. This, indeed, he hardly tried to conceal.

He was far from entertaining the same opinion of Monsieur Duroque and Mademoiselle Juliette, the valet and *femme de chambre* of the Duke and Duchess, which was held by the Countess. Indeed he represented that couple as the most valuable and trustworthy of their class, especially recommending Juliette to my notice. She and I would, it appeared, be the means of communication between the Duchess and himself in the way of verbal messages, notes or otherwise, and therefore it was highly desirable that I should cultivate the young woman's acquaintance.

"You have my full permission to fuck her, and make yourself as agreeable as possible. Then I can depend upon you both. There's nothing like that to ensure discretion in love matters," he added.

This, from the estimate I formed of her character and judging from her personal appearance, I considered I should not have much difficulty in doing.

My final instructions were not to fail in my attendance on my Lady and to report to him anything worthy of notice, particularly between her and the Duke.

This I faithfully promised to do, feeling pretty confident that I should do nothing in that quarter, and mentally resolving that any other eccentricities of my Lady as developed in respect to myself should not be considered worthy of notice.

So far, so good. And when my services to Her Ladyship

were concluded, little did he guess in what some of those services consisted, or with what pleasure they were given.

I was to attend His Lordship in his dressing-room as he would most likely require me.

Upon this I bowed and withdrew, and my Lady having a good deal of company to entertain at dinner, subsequently retired rather fatigued about eleven o'clock. I was at liberty to retire and repaired at once to my Lord's dressing-room. There I waited until nearly twelve when, making his appearance, he demanded if anyone had called there with a note for him.

I was in the very act of replying in the negative when a tap was heard at the door and opening it, entered Juliette.

She hesitated a little on seeing me, but on the holding out of his hand as if expecting something, she placed in it a small note. On reading it, he nodded his head and smiled, saying to the bearer, "Your mistress is retiring, I suppose?"

On receiving an answer in the affirmative he further asked whether his Grace was in bed or making any preparations for going to bed?

To this the clever soubrette replied that she had just seen Duroque, who had informed her that the Duke had taken a good deal of wine and seemed quite disposed for bed and would probably sleep soundly.

Upon receiving this information, my Lord dismissed me, as there was little possibility of my services being required that night in the espionage department, and it is to be presumed that he could manage anything else perfectly well without my assistance.

CHAPTER 22.

Chapter Five

TIRED as I was, I was undressing myself very leisurely but had nearly concluded that operation, when, lo! the door of my room quietly opened.

I never locked it for fear of being suddenly and secretly summoned.

Who the opener might be, of course, I could not tell, but I certainly did not expect to see Mademoiselle Juliette.

Putting her fingers to her lips as a sign of silence and secrecy, she informed me that the Duke was up and evidently bound on some nocturnal ramble, and that she, being in the Duchess's room, Lord Pomeroy (it is to be presumed that he was there too) had begged her to awake me, and desire me to look after his Grace as there was every reason to fear that his destination was the apartment of the Countess.

"So don't sit there staring like an owl in the sunshine," exclaimed the impudent black-eyed girl. "Get up and put your breeches on and I'll help you."

Now I beg to assure my kind readers that at this moment I was in that particular costume in which Charles Lever describes his hero Harry Lorrequer, being discovered when the bell rang to draw up the curtain at some private theatricals: to wit, a shirt and silk stockings.

Nothing more, upon my honour!

And I leave it to any to say whether it was a delicate operation for a modest young man to undergo to be assisted in pulling on his breeches by an impudent black-eyed soubrette.

The chastest Joseph that ever lived must have yielded to the temptation, and the stupidest gawky of a piously

brought-up lout must guess what followed.

I picked up my trousers from the chair upon which they had been flung as I undressed, and pretending to bungle as I bashfully attempted to hide John Thomas, who at the bare idea of a bit of anything fresh, was in his usual unruly state.

"La!" she exclaimed as her hand touched my projecting shirt, "is it anything that will bite?"

"Yes love, but not anything to hurt a darling like you. Won't you stroke his pretty head? It's a pet with all the ladies," I replied, pulling up my shirt and presenting the *Vade mecum* of pleasure to her eyes.

Juliette at once flushed crimson as she covered her face at the sight, ejaculating: "How dare you, sir? I'll tell the Countess!"

"Not before you've enjoyed it, however, and then you can give me a reference for gallantry as well, which may do me a great service. You're in for it, now, Miss Juliette," I said, shoving her towards the bed, and in spite of her resistance, I soon had her clothes up and got between as beautiful a pair of thighs as I ever saw (she had no drawers on). It wanted only the electric touch of Mr. Pego to make her surrender all discretion. Ah, what an engagement we had, yard-arm to yard-arm, as Jack Tar would say! In fact I fired into her porthole till she surrendered and went off into a faint of ecstasy.

I shall never forget it, short as the fuck was, it was one of the most enjoyable I remember. Time was precious and she soon kissed and forgave my boldness, for, of course, it was only what the young lady had hoped and expected, and so I trust she was satisfied. But now I had to attend to business.

Finding that the Duke had indeed left his room, I proceeded in search of his Grace, not in the direction suggested by Juliette, but in quite another direction than towards my Lady Pomeroy's apartments, to where the under-servants slept. Comfortable rooms enough they were, too.

Now I was perfectly aware that Sophy and Lucy, the two housemaids, slept in one room. There I thought would be my mark, and there, sure enough, I found his Grace evi-

dently on the most affectionate terms with the two young women, whose charms, though not of the most aristocratic class, were by no means to be despised; for he was paying them very liberally in advance, and so I had to remain and see whether he fell into the snare which sometimes awaits the bad paymasters who pay in advance, or I should make but a poor report to my employers. But, no, I had the gratification of witnessing through the medium of the keyhole (after rather a tedious observation, however, for were there not two young women?) that "there is honour among housemaids" and that if his Grace of Dashwood did not get his money's worth it was not the fault of Sophy and Lucy!

Chapter Six

Honour amongst maid-servants, you would have thought so, had you but seen how Sophy and Lucy, after receiving the Duke's retaining fee, worked for his pleasure in hopes of getting a refresher when he retired.

Nor were their labours in vain. Yet, I verily believe he had stimulated himself by a dose of tincture of cantharides, phosphodyne, or something of that sort, for he was a perfect goat.

Lucy now preceeded to business by suddenly throwing the bedclothes off Sophy, whose chemise she turned up, and began to smack her lily-white bum before she could very well help herself.

that depend on how they pleased him first.

Although I could not hear all that was said, what I saw will enable me to supply the dialogue.

Lucy now pœceeded to business by suddenly throwing the bedclothes off Sophy, whose chemise she turned up, and began to smack her lily-white bum before she could very well help herself.

I could see the red marks flush on her tender skin at every siap. This seemed greatly to please the Duke, who did his best to prevent the helpless girl from getting up.

Sophy struggled desperately, looking both flushed and

cross but afraid to call out for fear of making too much noise.

His Grace had gone on his expedition in slippers and dressing-gown. So when this slapping was over; he slipped off his only coverings, and dropping the slippers, had nothing but his stockings on as he jumped on the bed between the two girls, his great affair as stiff and ready as possible.

Sophy was the first to take possession of that red-headed prize. She was evidently excited by the rough usage of her posteriors and begged to be comforted at once.

"So you shall, my dear," said the Duke, "and let your bedfellow straddle over my face, that I can tickle her up with my tongue whilst you ride my cock."

This was a luscious sight and raised all my own lustful feelings quite to burst point, till, as they all seemed to come together, I actually emitted in my breeches.

After this, each of them sucked his prick and balls by turn, till he mounted Lucy and fucked her like a satyr; Sophy all the while kissing and fondling his testicles and working one finger in his arse-hole to excite him to the utmost.

Even this did not exhaust him, for he gamahuched them by turns, and even did the "La Rose" trick of the French women, by frigging their bottoms with his long tongue, which seemed to drive them almost mad. They got his prick in a glorious state again, and at his request, both knelt down on hands and knees, presenting their bottoms to him. What a surprise I had, for he buried that great bursting prick of his in each arse-hole in turn, and then for a change, in their cunts. He made it last awfully long and I could see plainly by their wriggles of delight and the subdued ejaculations of pleasure which I heard, such as: "How nice—lovely—delicious. How you do make me come. Oh, do spend into me," etc., as each girl was also busy frigging herself as well.

At last it was over. I saw him taking the second fiver out of his dressing-gown. So, turning from the keyhole, I retraced my steps. Everyone to his taste, I reflected, as I quickly and cautiously descended the stairs on my homeward journey. And yet again, I thought, a man might do worse; and if I had not been so exceptionally fortunate, as I am, I might be very glad of two such buxom lasses as Sophy and Lucy.

These reflections brought me to the door of the Duchess of Dashwood (quite in another part of the house from that of the Duke), and here I essayed to make my knocking with my knuckles.

But whether Juliette was in the arms of Morpheus or one of the young footmen, or of M. Duroque, or of all three, I cannot tell; but at any rate, I could not obtain admittance, until I heard the bolt withdrawn and the voice of the Earl, my master, telling me to come in.

I entered accordingly and made a full report of what I had seen, much to the pretended surprise of His Lordship, but not at all to the surprise of the Duchess, who declared with considerable emphasis, "It was just like him!"

She, then totally oblivious of my presence, as it seemed and of her own dishabille, which might be charming but was somewhat remarkable for her own peculiar situation, that is to say, a married woman comfortably in bed with another woman's husband—totally forgetful of all these trifles as it seemed—she began to expatiate upon the enormities perpetrated by his Grace of Dashwood.

Of the valuable impulse he had given to the population in his neighbourhood through the medium of the farmers' daughters and pretty cottage-girls; that she never could keep a decent-looking chamber-maid or housemaid in the castle—that in London he was worse, if possible—that she suspected him of improper conduct with Mademoiselle Juliette, the best soubrette she ever had, and was getting on at a great rate, when the Earl politely reminded her that my presence in the room was no longer required and suggested that I should be allowed to retire, which her Grace cordially agreed to, commenting at the same time upon my manners and general appearance in a style which I may be forgiven for not repeating, but which suggested my having found favour in her eyes.

As the reader may believe, I took particularly good care to report to my Lady on the following morning all that I had seen regarding the Duke and Duchess.

As concerned the proceeding of the former there was no embellishment required; a plain unvarnished statement of

facts was all that I dared venture on and it was enough in all conscience.

But where her Grace and my Lady's husband were concerned, I must plead guilty, I fear, to having thrown in a little colouring, suggested a few natural touches in fact, that brought out (so to speak) the prominent features of the picture into high relief.

The trifling episode about Juliette coming by herself into my room and assisting at my toilet, I thought it judicious to say nothing about whatever.

My report produced, as might be expected, a variety of conflicting emotions in the mind of Lady Pomeroy.

But while she was reflecting, I suppose as to what opinion to express, Justine, like a favoured girl, took the liberty to open the ball with: "Pray, Master Ernest, when you were bound on such an errand why did you not call at my room and take me with you? Two witnesses would have been better than one, you know."

I replied with as much gravity as I could, though I could hardly suppress a laugh, that I could not think of introducing such youthful purity to such a scene of licentious sensuality.

At this remark, notwithstanding her vexation, my Lady Pomeroy fairly smiled, and I think that Justine would have boxed my ears if she had dared.

Then she continued her examination by asking if: "That wretch, Juliette, was in the room when I made my report to the Duchess?"

"No, she was not," I briefly answered.

"And where the dev—(it was nearly out)—was she then?"

"How should I know?" was my reply. "Rocking somebody to sleep, I presume; Lady Georgiana, or M. Daroquè, or somebody else."

"Hush, Justine," said the Countess now laughing, "you are too forward, and as for your report, Ernest, it is all very disgusting of course, but it is very painstaking and faithful on your part, and it is a comfort to know that I shall not be bothered with the attentions of that brute of a Duke, while

he is here; and I'll take care that Justine is not annoyed. As for those two fools of housemaids, I shan't take any notice of their conduct; it would only create a general scandal. Of course I knew that my Lord misbehaved himself grossly with the Duchess but did not know that she abandoned herself so completely when there was a third party, and a handsome young man, in the room. What is your opinion on the subject?"

To this I replied with all becoming indifference that it was a subject on which I hardly felt competent to express an opinion, when in the presence of such a good judge as Her Ladyship, but as far as my own personal feelings were concerned, that her Grace's self-abandonment and forgetfulness of the barriers which modesty might have interposed in the presence of a third party, produced no effect whatever. And that I had lately been taking lessons in an academy of such a very superior grade to that in which it appeared her Grace had taken her degrees, that I consider myself too proficient to require instruction from her in any branch of learning whatever.

Of course this speech was understood precisely as I intended it to be.

Justine laughed and my lovely mistress smiled and coloured and said that I was "a silly, flattering boy," but seemed very much gratified nevertheless.

I was then dismissed for the present, under directions to attend her Grace when she took Lady Georgiana out for a drive in the afternoon.

I could not help laughing in my sleeve, as I wondered whether they would drive in the direction of my Lady's nurse, who lived in a certain obscure street, or if Miss Courtney would be picked up anywhere and make a third inside passenger.

According to the old adage a third makes bad company, but under these circumstances I do not think that either of the ladies would have objected to the addition.

However, I may as well say at once that nothing of any consequence occurred during the drive. That is, nothing at all ostensible to speak about.

If any conversation took place between the ladies that produced some effect on them shortly afterwards, I cannot tell for a certainty, as of course I could hear nothing of it. But, judging from the hints thrown out by my Lady Pomeroy to Lady Georgiana and her longing to see her haughtiness and scorn of men brought down to a proper level, and connecting these suggestions with a mysterious adventure which befell me the day after the ladies drove out together, I cannot but think that Her Ladyship had some hand herself in bringing about the fulfillment of her own predictions.

On that day as it happened, or most probably it was selected on purpose, the Duke and Duchess and the Earl had gone to the theatre; the Countess desiring to remain at home and Lady Georgiana stayed to keep her company.

It had become quite late in the evening and as my services were not required, I was sitting by myself, when Juliette came in without knocking, silently and mysteriously, as once before, but not with the same results. She merely came, as she said, to tell me that my presence was required.

“Where?”

Never mind, I was required, that was enough, and very flattering to me!

Moreover it was absolutely requisite that my eyes should be bandaged.

Now, I was no fool and I was pretty certain that no harm could come to me in the Earl's mansion at any rate. Moreover, if my eyes were bandaged, my hands were free; besides, I may as well confess to my readers that my last association with my eyes bandaged, or more nearly proposed to be bandaged, was an extremely agreeable one; so after a faint show of objection I submitted, having a pretty strong notion of the object of the grand adventure.

I was then led by my conductress up one passage and down another, evidently for the purpose of puzzling me, and this was successful, for on being ushered into a room, I certainly could not make out where I was. That the room was comfortable and with some luxurious articles of furniture in

it, there was no doubt. Also that there were two or three females in it, I was persuaded, for I heard low whisperings, some of an argumentative character. Some as if in fun, and some seemed made in allusion to me in connection with some sport or other.

But I was not such a fool as not to make a shrewd guess as to what sort of sport was likely to take place, when a few merry young women have got a handsome young man in a room among them, with his eyes bandaged, and awaited my fate with becoming fortitude.

I had not long to wait.

I heard someone give a whispered persuasion, some more giggling and then violent hands were laid upon me. I don't mean to say that I was hurt or that the hands laid upon me were particularly rough, but at any other time I would have protested against indignities offered to me; under the circumstances I considered it wiser and pleasanter to hold my tongue and submit to my fate.

So I did. So would my reader if he had such a chance. Fancy yourself blindfolded as I was, and fancy several pairs of delicate soft hands pulling off your clothes, till there was no rag on your body except your stockings and the handkerchief over your eyes. How would you like to hear a soft, gentle voice as pleasant as a rippling brook, say: "Look at that beauty, won't you kiss its ruby head?" Then a soft hand takes John Thomas, gently draws back the foreskin and you first feel the warm breath, then the touch of the velvety tongue of some beauty who, you instinctively know, feels her blood at that moment in a boil of voluptuously longing excitement.

You are drawn softly to a couch, laid gently on your back, and some delightful creature splits herself upon your rod, rides it with spirit, till just the ecstatic moment; her lips are glued to yours in long lusciously amorous kisses, as the soul-dissolving emission mixes the male and female semen in one life-giving stream of pleasure.

She rolls aside and another fair creature takes her place before you have time to lose your stiffness. (Fresh cunt, fresh courage.) On you go for a steeple-chase of love again,

again you come together! Each time I tasted the heavenly bliss of coition, if possible, in a more delightful degree, for I had four of them, one after another, before they allowed me to get up.

Then the darlings dressed me, but made such a pretended muddle of getting on my trousers, as they laughingly tried to put my limp prick away comfortably in its place, it got so handled and squeezed that I had the horn as ever. So, seizing the first one I could hold, I bore her to the floor, up with her dress and into her reeking cunny in less time than it takes to write it.

This was a delicious bout, for the others laughed and slapped our bottoms all the while as we wriggled on the carpet. I was so delighted I am sure I made my partner spend three times before I was subdued, and she lay listlessly beneath me in the after lethargy of satisfied desire.

Whilst feeling her beautiful legs my hands came upon a small loose strap which I slyly slipped into my trousers as I put away the limp engine of love, thinking perhaps to make out my antagonist when I examined the colours I had captured on the sly.

I was kissed and sent away in charge of Juliette and soon found myself in my own room again.

It was a most mysterious story, but I had obtained a slight clue, a very slight one certainly, when my conductress advised me to put myself in order as I should probably be required to wait upon my mistress and Lady Georgiana at the supper-table.

But no sooner was her back turned than I inspected the little waif or stray I had secured in my pocket and found, as I expected, that it was neither more nor less than a lady's garter, and one of a colour and make that I had never seen before.

Anyway, the next morning Mlle. Juliette was making anxious enquiries about one of her Lady's elastics which I at once offered to restore on condition of being allowed to replace it. And if anyone considers this affords a clue to my mysterious adventure they are welcome to it. I have no opinion to offer except that it is time to wind up my story.

The Earl of Pomeroy and the Duchess of Dashwood never visited the theatre on the eventful evening I have just described; the Duke, who could not obtain a divorce, filled his house with such bad company that his daughter, the Lady Georgiana, has obtained permission to live under the protection of her particular friend, the Countess of Pomeroy.

Justine and I, being so comfortably fixed and quite young as yet, think it would be folly to marry at present and so we retain our confidential stations.

CHAPTER 23

THE BLUE VEIN

A True Welsh Story.

Ye fun-loving fellows for comical tales,
Match this if you can, truly current in Wales;
The Bible so old, and the Testament new,
Having none more authentic, more faithful or true.
Four frisky maidens, young, handsome and plump,
Who could each crack a flea on their bobbies or rump,
Took into their heads just to bother the tail
Of Ned Natty, a groom, so they jalap'd his ale.

Now Ned on red herrings that even did sup,
So he drank every drop of the gripe-giving cup.
Soon his guts 'gan to grumble and shortly Ned found
His bowels give way, and his body unbound;
The buckskin's gay leather, by gallus confin'd,
Could not be cut down 'till indecently lined;
This made Neddy's Pego, accustomed to sprout,
Shrink into his belly, and turn up his snout.

The time this damn'd jalap in Ned's belly lurked,
No post horse like Neddy was ever so worked.
Three nights and three days he lay squirting in bed
And neither could hold up his tail nor his head.
The storm at length ceasing, purg'd Ned 'gan to think
On some revenge sweet for this damnable stink;
"For I'm damn'd," exclaimed Ned, "if these bitches
shan't find,
That I'm cabbaged before; tho' I'm loosened behind."

'Twas early one morn, exercising his steed,
Ned saw an old gipsy-hag crossing the mead.
Straight he hailed her and said: "Woman, where do you
hie?"
She replied: "To tell fortunes of females hard by."
Now these females Ned found were his jalaping friends,
So he thought it the season to make them amends.
Then he brib'd for the cant and the gipsy's old clothes.
Thus equipped, said Ned: "Trick for trick: damn me,
here goes!"

First Molly, the cook-maid, he took by the hand,
From her greasy palm told her what fortune had plann'd.
She was soon to be married, each year have a brat.
"Indeed," cried the cooky, "how can you tell that?"
"I'll tell you the number," said Ned, "let me see
The blue vein that's low placed 'twixt the navel and knee."
When she pulled up her clothes, Ned exclaimed: "I de-
clare
Your blue vein I can't see, 'tis cover'd with hair."

Next dairy-maid Dolly, of lechery full,
Swore she was then breeding, for she'd had the bull.
To the gipsy, said Doll: "Can you, old woman, tell
Whether bull or cow-calf makes my belly so swell?"
When he viewed her blue vein, he said, "Doll by my troth,
You must find out two fathers, for you will have both."
For the squire and the curate, when heated with ale,
Doll Dairy had milk'd in her amorous pail.

Now Kitty the housemaid, so frisky and fair,
Who smelt none the sweeter for carrotty hair,
Presenting her palm to the gipsy so shrewd,
Was candidly told that her nature was lewd.
While feeling the vein near her gold-girded nick,
Kate played the old gipsy a slippery trick,
So that Kate, who had ne'er been consider'd a whore,
Was told she'd miscarried the morning before.

Then came Peggy the prude, who no bawdy could bear,
Yet would tickle the lap-dog while combing his hair.
"Is the butler my sweetheart," said Peggy, "sincere,
And shall we be married, pray, gipsy, this year?"
Quoth the gipsy: "You'll have him for better or worse,
But you'll find that his corkscrew is not worth a curse.
So when you are wed, 'twill be o'er the town talk'd:
There goes Peggy, a bottle, most damnably cork'd."

Now Ned, thus revenged, bid the maidens good-day,
But, curious, they ask'd him a moment to stay.
"For," said Molly, the cook-maid, "we all long to see,
If you've a blue vein 'twixt the navel and knee."
Ned pull'd up his clothes, sir, when, to their surprise
They beheld his blue vein of a wonderful size.
The sight, Kate the carrotty, couldn't withstand;
She grasped the blue vein till it burst in her hand.

So alarm'd the prude Peggy fell into strong fits,
Frightened cook and Doll Dairy went out of their wits.
Then carrotty Kitty to gipsy Ned spoke:
"We'll each give a guinea to stifle the joke."
But Ned swore that no money should silence his tongue,
That the tale should be told in a mirth-moving song:
"As a caution," cry'd Ned, "to all Abigails frail
That there's more fun in f——g than jalaping ale."
The story like wildfire o'er Cambria spread,
From the borders of Chester to fam'd Holyhead.
In a vein of good humour, the vein that is blue,
Will long be remembered by me and by you;

Then fill a bright bumper to honour this vein,
A bumper of pleasure to badger all pain;
So hear us, celestials, gay mortals below!
Drink c——t, the blue vein, wherein floods of joy flow.

DRAWING-ROOM PASSE TEMPS.

Gent—Have you tried the new medicated paper for the water-closet?

Lady—It is so dreadfully expensive.

Gent—No, really I know a place where you can buy six packets for ten-and-sixpence.

Lady—It is so deliciously soft, I cannot think how I could have put up with old newspapers.

Gent—May I send you half a dozen?

Lady—Thanks very much.

Gent—What a very disagreeable smell, I think our vis-à-vis must have farted.

Lady—No, it's that conceited thing on your left. I saw her cough behind her hand and pull her dress out.

Gent—You must forgive me but, do you know, I thought at first it was you.

Lady—Oh, you naughty satirical man.

Gent—What a troublesome complaint is piles!

Lady—Yes, poor mama and my sisters have them shockingly.

Gent—And you, come now, confess.

Lady—No, indeed, and indeed . . .

Gent—Not a little bit?

Lady—No, not a bit.

Gent—Do you find that your bowels act with regularity?

Lady—Quite so, thank you for your kind enquiries, I go punctually every ten days or so.

Gent—Now that is very naughty of you, you ought to go every morning.

Lady—But the seat is so dreadfully cold to sit down on in this nasty weather.

Gent—Might I warm it for you?

Lady—What would mama say?

(Here you see, the conversation is gliding into a flirtation and should be diverted unless you have honourable intentions. If you have, it may continue as follows:)

Gent—Your mama would say we were two cozy dicky birds to bolt ourselves into the water-closet.

Lady—But you would go away after you had warmed the seat, would you not, because I might make a little noise?

Gent—If it played a pretty tune I would love it.

Lady—And would you rumple the paper for me?

Gent—All day long.

Lady—For little me only and for no one else?

Gent—For no one but you would I rumple a particle of paper. Is it not extraordinary that there are no public urinals for ladies?

Lady—You men would be always standing about the doors.

Gent—But you ought to have them built like ours, you know, with the trough projecting a little further.

Lady—Butter-boat fashion, how very nice.

THE BANKRUPT BAWD.

Tune—"Vicar of Bray."

Near Jermyn Street a bawd did trade
In credit, style and splendour,
Well known to every high-bred blade,
And those of doubtful gender.
How nature once, in marring mood,
Her body formed, I'll tell ye,
Upon her back a swelling stood,
To mock her barren belly.

CHORUS:

For some succeed and others fail
That into commerce enter.
So few are chaste and many frail
In this great trading centre.

In coney skins her commerce lay,
A charming stock she'd laid in;
She ne'er to smugglers fell a prey,
Her practice was fair trading.
These skins when dressed were red and white,
The fur of each fair creature,
Of different hues, as day and night,
Kept warm man's naked nature.

Chorus: For some succeed, etc.

The trading stock of this old bawd
A vital stab sustain'd, sir,
The news like wild-fire flew abroad,
Each customer complain'd, sir.

Some coney skins lay with a lot
By caution uninspected;
So quarantine, alas, forgot,
Foul plague the whole infected.

Chorus: For some succeed, etc.

Now old and young her shop forsook,
Insolvent was her plight, sir,
When Habeas Corpus catch-pole took
Her body off by night, sir.
From Banco regis civil law,
To liquidate her debt, sir,
Between the sheets this old bawd saw
Of London's fam'd Gazette, sir.

Chorus: For some succeed, etc.

To give each creditor his due,
Three men, the Lord's anointed,
Jack Wilkes, Lord Sandwich and Old Q
Were assignees appointed;
But luckless bawd! the after day
Her stock on fire they found, sir,
So 'twas agreed she could not pay
A condom in the pound, sir.

Chorus: For some succeed, etc.

The skin (her own) this bawd had left,
Each assignee did handle;
'Twas found of all its fur bereft,
By singeing flame of candle;
Some butter'd buns concealed within,
Old Q's keen eye beset, sir;
So Wilkes defin'd this coney skin
A fund for floating debt, sir.

Chorus: For some succeed, etc.

By headlong lust her claimants led,
They seized her mortal treasure;
The furious coney skin was spread,
A dividend past measure.
Now all came in, not one stood out;
The bawd was set at large, sir;
Her coney skin (of worth, no doubt),
Did every man discharge, sir.

Chorus: For some succeed, etc.

THINGS I DON'T LIKE TO SEE.

I'm a modest young man, I'd have you all know,
And I can't bear to hear or to see anything low;
From a child all my friends could not fail to detect,
That my notions were moral and strictly correct.

Now some of you, doubtless, may think me an ass,
And declare my confession is naught for a farce;
Still, to what I have said I'll religiously stick,
And, to use a low face, stand my ground like a brick.

Stop, a few minutes you are able to spare,
A bit of my mind I intend to lay bare;
Tho' with my way of thinking you'll p'raps not agree,
I'll tell you a few things I don't like to see.

I don't like to see vulgar girls in the town
Pull their clothes up, and stand to be goosed for a crown;
Nor a man with light trousers, of decency shorn,
Stop and talk to young ladies while having the horn.

I don't like to see women wear dirty smocks,
Nor a boy of fifteen laid up with the pox;
And I don't like to see, it's a fact by my life—
A married man grinding another man's wife.

Nor I don't like to see—you'll not doubt it, I beg,
A large linseed poultice slip down a man's leg;
Nor a gray-headed sinner that's fond of a find,
When a girl under twelve he is able to grind.

In church, too, believe me, I don't like to see
A chap grope a girl while she sits on his knee;
Nor a lady whose visage is all over scabs,
Nor a young married lady troubled with crabs.

Nor I don't like to see, though it's really a lark
A clergyman poking a girl in the park;
Nor a young lady, wishing to be thought discreet,
Looking in print-shops in Holywell Street.

I don't like to see, coming out of Cremorne,
A girl with her muslin much crumpled and torn;
Arm in arm with a fellow who's had the mishap,
To forget, when he shagged her, to button his flap.

Nor I don't like to see, though some think it a treat,
A young woman scratching her thing in the street;
And a boarding-school miss, with no sense in her pate,
Sit and chalk a man's tool on the back of her slate.

I don't like to see, in the bright face of the day,
A man stand and piss in the public highway;
Nor a Newfoundland dog, without any disguise,
'Tied fast to a bitch not a quarter his size.

Nor I don't like to see, little sisters and brothers
Get playing at what they call fathers and mothers;
And I don't like to see, though at me you might scoff,
And old woman trying to toss herself off.

I don't like to see—it's a fact that I utter—
That nasty word ——written up on a shutter:
And I don't like to see a man, drunk as an Earl,
Getting into a lamp-post thinking it's a girl.

I don't like to see, 'cause my feelings it shocks,
Two girls busy playing with each other's c——;
Nor I don't like to see, though it may be a whim,
A hole like a pit-mouth in place of a q——.

But I fear I'm encroaching too much on your time,
So I'll put an end to my quizzical rhyme;
Though with my way of taste you'll perhaps not agree,
I've told you the things I don't like to see.

CHAPTER 24.

THE SULTAN'S REVERIE.

An Extract from the Pleasures of Cruelty.

THIS brings to my mind, says Lucidora, a tale I have heard of the late Sultan, who, being middle aged and worn out with the amorous exertions in the well-filled seraglio, determines to seek some fresh excitement; everything seems so insipid and blasé to him.

At first he is at a loss how to amuse himself, but one day, discussing with his chief eunuch the arrangements and routine of the harem, a circumstance which never gave him a thought before suddenly gives him an idea that he may get both satisfaction and excitement from cunt, viz., that when he came to the throne (he was a nephew of the previous Commander of the Faithful), he left the Sultana Valide unmolested, who in the lifetime of his predecessor had intrigued in every possible manner to set aside his succession in favour of her own son contrary to the usual Osmanif custom. Since which time the baffled Sultana, a beautiful lady of about thirty, had peevishly shown her hatred of him by keeping the strictest seclusion, only walking by herself quite unattended in the most secluded part of the extensive gardens of the seraglio.

The Sultan had heard of the once famous beauty of this proud lady and was assured by the Chief of Eunuchs that she was still surpassingly lovely and was suspected of indulging in every variety of voluptuousness with the ladies of her suite in private.

SULTAN.—“At what hour does she generally take her walk in the garden?”

CHIEF OF EUNUCHS.—“About seven in the morning, your Majesty; she is an early riser and first goes to the Mosque then walks in the garden for an hour or more or sits under the trees reading some exciting French work, but retires as soon as the eunuch gardeners disturb her.”

SULTAN.—“Well, good; keep the gardeners from that part of the garden tomorrow. I will have a private interview with her Majesty.”

CHIEF OF EUNUCHS.—“Her Majesty would feel insulted to be addressed in the garden even by the Sultan. Consider, Sire, her late position, and what defence would she expect even from your Majesty yourself.”

SULTAN.—“By the beard of the prophet! I’ll bring her to her senses without even telling her who I am. She has never seen me. It will afford infinite satisfaction to witness her haughty, proud indignation, at a stranger’s intrusion on her privacy. But leave me to consider her dignity, all I want is that you keep out all intruders, and be sure to awaken me early enough in the morning.”

Next day, at an early hour, the Sultan is ready for his anticipated excitement. It is a lovely morning in early spring; and he thoroughly enjoys the invigorating, soft sea-breeze which rustles the leaves of the trees over his head.

Seating himself on the grass behind an Oleander thicket, close to a pretty little lake, so as to command a long vista of one of the principal walks, he gives himself up to a reverie of his chibouque. “Ah, to think I never thought of her before, the beautiful haughty. Oh, Allah, what a fine revenge for all she did against me. What a delicious time of day. How curious that although I can scarcely get my poor cock to rise at the prettiest of my odalisques, one always awakes in the morning with a standing pego? What is the cause of it? Perhaps it indicates the proper time of day for voluptuous indulgence. Ah, yes! That must be so for I always notice how I am, especially if I have indulged in too much Frankish brandy overnight. That’s our only stimulant. Ah, Allah! why did the prophet forbid us the glorious wine? Spirits were not known then or he would have put a veto on that also. Women, women, nothing but women for good

believers! What a man that prophet must have been and after all nothing else for us in heaven! Shall we not be exhausted or cloyed with pleasure there? Ha! Ha! Ha! Of course I'm a true Musselman, but it takes a big faith to believe all that, or about Isa either. Religion is a manufactured article in all countries, a monopoly not to be interfered with lightly; but no one will know the mystery until after death. How true the saying of Solomon: 'That the only real good is to enjoy your life and thank God for it.' There is but one God, whoever is the prophet; we were never intended to make ourselves miserable.

"Ah! Xerxes must have been like myself when he offered such rewards for a new pleasure. He had found himself all used up. 'Vanity of Vanities' said the preacher who had three hundred princesses for wives and seven hundred concubines.

"It was Xerxes who married Esther. Queen Vashti reminds me of the Sultana Valide; how I will humble her and enjoy her humiliated rage as she finds herself helpless in my power.

"Esther, they say, won the king's heart through the voluptuous instruction imparted to her by Mordecai. All the other virgins only just submitted themselves to the Royal Ravisher; but Esther not only did that but when he was spent with his first efforts played with him and sucked his affair, and after all presented her beautiful bottom to his aroused priapus, which so excited him he was obliged to ravish that also, and finally put the crown on her head, not as one of the most beautiful of all virgins but simply to reward the erotic excitement she had raised by her dalliance. Oh, that I had such a nice girl in my harem; they are all duffers. Ha, there she comes up the walk," catching a glimpse of the beautiful Sultana coming towards him unveiled and book in hand evidently intent on seating herself under a tree close at hand. Watching all her actions, the Sultan continued to enjoy his smoking and after a little while the lady seated herself on a little mound of grass under a shady tree, proceeding to peruse her book, soon being so absorbed in its contents that she did not perceive his

stealthy approach from behind, so that he actually stood at her back looking over her shoulder and reading the same page as she was feasting on. The title of the work was *Le Diable au Corps*, a most erotic and sensual book, which seemed so to excite her that she signed and swayed herself about whilst one hand was quite lost under her clothes, and seemed to the Sultan to be curiously engaged somewhere. She reads and she sighs, and he sighs, but unnoticed by the beautiful student.

What charms he can see all down her neck and voluptuously rounded bosom, having just under his eyes the dazzling white skin, and blue-black hair streaming down in three long plaits along her back, the lovely delicate hands, and plump rounded arms.

How curious it is that anything improper or forbidden has such an exciting effect on all mankind. Here the Sultan, who could feast unmoved by the delicious charms of hundreds of lovely girls in his harem, is strongly excited by the charms of one so unwittingly exposed to view.

His manly weapon rises in all its forgotten vigour. The Sultana has thrown back the light shawl which covered her shoulders, so as to leave her neck quite exposed. He frigs himself over his unsuspecting victim when she suddenly drops backwards at full length, her eyes closed, her sensuous smile of enjoyment on the lips, rather apart, with one knee bent upwards and the hitherto unseen hand evidently working something under her clothes. As she sighs and almost sobs with pleasure, her beautiful legs are quite exposed with nothing on them, but delicate slippers on the feet. Drawers are quite wanting in the royal apparel.

Sultans are mortal, and however he might have wished to prolong and enjoy the sight, it was impossible for him to restrain his own emotions. The ecstatic moment had arrived, he directs his swollen excited member downwards and showers a good stream of sperm all over her face, neck, and bosom, laughing: "Ha! Ha! Ha! by the prophet you are a wanton woman. What the devil have you got under your clothes?"

Thunderstruck, crimsoning with shame, the Sultana's

eyes start open. Then she hides her face in her shawl, shrieking: "Ah! Ah! Help! A man! A man!"

The Sultan gave her a vigorous kick: "You may scream but who's to help you? Do you want to expose your own shame, or do you really want a man?"

She springs to her feet and attempts to fly but he dexterously catches the tail of her dress and in the endeavours to effect her escape pulls her clothes over her head so that she is quite uncovered, her arms helpless, whilst every part of her beautiful body from the waist downwards is fully exposed.

What a sight meets his gaze! A splendid swelling mount all covered with long, black curly hair, extending far over her beautiful belly, and some inches down on the inside of her thighs, most extraordinary large rounded buttocks, quite out of proportion to her size, but so exciting to behold and replete with voluptuous pleasure.

SULTANA, shrieking.—"Ah! Ah! How shameful! Oh! Oh! Let me go, or your life will pay the forfeit!"

SULTAN.—"Ha, ha! Will you, indeed, spare my life, lady?" whilst still keeping her head and hands in a helpless condition. He inflicts a furious kick on her bottom, which he repeats again and again, as she begs and cries for mercy, promising everything she can think of to be released; her bottom bruised all over and slightly bleeding in places.

SULTANA.—"Oh! Oh! Allah! Have mercy. Deliver me from this demon!"

SULTAN.—"Ha! ha! Cry away to Allah. You ought to be one of the Peris in the Prophet's Paradise. A wanton woman like you would be properly employed there. What's that instrument I see lying in the grass dropped from you just now? Tell me this instant what it is or I will murder you."

SULTANA.—"Oh, oh, mercy! It's only a French godemiche!"

SULTAN.—"A godemiche? What's that for? Speak up" (giving another furious kick).

SULTANA.—"Oh! Oh! We ladies use it to excite ourselves. Oh, if you only knew who I am!"

SULTAN.—"Indeed Madame. Tell me, pray, perhaps I

may show you some respect."

SULTANA, hopefully.—"You little think, for I'm the Sultana Valide, it will be fearful for you if anyone should come and catch you."

SULTAN.—"Ha! Ha! You wish me to believe that, you wanton! Now tell me true, are you not one of the lower women of the palace?" (Kicking again, this time her belly, almost making her faint with the shock.)

SULTANA, shrieking.—"Oh! Oh! Mercy! I am indeed the Sultana. Oh! Mercy! Oh!" (as kicks follow in quick succession).

SULTAN.—"So you are really the Sultana and you wish me to believe that, do you" (Taking advantage of her ceasing to struggle to tie her to a tree with her clothes still over her head, helpless as before.) "Now, you lying woman, I'll teach you to pass yourself off as the Sultana. Here" (placing the godemiche in her cunny) "I'll give you pleasure; tell me how you feel, if I do it nicely or not, or I'll murder you on the spot. Wait a little. I've got a better idea; you must do it yourself; feel my knife," said he again, pricking her bottom and making the blood run freely. "Resist and I'll kill you; turn around!"

So he alters the fastening till she is extended full length on her back, still secured to the little tree. Then with his knife he cuts a hole through her clothes. She can just put in one hand and use the godemiche.

"That will do; work away at once! I'm going to make a nice little switch from this prickly shrub to keep you up to your work."

The poor Sultana, nearly dead with fright, does her best to obey. His rod of prickly shrubs cuts and scratches her hips and thighs, and sometimes the mount, drawing drops of blood at every stroke. She frantically works her instrument, presenting to his view, as he kneels close in front of her, a most luscious and voluptuous sight, for she is one of those rare women who are splendidly furnished with an enlarged clitoris and prominent pouting lips to her cunny, which are now plainly seen as they draw out and recede, clinging lasciviously to the working godemiche. Dropping the switch

he amuses himself by pinching and nipping her clitoris and all around the gaping luscious mouth of her vermilion gap.

His touch seems to electrify her. She screams with delight: "Oh, oh, oh! You make me come! How hot I am! Good heavens! Allah! Allah!" and she spends with such profusion that it shoots all over his fingers as the *godemiche* is still worked by her nervous hands.

SULTAN.—"Now, withdraw that nasty thing and let me inspect your wanton crack; you're never a modest woman to have behaved as you have. Give me that *godemiche*, I'll put it in my pocket."

SULTANA.—"Oh, pity me! Let me go now. Do have mercy!"

SULTAN.—"You bitch of a dog, who are you? Now confess or you shall be more and more punished."

SULTANA.—"Oh! Oh! Mercy! I am indeed the *Valide*! If this was found out nothing would save me, for the Sultan is my enemy!"

SULTAN, laughing ironically.—"Ha! Ha! Ha! You think he would have you thrown into the Bosphorus in a sack, do you not? How many poor girls have you served so in your times?"

SULTANA.—"Oh, none! I was never cruel or jealous like some of the favourites."

SULTAN.—"Such lies convince me you are not what you pretend to be; now speak the truth will you? I might as well tell you I am the *Padishah* himself! Did he never have you? They say he's been a regular goat in the harem."

SULTANA.—"You won't believe me; oh, mercy! mercy! I've been a chaste woman all my life."

SULTAN, beginning to flog her again with the prickly twigs.—"Chaste, chaste, chaste—I should think so after what I have seen—" (giving scratching switches at every word).

The poor woman kicks about and writhes in agony. Her flesh is soon covered with blood which only seems to excite his fury the more. She screams wildly for mercy, sobbing for mercy: "Oh! Ah! Allah! Allah! Mercy, holy prophet! I shall die! Oh, finish me!"

His excitement is now at its highest. He throws himself upon her, exclaiming: "Holy Prophet, holy Prophet, that puts me in mind of your bottom-hole!" Throwing her legs over his shoulders, he first plunges his bursting instrument into her cunny, well to lubricate it, then presents the head to her dark brown fundus; he thrusts furiously and soon gains a partial insertion. "Oh! Oh! You'll split me!" she screams; "not there, not there, I never would allow the Sultan to do that. Oh, oh! Never. What a shame! What filthiness!" she sighs as he pushes on and on, to complete possession, and he rests a little after his exertions, but the nervous nippings and contractions of the fundamental canal are too exciting. He spends a stream of his essence into her bowels which she involuntary meets with a slight heave of her bottom. Both of them exhausted, they remain quite still for some few minutes, affording his infinite pleasure, as he causes his dilated instrument to respond to the contracting pulsations of her anus.

SULTAN.—"Are you finished now, you wanton?" withdrawing from her body with a noise something like the drawing of a cork so tightly is the muscle of her bottom contracted around his still inflamed affair. "Ah, ha! how tightly you hold! Haven't you had enough? Ha! Ha! I'll take a love token from you, just to remember your pussey when I look at it." So saying he cut off a good lock of the fine, long, black curly hair of her cunny. "I must have enough to make a bracelet for my wife, she will little think where it came from," he said, hacking away again and again, causing excruciating pain.

"Oh! Ah!! Ah! help! Oh, do have mercy! My God!" she sobs. "I shall never be able to take a bath; my assistants will see, it's all gone! Oh, oh, pity me!" she screams, but he cuts on, enjoying her screams and sobbings till the mouth of her crack looks like a chin unshaved for a fortnight.

"You lying woman, I've made a nice Sultana of your pussey for you, and now I'll really finish you off and let you go."

"Holy Prophet! be merciful! Oh, what more misery can you inflict?" sobbing and screaming.

SULTAN, stuffing a tuft of grass up her fundus.—“That will keep out the cold! Be a pity for a Sultana to catch cold!”

Her legs are wide open showing the red lip and clitoris of her pussey all smeared as they are with blood and sperm; then gathering several tufts of grass with the earth clinging to the roots he proceeds to pelt her cunny with them until one fairly sticks in the entrance. The poor woman is almost unconscious, moaning and sighing, incapable of any efforts to save herself.

With a brutal laugh he shoves his toe into her crack, saying: “Now the cold will keep out of there, too!” Then unloosening her clothes and allowing her to uncover her face he enjoys the spectacle of her tearful, pitiable looks as she sobs and moans in her exhausted state. “Ha, ha! a little water will revive you, you wanton Sultana. You’d better pick yourself up and go back to your apartment,” said he, making water all over her and even into her gaping mouth.

She chokes, gasps and falls back in a lifeless swoon. This last indignity had finished her.

So leaving her to recover as best as she could he retires from the scene.

A few days afterwards the Sultan requests an audience of the Sultana Valide, as he hears she has been indisposed, and when ushered into her apartment she receives him unveiled in consequence of his exalted rank as her sovereign.

THE SULTAN, refusing to be seated.—“Madame, hearing you were ill I have brought you a present which I hope may restore your animation a little; especially if you use it vigorously as I have seen you do.” And he places in her hands a casket of Morocco leather, ornamented with gold, which contains her godemiche. “If your Imperial Highness will look, you will see how I have improved it.” (He had put a quantity of her own hair on the india-rubber to make the instrument look more natural.) “I have still enough left to make myself a keepsake,” said he, inclining his head as he withdrew from her apartment. “Au revoir, I have repaid you for all your former kindnesses to me.”

You may imagine the angry, furious looks of indignant

hate which she cast at him as he looked steadily at her, enjoying her shame and confusion whilst giving his present.

CHAPTER 25.

HOW HE LOST HIS WHISKERS.

An Episode in the Life of Steve Broad.

YOU didn't know Steve Broad? More's the pity! A jollier, better-heard and manlier fellow never pissed against a wall.

He was my constant chum from the time we occupied some diggings in Camden Town. Till he went to Australia we were together.

The Siamese Twins, Castor and Pollux, were not more inseparable.

Old Jack Falstaff and Prince Henry and Pains loved each other because "their legs were both of a bigness."

Shall I whisper the secret or one of the secrets of our attachment? Our pricks were both of a length and our arse-holes the same gauge. Don't infer too much from that admission. It was not often that we fucked. There, I will tell you a story that will show you the sort of fellow he was.

Steve had a pal, Alf Nugent, and he and Alf had lived together as chums. Alf occasionally receiving a visit in his lodging from a pretty sister, Lettice, as they called her from Letty Nugent, a charming little blonde with oh! such shoulders; a mouth humid and peachlike and a pair of eyes that would entice the bark off a tree.

It was not long before Steve and Letty struck up an acquaintance. Steve could make love like a Romeo.

Letty was "willing" as Barkis, and the brother Alf was not one to spoil sport, so the three got on charmingly together. Alf often gave a pleasant little party. I was invited. Steve had made my acquaintance in the city, and took me there. I introduced a young girl Kitty Marshall, and Alf

brought his inamorata, Nellie Grover. So that the six of us formed a pleasant little gathering and rare fun we had.

Let me sketch for you one of our social meetings after a *recherché* supper, prepared by the nimble hands of Letty Nugent, who turned out every article as palatable as Ruth Pinch's Steakpie.

The table was cleared of all but wines and fruits, the couches were drawn up to the fire and the six of us would go in for a little fun.

Steve would warble in his rich manly voice a polly song, such as:

There's a thing that bears a well-known name,
Though it is but a little spot;
Its smell sets my heart and my brain in a flame,
And its touch makes my prick grow hot.
'Tis the sweetest thing this world can show,
To praise it can't be wrong;
'Twill set your blood in a fervid glow,
Make your prick grow stiff and long.
'Tis a woman's cunt. Her glorious fan,
Oh, a cunt is the pride of an Englishman.

That cunt will not be treated with shame,
But calls for proper respect;
And though mostly fit for a fucking game,
Yet it sometimes in mourning is decked.
Then beware how you go with the darling then,
Or perhaps sorely punished you'll be;
For cunt won't be the sport of men,
When it wants its privacy.
For caprice is part of cunt's own plan
To enhance its joys to an Englishman.

But when cunt is ready, I give you the tip,
No half-hearted play can it stand;
It likes to be fondled with tongue and with lip,
And shuns not the touch of your hand.
But the glorious Prick sets Miss Cunt in a thrill,

She loves a prick, long, thick, and firm.
And she'll wriggle and pant till you madly fill
Her bang full of glowing sperm.
You may frig and gamahuche and try every plan,
But fair fucking's the pride of an Englishman.

Of course a song like this was well received and quickly followed by a practical illustration.

My little lady, Kitty Marshall, warmly defended gamahuching and so did I; for laying Kitty down on the couch and parting her beautiful legs I displayed to the others a cleft that an angel would think it a new joy to suck. Soon the whole six of us were engaged in an amorous orgy, and Steve, who certainly could boast the most magnificent priapus that ever adorned a man, took pretty little Letty in his arms and gave her what you may call an "Exhibition Fuck." His balls knocked against the entrance of her lovely quim and at last when she wriggled and panted and hugged him into a spend he poured such a libation into her that we could see it overflow and they mutually lay entranced until we revived them with some glorious wine.

Then we would go in for a game of blindman's buff, all being stripped naked and armed with birch; we would scamper about the room, cutting right and left, and endeavouring to land some smart blows on each other's glowing posteriors, until thoroughly exhausted; we would sit down on our smarting arses for a good story or song.

Apropos of our game of blindman's buff, Alf told us a good story.

A respectable-looking old buck was brought before Mr. Norton, the magistrate, charged with dog stealing or rather enticing ladies' dogs to follow him with the intention of stealing them.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Norton, "what have you to say to this charge?"

"If your honour will allow me to explain it in my own way and give you a little bit of my history I think I can prove it is all a mistake."

"Well," said the magistrate, "go on."

"Well, your honour, a year or two ago I had a little money and wishing to see life I took a walk late at night in the neighbourhood of Haymarket, and got into the company of one of those girls."

"One of what girls?" said Norton.

"A whore."

"Well, sir, your expression is far from elegant, but I understand you."

"Well, your honour, this girl enticed me home and there I found a lot of her companions and a nice little spree we had. At last we proposed a game of blindman's buff, and as I was the only male present it was proposed that we should all strip and then the ladies should be blindfolded and a prize given to the lady that caught me. Oh, it was jolly fun to see the girls running about naked and catching hold of each other and their slipping their hands down to the proper place to feel if it was the man they held; but they kept giving me such jolly slaps on my bottom that I tried to run out of the door when one of the girls picked up my umbrella which stood in the corner and made a lunge at me (the devil must have looked). Oh, the tip of the umbrella entered my fundament as it was turned to her and as she withdrew it the ferrule was left behind, and there it is now, and every time I sigh—"

"Every time you what?" asked Mr. Norton.

"Well, every time I fart, if you like, the ferrule whistles and the dogs follow me and I can't help it."

Mr. Norton laughed heartily at this explanation, told him not to diet windily, and let him go.

But, however, to return to Steve. He soon got to be really in love with Letty, proposed marriage to her and had the full consent of her brother Alf, and the promised consent of her father; and it was arranged that on the return of Alf and his sister to their country home, Steve should come on a visit and get the old boy's consent.

The old gentleman invited him to get a look at him.

The time came. Alf and Letty went home and Steve was soon to follow.

At last the day arrived and he went.

After picking up his traps, bidding his landlady goodbye, and giving the slavey a farewell grind on the kitchen-dresser, he took himself down to the station, booked for Fairbanks, and was soon seated alone in a first-class carriage.

Alone! Yes, all but a delightful companion—the last number of *The Pearl* with which and his favourite meer-schaum Steve whiled away the time as the stations flew past.

It was a beautiful day but he heeded not the aspect of the country, so thoroughly was he absorbed in the doings of Lady Pokingham and Miss Coote, etc.

All this excited his imagination until he got in a most furious state, not knowing how to ease his torment, and only wishing that he had a companion on the journey, whether male or female, he would have heeded not. He was in such a pitch of excitement that he would have got into a kangaroo, when—

The train stopped at Bellevue, and—

A young lady got on board carrying a rather large bundle which she placed under the seat and then sat down.

Steve's heart bounded as he noticed her light flowing hair, her airy step, and her little figure. But she was closely veiled and as yet he could not see her face, but the lovely swell of her bosom, the creamy whiteness of the little bit of her throat that was visible convinced him that she was young and lovely.

The train sped on. Modestly the young lady kept her veil down and Steve thrust *The Pearl* in his pocket and was soon deep in the *Times*.

Oh, how that veiled face piqued him! Again, again and again he cast his eyes to it over the *Times* but the veil was still down.

"Does the draught annoy you?" said Steve, pointing to the partly opened window.

"Not at all, thank you," replied a sweet voice behind the veil.

Something in the voice thrilled Steve through. He had heard it before he felt sure, and he was more anxious than ever to see the face it belonged to.

At last as they passed a certain station with a sigh of relief she threw up her veil and turned her face to her hero.

"Good heavens, Kate, is it you?"

"Why, Mr. Broad, who would have thought of seeing you. Oh, I am so glad. You know that odious old lawyer, that wanted to marry me? Well I am positively flying from him and until I passed this station I felt they would pursue me. That is why I kept myself veiled but now I am quite out of my trouble, I think; for I have got a disguise which I shall put on. I tried all I could to get into an empty carriage but the guard assured me there was not one, but now you can help and not hinder me."

Let me tell you now, that Steve and the lady were old friends. They had met the first time at some private theatricals. Steve made love to her in the character of a French Count on the stage, and in his character of an English lover *off* the stage, he managed to make a first appearance in Kate's delicious cunny. In fact he took her maidenhead and many a delightful love-fuck they had, until Kate went abroad. And now they had met again under such strange circumstances.

"Let me tell you quickly," said Kate, "I am engaged to Paul Jellocombe, you remember him. Well, love, you won't be jealous when I tell you we are going to be married as soon as ever I am of age. I have escaped from home and mean to stay with Paul's folks until a few weeks elapse when I shall be my own mistress. And now for my plan: I have eluded them so far, but for fear they should dispatch a message to the telegraph station and stop me I have brought a disguise, and now, help me on with it, quick. You shall be my lady's-maid."

Before Steve had time to get his breath the charming, volatile girl took off bonnet and cloak, undid her dress, whipped it off around her feet, exposing a lovely pair of white shoulders and two glowing breasts, small for her size, but round, polished as marble.

If Steve's priapus had before been excited it was now delirious.

Jumping from his seat he helped her take off her

peticoats, until she came to her drawers.

"Stop sir, that will do," said Kate, "I don't want any further undressing. No! No! Don't be foolish. I can allow no liberties. Quick, I know this line well, you have only just time to turn me into a middy before we get to the next station."

Stooping as she spoke she undid the bundle at her feet and quick as her nimble fingers could move and with Steve's assistance, she was soon dressed as a middy. Her light hair was tucked cleverly up, a short crisp wig assumed. Her cap stuck jauntily on her head. She looked as smart and trim a middy as ever saluted the quarter-deck.

The transformation was no sooner completed than the train stopped at a station, and they both jumped out for refreshments.

The rollicking girl, her walk, her gait, showed her well fitted to play her part. She was indeed no mean actress.

As soon as they were back in the carriage, which Steve adroitly secured for themselves by puffing a tremendous cloud of smoke in the eyes of an old lady who would have entered, Steve took the middy on his knee.

"Well, Kate, love, this is quite an adventure and I tell you, it is a long way to the next station, and as it has been one of the great ambitions of my life to fuck a midshipman this is too good an opportunity to let it pass."

Kate offered no resistance. Thrusting his hand into the bosom of her jacket he first felt her round and polished breasts, pinched her nipples and fired her with his wanton touches and the hot burning kisses he printed on her lips. Then unbuttoning his trousers he allowed his splendid staff d'amour to display itself before her.

"Oh, Steve, how it has grown since I saw it last," said Kate mischievously as she took it in her hand.

"Yes," said Steve, who could not resist a pun, "I have heard him groan for a taste of your darling cunny. Come, let me feel how it is getting on?"

As he spoke he slid his hand into her trousers and felt her cunt, moist and mossy, tickled her clitoris, and roused all her warming passions.

As the train sped on they abandoned themselves to all that their impassioned natures could suggest.

Steve knelt down on the floor of the carriage and opening wide Kate's legs he pressed his hot lips to her creamy cunt, and gamahuched her, until she spent in delirious pleasure.

And then when all his feelings were working up to such a pitch of excitement that he could no longer contain himself, he laid her supple form over the seat and getting into her from behind he thrust his prick to the very hilt in her reeking cunt. One, two, three thrusts and as he clasped her to him with a convulsive thrill he poured out his manly balm in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

"Hi, hi! Stop that you infernal scoundrels! Oh, you dirty rascals!"

In a sudden bewildered start of alarm they looked round to see a red, round, indignant face, ornamented with a bristly white moustache and surmounted by a tuft of white hair that made the upper part of the head look like an infuriated cockatoo.

His face was peeping on them through a window in their compartment, which being concealed by a curtain the same colour as the carriage they had not noticed.

The passenger in the next compartment, reaching something from the back over his head, was prompted to draw the curtain and his restless, listless curiosity was rewarded by seeing Steve ram his hungry prick into Kate's writhing cunt, but as the old boy thought, into the arse.

In a minute Steve and Kate arranged their costume, and were sitting down whilst the passenger continued to glare at them muttering subdued imprecations and swearing he would charge them at the next station.

Without turning his head Steve whispered to Kate to get out at the next station, to bolt through for the high-road and leave him to detain the old boy until he could join her.

Quick as thought, as they neared the station, Steve bolted out, using a railway key he always carried. He locked the compartment in which the old man was alone and he and Kate dashed through the station before the fat old duffer could cause them to be stopped.

Quickly as they could they made for the country and had a parting rural fuck which they thoroughly enjoyed.

There is really something delightful in a rural, out of doors, al fresco fuck, the music of the birds, the babbling of the nearby stream, the fresh air fanning your face, and invigorating your frame, seem to me to always give great zest and vigour to the performance. I know for myself the thrusts I give are more vigorous, the sperm I spend is more copious and the thrill always more delightful when I have a glorious country-fuck in the open air.

"Good-bye, I am sure it will not be for long before I see you again," said Kate. "And married or not, remember, there is always a loving, dear, affectionate little cunny to welcome you whenever you see me."

"Farewell," said Steve, "and be sure my prick will always stand your true friend."

So they parted.

A hearty welcome awaited Steve at the hands of Alf Nugent and his charming sister Letty.

They were alone in the house, their father being expected shortly, so they made him quite free.

After a jolly meal for which his long walk had given him an appetite, Alf said: "Now let me show you our private boudoir."

Following him, Steve soon found himself in a most tastefully furnished little room. A pianoforte stood in one corner, other musical instruments were about the room, splendid pictures of voluptuous scenes adorned the walls and a glorious couch that seemed fit for a seraph to recline on stood the chief object of attention.

"And now," said Alf, "before my father comes home, and he will not be long, he has only some slight business in the town, let us see if you are in good form. Letty is dying for a fuck and I shall have great pleasure in seeing you operate."

Steve was quite reinvigorated. It took but a little time for them to undress the lovely girl and lay her at full length on the soft spring-couch.

In a few moments Steve was on her, and his prick buried

to the hilt in her luscious cunt.

"Go to it, Steve," said Alf. "Give it to her. The young hussey has some good stuff to spend, I know, for she sucked my prick three times yesterday. There now, you are getting slow but I'll warm you up, I warrant," and suiting the action to the word, Alf seized a birch from a corner and laid it smartly across Steve's arse.

This quickened his strokes and soon a shiver shook their bodies and Letty and he melted in a glorious spend.

"Oh, poor Alf, look at his prick," said Letty.

And turning around as he slid off her, Steve certainly noticed the stiffness of Alf's prick and it was in a most painful state of excitement.

Whilst Steve readjusted his clothes, Letty dropped quietly to her knees, and taking Alf's prick between her ruby lips, soon sucked it into a state of quiescence whilst Steve looked on highly amused at the look of gratified pleasure which soon spread over Alf's countenance.

"Hark!" said Alf, "what is that! A carriage, as sure as I live, it must be father. Look, Steve, from the window, who is it?"

Steve looked out.

"It is an old gentleman coming up the garden walk, Alf. Is that your father?"

Alf peered out.

"Yes."

"Then for heaven's sake don't let him see me, I must disguise myself. I cannot stop now to tell you how, but something must be done, to destroy my identity or I am done for. Quick, Letty, you go down and meet your father; Alf and I will join you presently!"

Letty soon disappeared, though burning with curiosity. She was docile and did as she was bidden.

"Now, Alf," said Steve, "your gov'nor saw me in the railway carriage fucking a lovely girl, but as I was having her backwards and she was disguised as a sailor—a tale hangs to it but I can't tell you now—I expect he thought I was doing a bit of backdoor work and as he may be a particular old boy he must not know me again."

Steve was a young man of decision. Although it cost him a sigh, his beautiful whiskers were soon sacrificed. His tact and skill soon changed his whole appearance and when he descended to join Letty and Mr. Nugent, but for a sign from Alf, Letty would not have known him. Much less did Mr. Nugent recognize the bold fucker of the railway.

That's how Steve lost his whiskers.

A curious sequel hangs to the story.

After dinner, when the gentlemen were alone, the old gentleman began:

"A very curious circumstance happened to me this morning when in a railway-train. I happened accidentally to look through the window of the compartment and saw a young man actually in the act of indecency with a midshipman; the rascals escaped by locking me in the carriage. However, in the carriage he had left, the young villain dropped a book. I took charge of it; as I had no spectacles I did not look close at it but as it doubtless contains some clue to the rascal, look at it for me."

Steve saw in a moment it was *The Pearl*; but knowing no clue to his identity was in it, he just glanced at it, handed it back, advising old Nugent to look at it more closely in the privacy of his chamber.

The old chap retired presently for his afternoon nap, taking the book with him, and soon after they heard peals of laughter from his room. Then he was heard walking up and down and soon his voice was heard calling Patty, his favourite servant.

Alf and Steve peeped through the keyhole after she had entered the room and saw him reading passages from the book. Then taking her in his arms he laid her on the bed, and raising his shirt-tail, he displayed his prick, stalwart and strong. In a few moments it was lodged in her creamy cunt. And both Steve and Alf were convinced that the old boy knew the way there.

In the evening old Nugent called Letty and Steve, joined their hands and said: "Bless you my children! A delightful little work I have been reading today has put fucking in such a beautiful light that I at once give you my consent to

commence it as soon as possible. I have quite altered my opinion about that young fellow I saw and am convinced that to give his prick a treat is the first duty of every man at all times. I propose now that your nuptials shall be celebrated by a glorious fucking tournament."

This was done. Happiness was the lot of them all that evening.

Old Nugent never found out Steve's escapade. He died soon after and left them a heap of money, and so amorous was the old boy to the last that they had to send for the servant to toss him off, before they could get the lid on the coffin.

Kate married and is quite happy and I long to see Steve and have another laugh with him over: "How he lost his whiskers."

The ladies in America had taken to dabbling on the Stock Exchange.

The following telegrams passed between two lady friends and rather puzzled the telegraph officials.

"Dear Louise, a bull here has a large concern for which he is anxious to find an opening. Can you accommodate him?"

The reply was:

"I cannot at present as my monthly settlements are on, but if the bull can keep it standing for a week, I have no doubt I can find a vacancy for it."

THE NOVICE.

A pretty little novice in her convent woke at dawn,
And looking from her lattice she spied upon the lawn,
 A handsome shepherd quite intent
On playing with his instrument, his instrument so long!

She raised the window softly and watched him for a while,
Delighted with his movements, then asked him with a smile:
 “Oh shepherd, pray, my wish consent,
And say what is that instrument, that instrument so long?

You play with it so nicely, it gives me joy to see,
So dear, I do implore you, to teach the same to me;
 Oh, kind young shepherd, pray consent,
I'll finger well your instrument, your instrument so long!”

He looked up to her lattice with pleasure in his eye,
And cried: “Come down, fair maiden, for there you are too
 high,
 Far, far too high for the extent,
That I can stretch my instrument, my instrument so long.”

She tarried not a moment, but swiftly rushed below,
And with the handsome shepherd she learned her lesson so
 That soon she played most excellent
Fantasies on his instrument, his instrument so long!

The first sweet lesson over for her too fast, she then
In winning tones addressed him: “I'd like to play again.”
 Once more her fingers to work went,
Which made him use his instrument, his instrument so long!

But strangers seemed approaching, the fair girl bid him fly,
And cried: “Oh, don't forget me, whene'er you travel by,
 Oft, oft, come back, and we'll invent
Fresh tunes for that dear instrument, that instrument so
 long!”

THE WEDDING NIGHT.

When John and Sue had tied the nuptial bands,
Like ardent lovers, join'd their hearts and hands,
Hymen prepared his torch to bless the two
And in them centred his peculiar care.
The blissful hour arriv'd, Sue to his bed
By buxom damsels joyfully was led;
One with officious hands her stays unlac'd,
While standers-by extoll'd her lessening waist;
Her garters some with eagerness untied,
And all by turns were variously employ'd.
Susan, with bashful modesty array'd,
Like to a prudent and virtuous maid,
Now plac'd in bed, these dubious thoughts arose:
"I fear this night I'll have no repose;
To bed with man; methinks is vastly odd,
Tho' matrimony was ordain'd by God.
Oh, how my virgin frame will shake with fear,
When am'rous John in glowing hopes draws near;
If my fair front to his I shall incline,
And all my blooming charms at once resign,
He'll say I'm bold and turn his head aside,
And think he's purchas'd a lascivious bride.
To him, my parts posterior if I turn,
He'll charge me with indecency and scorn—
But here he comes:—Oh, how shall I behave,
To show myself his true and faithful slave?
A medium I'll observe, fall which way it will;
Of his fair Susan John won't take it ill,
And that I no apology may lack.
I'm e'en resolved to lied upon my back."

